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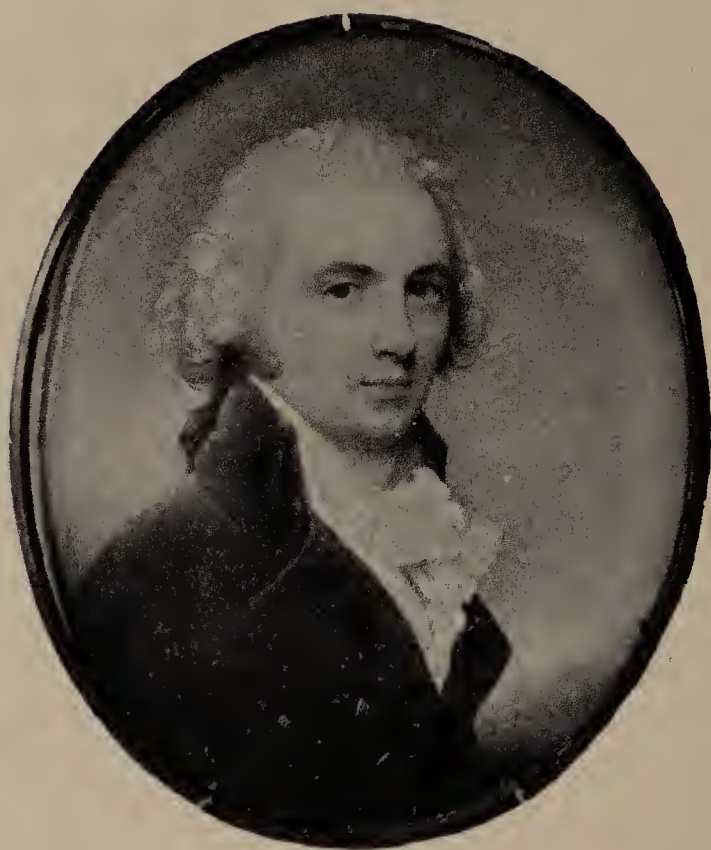




AN IRISH PEER ON THE  
CONTINENT







STEPHEN, 2ND EARL MOUNT CASHELL.

1770—1822.



# AN IRISH PEER ON THE CONTINENT

(1801–1803)

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE TOUR OF  
STEPHEN, 2<sup>ND</sup> EARL MOUNT CASHELL,  
THROUGH FRANCE, ITALY, ETC.,  
—————AS RELATED BY—————  
CATHERINE WILMOT

EDITED BY  
THOMAS U. SADLEIR, M.A.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

LONDON

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

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1920







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## INTRODUCTION

THE following narrative was written in circumstances in some respects similar to the present day. England had made peace with her greatest European rival, and the Continent being again open to travel, crowds were flocking abroad.

At this time there were special reasons to draw the world to France. The War of 1793-1801, the first phase of the Napoleonic campaigns, had precluded travelling in that country, and, taking into consideration the disturbances there since 1789, it may be said to have been closed to tourists for almost a decade.

During that period epoch-making events had taken place. A monarchy hallowed by centuries of tenure had been swept away; the forces that then triumphed had been in their turn displaced; and that amazing sequence of events known as the French Revolution had effectually overturned every existing institution. It would seem as if, when modern ideals had failed, man had turned to classic models. France threw off the tyranny of the most Christian King for the thinly-veiled despotism of a pagan Republic, with its Consuls, its Senators, its Temple to Mars,<sup>1</sup> its toga-clad officials,<sup>2</sup> its Eagles for standards; it demanded that the very world should begin anew, and, having renounced the Christian era, it formulated the Revolutionary Calendar.

In the English Press these events were duly chronicled and unduly exaggerated. Public curiosity

<sup>1</sup> See page 13.

<sup>2</sup> In a rare work entitled "Dresses of the Representatives of the People . . . Ministers, Judges, Messengers, from the original Drawings given by the Minister of the Interior to Citizen Grasset S. Sauveur, translated from the French: London, 1796," are coloured plates of the uniforms of the French officials, showing that many of them wore the Roman toga.

became excited, and people felt that the only way to ascertain the truth was to visit France. Amongst those who shared these feelings was a rich Irish nobleman, the principal figure in our tour.

Stephen, 2nd Earl Mount Cashell, succeeded to the title and estates on his father's death in 1790. In the following year, soon after attaining his majority, he married Lady Margaret King, eldest daughter of Robert, 2nd Earl of Kingston, by whom he had four sons and three daughters.<sup>1</sup> The family seat was at Moore Park, near Kilworth, Co. Cork, but Lord Mount Cashell also owned Galgorm Castle, Co. Antrim,<sup>2</sup> and the Manor of Ballymore Eustace, Co. Kildare, two valuable estates which his grandfather had acquired by marriage.<sup>3</sup> Like many Irish landowners, he had suffered losses during the Irish Rebellion, when his beautifully-situated Kildare residence, Mount Cashell Lodge, on the banks of the Liffey, was destroyed by fire.<sup>4</sup>

Shortly before his father's death, and doubtless at his desire, he had been elected a member of the Irish House of Commons, but such was his distaste for politics that in 1799 he sold at an undervalue his patronage of the Borough of Clonmel, for which his family had long returned two members.

He was an amiable rather than a clever man, kind to his children, but careless of their education. Fond of a country life, he preferred the retirement of Moore Park to the social stir of Mount Cashell House,<sup>5</sup> the spacious mansion in Dublin inherited from

<sup>1</sup> See pedigree at p. xix.

<sup>2</sup> He owned, in fact, two properties in Antrim, Galgorm and Braid, as well as an estate called Fennor, on which apparently there was no residence, in Co. Tipperary.

<sup>3</sup> Stephen Moore, created Baron Kilworth in 1764, and Viscount Mount Cashell in 1766, married Alice, sister and heiress of Robert Colvill of Galgorm Castle, who died 1749.

<sup>4</sup> See *Publications of the Georgian Society of Dublin*, vol. v. p. 69.

<sup>5</sup> Mount Cashell House, a large mansion in St. Stephen's Green, which became in 1809 the residence of the Right Hon. J. P. Curran, Master of the Rolls. The site is now occupied by part of Lord Iveagh's house. See *Publications of the Georgian Society*, vol. ii. p. 82.



his father. Save for this Continental tour, he does not appear to have been a traveller, and we know that his latter years were devoted principally to improving the methods of agriculture on his Cork property, where he was universally popular. He died suddenly at Moore Park on October 27, 1822, leaving behind him a large estate and a good reputation.

The simplicity of Lord Mount Cashell's character is in sharp contrast with that of his wife. Socially charming and attractive, highly cultivated, upright and refined, she was nevertheless harsh to her children, a Freethinker in religion, and imbued with what were then the most extravagant political notions. Full of restless energy, her chief delight was in seeking out those whose views she applauded, and in her desire to help them she evinced both kindness and consideration. This complex nature was the result of a strange upbringing, for she had been educated under the supervision of the gifted but godless Mary Wollstonecraft, authoress of *The Rights of Women*, whom Lord Kingston had employed as governess to his daughters,<sup>1</sup> and for whom she always retained a fervent devotion. In spite of her Republican notions and a mild flirtation with Counsellor Bushe,<sup>2</sup> afterwards the silver-tongued Chief Justice, she married, as her son tells us, solely for position. She retained, however, her extreme views, and even incurred the suspicion of the Government after she had settled down in Ireland. She was a friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and on hearing of his being arrested and wounded, at once despatched a messenger to prevent the news being conveyed to his wife,<sup>3</sup> then at Moira House in Dublin,<sup>4</sup> in the hope that by the next day his condition would have improved.

<sup>1</sup> See *The Love-Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft*, by Roger Ingpen, p. ix.

<sup>2</sup> Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe (1767-1843), Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> Moore's *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, vol. ii. p. 97.

<sup>4</sup> Moira House, on Ussher's Quay, Dublin, the residence of the Earl of Moira. It contained an octagon room, lined with mother-of-pearl, which excited the admiration of John Wesley.

When the wave of insurrection had passed, when the world had learned the lesson of the French Revolution—that society, no matter how much it may be stirred up, will, like the sea, return to a calm level—Lady Mount Cashell appears to have become more prosaic. She was content to share her husband's retirement at Moore Park, where she lived till his death. Two years later she found a second husband in Mr. George William Tighe, a member of a well-known Irish family. As regards her remaining years, there appears to be some obscurity. We know, however, that she once more visited the Continent, her death occurring in Switzerland in 1835.

Having thus introduced the principal characters, we must now return to our narrative.

While Lord and Lady Mount Cashell were planning their tour at Moore Park, they invited Miss Catherine Wilmot, eldest of the six daughters of a Captain Edward Wilmot, a young woman of about twenty-eight, living with her parents in the vicinity of Cork, to join the party. By a fortunate chance Miss Wilmot had lately received a handsome legacy from her grandmother (too large, as her sister tells us, to be spent on trifles, and too small to be laid by as a fortune), and therefore, the question of expense being removed, she joyfully accepted the kind invitation.

With a cheerful disposition and a ready wit, gifted and highly educated, our authoress deserves more than passing notice. Though Irish by birth, her family belonged to an old Derbyshire stock. The first connexion with Ireland was the marriage of her great-aunt, Alice Wilmot, with the Right Rev. John Ryder, Archbishop of Tuam,<sup>1</sup> who held that See from 1752 to 1775. It is said that Mrs. Ryder induced her brother, Robert Wilmot, to send his two sons to

<sup>1</sup> Rev. John Ryder was rector of Nuneaton at the time of his marriage to Miss Wilmot. He went to Ireland during the Lord Lieutenancy of the Duke of Devonshire, who appointed him Bishop of Killaloe in 1742. In the following year he was translated to the See of Down and Connor. See pedigree at p. xx.



Ireland, but the fact that his cousin, Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., was Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, a position carrying with it great opportunities for patronage, was another and probably more powerful incentive. Be this as it may, Mr. Wilmot sent both his sons to Ireland, the elder being taken from Eton to finish his studies at Trinity College, Dublin, while the younger, Edward, the father of our authoress, obtained a commission in a regiment on the Irish Establishment. In 1771, while stationed at Cork, Captain Edward Wilmot married a Miss Moore,<sup>1</sup> by whom he had three sons and six daughters. On retiring from the Army, Captain Wilmot was fortunate in obtaining a position in the Customs as Port Surveyor of Drogheda, and went to reside there. Doubtless to be near his wife's relatives, he afterwards got transferred to a similar employment at Cork, which enabled him to live, apparently in some affluence, at a country seat at Glanmire, not far from that city. A retired Army officer, highly connected, holding an important position, and possessed of private means, would have been prominent in local society, and this would appear to explain the intimacy of the family with Lord Mount Cashell, as well as with the Penroses, St. Legers and other well-known Cork landowners. Of his children, whose names will be found in the chart pedigree,<sup>2</sup> it is only necessary to mention his son, Robert Rogers Wilmot, Barrister-at-Law, to whom the account of the tour was addressed; his daughter, Catherine, already mentioned; and his second daughter, Martha, of whom hereafter.

Besides an honourable paternal pedigree, Edward Wilmot was well connected on his mother's side, and in 1776, while on a visit in England with her niece,

<sup>1</sup> She was the daughter of Rev. Charles Moore, rector of Innishannon, Co. Cork, but her father having died many years previously, her girlhood had been spent at Lota, near Cork, the residence of her maternal uncle, Mr. Rogers. This family of Moore came from the Queen's Co., and though bearing the same surname as that of Lord Mount Cashell, it is certain that no relationship existed between them.

<sup>2</sup> At p. xx.

the Countess of Sussex,<sup>1</sup> he met the celebrated Princess Daschkaw,<sup>2</sup> not only the most enlightened woman Russia produced in the eighteenth century, but one of the most remarkable in Europe. Captain Wilmot's social qualities made him a favourite with the Princess, but apart from personal merits, we may be sure she was attracted to him on account of his being closely related to a Mrs. Hamilton,<sup>3</sup> an Irish lady whom she had met travelling on the Continent, and who had become her dearest friend.

Three years later, accompanied by Mrs. Hamilton, the Princess visited Ireland, spending nearly a year in Dublin, and making excursions to Cork, Limerick, Killarney, Belfast and the Giant's Causeway. Again the intimacy with the Wilmots was renewed, the Princess visiting Lota, a beautiful seat near Cork, the residence of Mr. Rogers, Mrs. Wilmot's uncle, and inviting every member of the family to come and see her in her Russian home.

Years passed by, and a great sorrow fell upon the family. Captain Wilmot's son, Charles, a young and promising naval officer, had just been appointed to the command of a sloop-of-war in the West Indies when, in 1802, he fell a victim to yellow fever. He was Martha Wilmot's favourite brother, and to her the loss seemed overwhelming. Her whole outlook became dimmed, so that her parents began to be anxious about her health. Just at this time her sister Catherine, who had, as we have already seen, set out for France in the previous year, began to send home entertaining accounts of her tour with Lord and Lady Mount Cashell, a circumstance which awakened in

<sup>1</sup> Henry Yelverton, 3rd Earl of Sussex (1729-1799), married Hester, who died 1777, daughter of John Hall of Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts. The family seat was at Easton Mauduit, Northants.

<sup>2</sup> Princess Daschkaw (1744-1810), daughter of Count Woronzow and aunt of Catherine Woronzow, Countess of Pembroke. She was President of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and was mainly instrumental in putting Catherine II on the throne.

<sup>3</sup> Catherine, wife of John Hamilton and daughter of the Right Rev. John Ryder, Archbishop of Tuam.



Martha a desire to travel. Mrs. Hamilton, her father's cousin, and a woman on whose advice he relied, encouraged the idea, and urged that she should be allowed to do so. Owing to the War and the circumstance of his eldest daughter, Catherine, being still abroad, it was, however, a long time before Captain Wilmot unwillingly consented to allow her to make the long journey to Russia. When Mrs. Hamilton had duly arranged matters with the Princess, Martha Wilmot started, in the spring of 1803, travelling by Dublin, London and Yarmouth, to St. Petersburg.

Friendship ripened into intimacy, and intimacy to infatuation. It is impossible to exaggerate the wholehearted devotion shown by the Princess for Martha during the five years that she spent in Russia. Besides introducing her into the highest society, she delighted her young Irish friend by relating her personal experiences in the various Courts of Europe, as well as with anecdotes of Marie Antoinette, Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Diderot and David Garrick, with all of whom she had been acquainted. So impressed was Martha that she urged the Princess to write her Autobiography, which she consented to do on condition that the manuscript was not published till after her death. The promise was loyally kept, and it was not till 1840 that this remarkable narrative appeared.<sup>1</sup>

Having returned to Ireland in 1803, Catherine Wilmot remained at home for some months. It was then decided that she should go to Russia in order to bring back her sister. With this object she started in July 1805, reaching Elsinore on the twenty-sixth of that month, and arriving at St. Petersburg a week later. Passing Copenhagen, she saw the floating batteries still lying before it, as in 1801, when Lord Nelson gained the battle.

It has been necessary to give a somewhat detailed account of Martha Wilmot, for the only published work, written by Catherine, consisted of an account

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of the Princess Daschkaw*, written by herself, edited by Mrs. W. Bradford (Henry Colburn, London, 1840), two vols.

of the time she spent with her sister in Russia, and appeared as an appendix to the Princess's Life, already mentioned.

There is not much more to be told. For Martha to leave the Princess seemed a wrench not to be thought of, and having repeatedly delayed her journey in the hope that they might travel together, Catherine started alone for England in the summer of 1807. War had again broken out, and she sailed through the British Fleet the very day before the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Gambier.

Her parents insisting on her return, Martha, too sad even to take a formal farewell of the Princess, left Russia, reaching England in December 1808. Her devoted friend had literally loaded her with presents, from mere trifles to articles of great value. Her sister tells us how one day she sent up a sealed parcel, with a memorandum on the outside that it contained £13,000, and the following words: "I beseech you not to open this Paquet, but after my death, and then accept the contents from a friend, a mother who taught (*sic*) herself under a great obligation to you, and who loved you most tenderly."<sup>1</sup>

Shortly after Martha left her the Princess became seriously ill and died. Four years later, in 1812, Martha Wilmot became the wife of Rev. William Bradford, Chaplain to the Embassy at Vienna, and afterwards rector of Storrington, Sussex. Mrs. Bradford lived on to the age of one hundred, spending her last years with her daughter, Mrs. Brooke, wife of the Right Hon. William Brooke, Master in Chancery, at Taney House, Dundrum, Co. Dublin.<sup>2</sup>

Catherine Wilmot never married. With a constitution far from strong, soon after her return from Russia

<sup>1</sup> Miss Holroyd, in a letter to Lady Stanley of Alderley, written from Bath, February 17, 1812, corroborates this statement. She mentions that she had met Martha Wilmot, and relates that she had been idolised by Princess Daschkaw, who had given her many valuable presents and £18,000 in cash. See *The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley*, by J. H. Adeane (Longmans, 1900), p. 332.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Bradford died in 1873.



she developed asthma. The dampness of Ireland being considered injurious, she was advised to live in some inland part of France, and accordingly removed to Moulins, where, save for occasional visits to England and Ireland, she remained for four years. Her malady increasing, she settled in Paris, where, after a few weeks of suffering, she expired on March 28, 1824.

The fact that the following narrative was not published during Catherine Wilmot's lifetime must be ascribed solely to her retiring disposition. We know that, as far back as 1812, a lady of literary tastes, Miss Holroyd,<sup>1</sup> had read the accounts of both her tours, and thought so highly of them that she urged their immediate publication. In more recent years copies of both manuscripts, possibly the originals, came into the hands of the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P.,<sup>2</sup> who was so impressed with their importance that he deposited them in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, where they have since remained unnoticed and uncatalogued.

In pre-railway days, when the postal system was imperfect and mails liable to miscarry, Continental travellers frequently kept diaries, written up at intervals, and though in the form of letters, we have evidence that this was the plan adopted by Miss Wilmot. While awaiting passports in London, our authoress, as the guest of Lord and Lady Mount Cashell at 54, St. James' Street, had seen so much of society, and met so many remarkable people, that she regretted not having kept a journal. Determined to make amends, she therefore decided to do so while abroad, and made the following resolution, which appears on the fly-leaf of the volume: "I will every now and then record the events of the day, so that, like a snail, wherever I crawl I may be known by the trail which I shall leave smeared behind me in this book."

<sup>1</sup> Sister of the first Earl of Sheffield; see note 1 on p. xii.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Lecky's father was connected by marriage with the Wilmot family. See pedigree at p. xix.



## EDITORIAL NOTE

THE manuscript from which this tour is taken is preserved at Woodbrook, Queen's County, the property of Major Chetwood-Aiken, from whom I acquired the right of publication. Another copy, undoubtedly almost equal in date, but differing slightly from it in certain passages, is in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin; its history will be found in the Introduction. There are, besides, at least three manuscript copies transcribed in recent years, one in the possession of Colonel King-Harman at New Castle, Co. Longford; but, as I am satisfied that they were made from one or other of the two first enumerated, I have not collated them.

As regards the narrative itself, I have adhered as far as possible to the original text, thus preserving archaic spelling and bygone phrases, except in such cases, usually in punctuation, where a slight alteration seemed essential to a clear meaning.

In the Notes an effort has been made to identify the characters mentioned by the travellers, but it has been felt that to overload the work with biographical details of men known to history, such as Napoleon and Talleyrand, would serve no useful purpose, but rather offend the educated reader.

It only remains to thank those who have kindly afforded me assistance, particularly Mrs. Holroyd-Smyth, Miss M. F. Young; Mr. G. D. Burtchaell, K.C., Deputy Ulster King-of-Arms; Mr. W. G. Strickland, Col. King-Harman, Mr. Granby J. Burke, the Countess Mount Cashell, Capt. G. A. Burgoyne, Mr. J. Percy Stott, Capt. R. St. J. J. Colthurst, Mrs. Chetwood-Aiken, Sir D. Plunket Barton, Bart., the Earl and Countess of Mayo, Lady Eva Wyndham Quin, and the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.





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MOORE PARK, KILWORTH, CO. CORK	<i>Introduction</i>
The principal residence of Stephen, 2nd Earl Mount Cashell. The mansion was destroyed by fire in 1908. (Reproduced from a photograph kindly lent by Captain Holroyd-Smyth of Ballynatray, Co. Cork.)	
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## ITINERARY

London—24th November, 1801.	Parma—November, 1802.
Canterbury—25th November, 1801.	Modena—November, 1802.
Dover—26th November, 1801.	Bologna—November, 1802.
Calais—29th November, 1801.	FLORENCE—November, 1802.
Abbeville—2nd December, 1801.	Sienna—November, 1802.
Amiens—3rd December, 1801.	Pontecentino—November, 1802.
Beauvais—4th December, 1801.	Viterbo—November, 1802.
PARIS—5th December, 1801.	ROME—November, 1802.
Versailles—April, 1801.	Velettri—November, 1802.
PARIS—May, 1802.	Terracina—November, 1802.
Fontainebleau—May, 1802.	Capua—November, 1802.
Briare—September, 1802.	Frascati—November, 1802.
Nevers—September, 1802.	Tivoli—November, 1802.
Moulins—September, 1802.	NAPLES—January, 1803.
Roanne—September, 1802.	Spoleti—January, 1803.
Lyons—September, 1802.	Perugia—January, 1803.
Condrieux—September, 1802.	FLORENCE—April, 1803.
Valence—September, 1802.	Leghorn—April, 1803.
AVIGNON—4th October, 1802.	Pisa—April, 1803.
Nismes—October, 1802.	FLORENCE—April, 1803.
Grenoble—October, 1802.	VENICE—July, 1803.
Lansleburg—October, 1802.	VIENNA—July, 1803.
Mont Cenis—October, 1802.	Prague—August, 1803.
Novalese—October, 1802.	Dresden—August, 1803.
Turin—October, 1802.	BERLIN—August, 1803.
Vercelli—November, 1802.	Husum—September, 1803.
MILAN—November, 1802.	Southwold—September, 1803.
	London—October, 1803.



Rt. Hon. Stephen Moore = Lady Helena Rawdon, dau.  
1st Earl Mount Cashell (so  
created 1781). P.O. of  
Moore Park, Co. Cork, Gal-  
gorm Castle, Co. Antrim,  
and Mount Cashell Lodge,  
Co. Kildare. Fellow Com-  
moner, Trin. Coll., Dublin,  
Feb. 13, 1748. B. 1730; d.  
1790

1791

Stephen, 2nd Earl Mount Cashell = Lady Margaret King,  
dau. of Robert, 2nd  
Earl of Kingston.  
She m., 2nd, George  
William Tighe, and  
died 1835

Hon. John Moore,  
M.P., Clonmel,  
1790-97.  
B. 1771; d. unmarr.

Hon. William Moore,  
M.P., St. Johnstown,  
1798-1800. Fellow  
Commoner, Trin.  
Coll., Dublin, Sept.  
21, 1789, aged 17.  
B. 1772; d. unmarr.

Lady Helena Moore,  
m., 1794, George,  
3rd Earl of Kingston

1819

Stephen, 3rd Earl Mount  
Cashell, F.R.S. (who, as Lord  
Kilworth, was with his  
parents during their tour in  
France); sold the Antrim  
estates in 1850. A Repre-  
sentative Peer. B. 1792;  
d. 1883

1827

Hon. Robert Moore,  
Lieut.-Col. Cold-  
stream Guards;  
severely wounded  
at Waterloo. B. 1793;  
d. 1856 unmarr.

Hon. and Rev. Edward = Hon. Anne  
George Moore, Canon  
of Windsor, Rector  
of West Ilsley, Berks.  
B. 1798; d. 1876

Hon. Richard  
Francis Moore,  
Hon. East India  
Company's Ser-  
vice, b. 1802;  
d. 1873 unmarr.

Lady Helena  
Moore, m., 1813,  
Sir Richard  
Robinson, Bart.,  
of Rokeby Hall,  
Co. Louth

Lady Jane  
Moore, m., 1819, Rt.  
Hon. William  
Yates Peel,  
M.P.

Lady Elizabeth  
Moore,  
d. unmarr.

Edward, Earl  
6th and last Earl  
Mount Cashell,  
Barrister-at-Law.  
B. 1829; d. unmarr. 1915

Lady Matilda Moore,  
d. unmarr. 1902

Lady Mary Moore,  
m., 1864, Algernon  
Gilliat, of Fern  
Hill, Berks.

1848

Charles, 5th Earl Mount  
Cashell (assumed the  
additional surname of  
Smyth, 1858) of Bally-  
natray and Moore  
Park, Co. Waterford.  
B. 1826; d. 1898

Charlotte, dau.  
and heiress of Richard  
Smyth, of Ballyna-  
tray; 2nd, 1893,  
Florence, dau. of  
Henry Cornelius

Hon. George  
Moore,  
b. 1832;  
d. 1881, S.P.

Lady Jane  
Moore,  
d. unmarr.

Lady Helena  
Moore, m., 1849,  
Rev. Edward  
Newenham, of  
Coolmore, Co.  
Cork

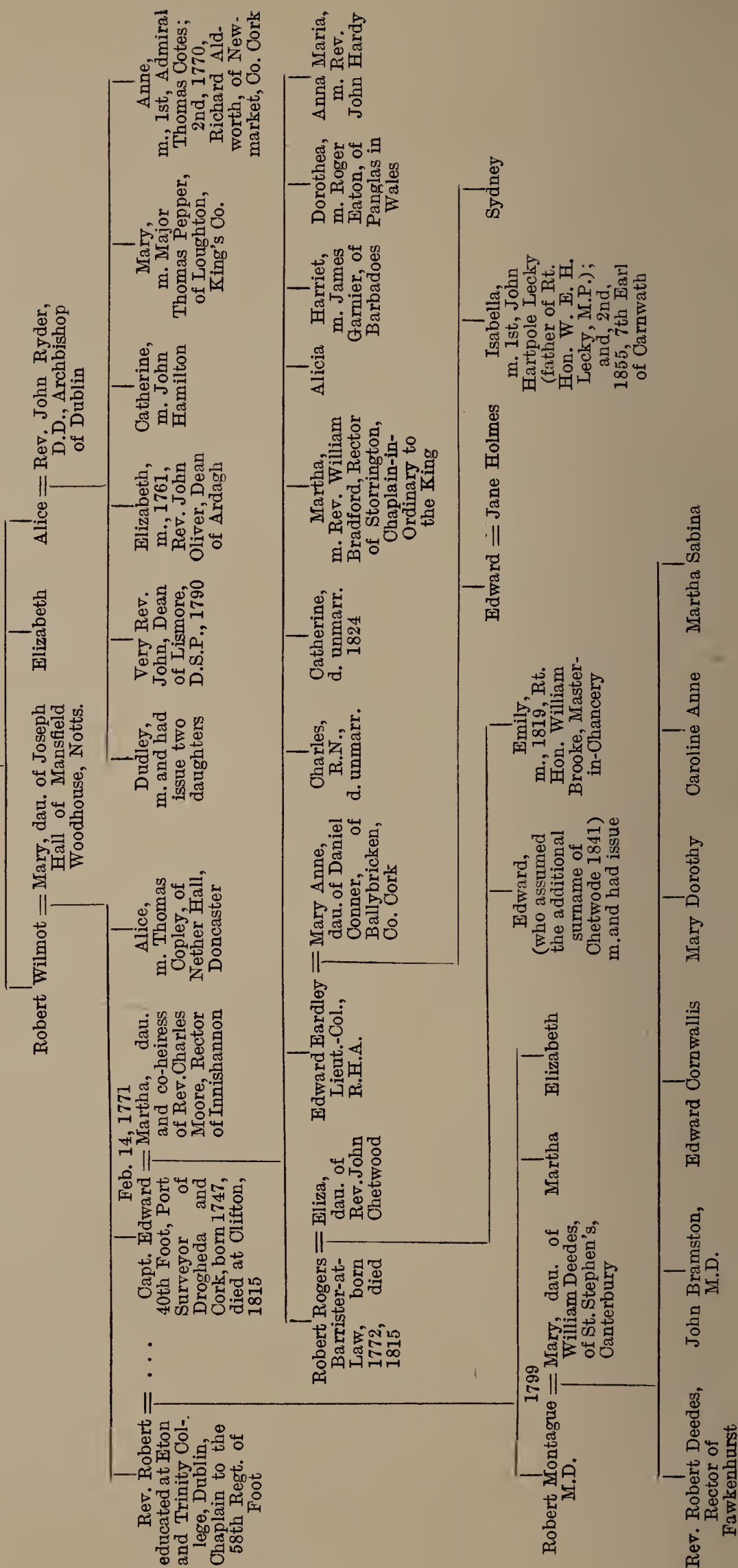
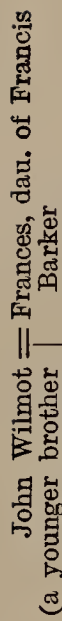
Lady Catherine  
Moore, m., 1858,  
Richard Spread  
Morgan, of  
Bridestown,  
Co. Cork

1884

Richard Charles Moore = Helen Stirling,  
younger dau. of  
Rev. W. Makellar

Lady Harriet,  
m., 1872, Col. John  
Henry Graham Holroyd,  
who assumed the surname  
of Smyth, 1892

Claude, Lord Kilworth,  
b. 1887; d. 1890



## AN IRISH PEER ON THE CONTINENT (1801-1803).

Paris, 24 Nov. 1801.

MY dear Robert,<sup>1</sup> To begin my travels, A Mile Stone in comparison of me holds a most distinguished office in Life, it speaks a universal language, and gives generous intelligence to everybody, of the Country through which he passes. Whereas on the contrary, every passenger must have the generosity to give me information, or God help me ! I might stand by the Roadside, a mere block, to all Eternity, though I yield duly to the Mile Stone ; yet between a Finger Post and myself, a stronger sympathy obviously exists. "From London to Paris" you may see written in legible characters wherever you look, and whoever follows my directions will infallibly find himself precisely where I am this moment, dazzled, delighted, and bewildered by everything I behold. But not to anticipate, I must take you back with me to London every step of the way, that you may cross from Dover to Calais with all due formality, and therefore on the 24th of November, you may fancy Lord and Lady Mount Cashell,<sup>2</sup> Helena, Jane and me pack'd in the Family Coach, with Mary Lawless, Mary Smith, Blanchois, and William in another carriage, driving full speed, nine Irish Adventurers, to the French dominions. We only proceeded as far as Rochester that night and the 25th got to Canterbury, where we saw the Cathedral which is said to be founded on a Pagan Temple, sunk by time to the level of

<sup>1</sup> Her brother, Robert Rogers Wilmot, Barrister-at-Law. See Pedigree at p. xx.

<sup>2</sup> The party originally consisted of Stephen Moore, 2nd Earl Mount-Cashell, his wife, two daughters, Miss Wilmot and four servants. They were afterwards joined by his three sons, a tutor and a governess.



its foundation. That day we dined at my Cousin Robert Wilmot's<sup>1</sup> at the Limes. Saw his little son 8 months old, and Bessy, who is visiting her new Sister-in-law. The next day Robert accompanied us to Dover, in the way to which place, he shew'd us a curious Gothic Habitation, belonging to an old, starch, square piece of Formality, cut out of the last Century. His name (tho' he and his ancestors had one a thousand years ago) I totally forget. Robert and I sallied forth to walk about Dover before dinner, but were driven back quickly by a thunder storm, which broke over our heads. Shall I describe it to you in all its sublimity? Hearken! the Night was dark! and the Silver moon, rising amidst the green waves, beam'd against the snowy cliffs' impearling lustre!!! Hoarse the surges roared from far!—and heavily in distances they fell, till flickering towards the Shore, opposed by bleated Rocks, they burst in radiant spray throughout the wide circumference. The Moon!! But that is my Second Moon I verily believe, and for fear of your charging me with its baneful influence, I will take you quietly back to the Inn where, (after having been wet to the skin), we were regaled by our smoking dinner and were agreeably surpriz'd to see Phineas Bury,<sup>2</sup> who goodnaturedly found me out and remain'd till the next day, when he, and Robert took their departure.

I am extremely pleas'd with your namesake. His style of knowledge as a Physician is so interesting and instructive! and his conversation thoroughly corresponding to the cast of his mind, which is no trifling encomium nowadays, when people are so passionately fond of pushing themselves out of Nature's bias. I particularly envy him his chemical information, as, of all sciences on earth, it is the one I respect the most! and the little I know, pleases my mind so much more than anything I possess.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Montague Wilmot, M.D. See Pedigree at p. xx.

<sup>2</sup> Lieut. Phineas Bury of the 70th Foot, elder son of Phineas Bury of Little Island, Co. Cork, by Jane, daughter of Boyle Aldworth.

Now Sir, I will walk you up to the Castle of Dover. We reached the heights of the beautiful white cliff on which it is situated. It is capable of containing 15,000 arm'd men, for its defence. The fortifications altogether, give one the idea of a Rabbit Warren. The entire mass of Rock is so punch'd into Holes and there are so many subterranean haunts that the soldiers appear to burrow into the very centre. As ventilators to these haunts of British Valour, holes are pierced perpendicularly like those made by Cheese-tasters and (as I can't resist the seduction of a pun) I may add with truth, that mighty is the retreat. I trust you comprehend "mite" in allusion to the "Cheese." Lest you should become envious at this effort of my genius, I must turn your thoughts to the historic part of this fortification, which it seems was founded 1500 years ago, when England was a Roman Province. Amongst these Rocks, the Father of Sir Sidney Smith<sup>2</sup> has built a curious habitation, like a cluster of Grottos, roof'd with clinker bottom'd boats—where he vegetates, poor old man, like a Barnacle. I saw him supported by his servants. But what had a more picturesque and beautiful effect, was the Turk, in his ermined Robes, Dirk and Turban, who was walking upon the shore, the same who accompanied Sir Sidney from Egypt.

*The 29th Novr.* at 3 o'clock in the morning, we got on board the "Countess of Elgin," commanded by Captain Sampson, and Lady Mount Cashell smuggled in her suite, Monsieur Amoulin, a young Frenchman, who couldn't get a passport. But that unfortunately he was a stupid, clumsy piece of goods, we should have been amus'd at the mystery that attended the transaction. After a desperately rough passage of 5 hours, and a cruel delay before we were permitted to land, occasion'd by our names being written down and reported to the municipality, we at length got on

<sup>1</sup> Capt. John Spencer Smith, a military officer, was the father of Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, G.C.B. (1764–1840).



shore, reeling after our sufferings, and in that plight, we were taken to the Custom House, transferr'd from thence to the municipal officers, and then to the examination of the Commissaires. They were the most shocking sharks I ever saw altogether; even after trunks, Pocket Books, Writing Cases, Green baize bags, &c., were quietly deliver'd in, they put their hands into our pockets and then felt down our sides, even to our ankles, for contraband commodities. At length we were walk'd up by our national guard to the Hotel Dessein and were soon put into good humour, by the contemplation of Novelty, which struck our senses in every direction and such a quick hocus pocus metamorphoses from what we had left in England a few hours before. Every Man in a cock'd Hat, three colour'd cockade and gold ear-rings; savage black whiskers and frequently a muff on his arm. Indeed this was the costume of every ragged Poltroon. The Grisettes, pretty and smartly adorn'd with sparkling crosses, necklaces, ear-rings and every shining decoration, with close caps upon their round rosy cheeks and an air of courtesy and ease, which controll'd the intrusive part of that curiosity, which obviously our foreign appearance inspired. Their cheerful style of manners did not strike me, either with any of the servility that preceded the Revolution, or the brusque effect of recent emancipation. The Grenadiers absolutely daunted me, at the sight of their prodigious Moustaches and their erect menacing gait, till my attention flew off, by the pattering of the wooden shoes worn by all the Peasantry, which I had so often heard of, but which I, till then, had never seen. I scarcely know how I spent the first day, what with the effects of illness, and the sight of so many incongruities! This much I remember, that we sat down to a most splendid repast, not a single dish of which I had ever seen before, and during the dinner (the successive courses of which I thought would never end)—we were symphoniz'd by republican tunes, play'd outside the window, on the organ and tam-



bourines, and a hundred compliments passed on the arrival of a “Mi Lor Anglois”.

*Monday 30th Novr.*—On waking at a very early hour with the confusion incident to that State, you will laugh at me when I confess to you the flash of transport I experienced in saying to myself “I absolutely then am in France,” and in drawing aside the Curtain of my Bed to prove it to myself, by contemplating the Painted ceiling, the white marble Tables, the looking-glass panels, the polish’d oak floor, and all the little circumstances of difference in the Apartment; without exception I never remember, in all my Life a moment of such unfeign’d extacy! Instinctively I fancied some metamorphoses was taking place in me, and putting up my hand, to try if my Nightcap at least was not turning into a “Cap of Liberty” (still leaning out of Bed) I lost my balance—and down I flump’d upon the floor, to the utter destruction of all my glorious visions and abhorring those prodigious looking glasses, which multiplied my downfall without mercy, in every direction and wherever I turned my eyes. Getting into bed again in due humiliation I hid my head under the cloaths, ruminating on my disgrace when the door open’d and Lady Mount Cashell, in her white dressing gown appear’d before my eyes. She neither, cou’d compose her senses to rest, so animated were they by the cause which had been so fatal to me and therefore fully countenancing one another in every sanguine anticipation of pleasure, we agreed to sally forth in quest of adventures. Badly as Calais was circumstanced for any species of amusement, our adventures enchanted us tho’ they may be dull to relate. Everything was so new! our minds so alive to observation and amusement. But it is delusive sometimes, for mere novelty very often produces the effect of pleasure without any other ingredient and the first time of being in a Foreign Country, certainly gives the best apology for a mistake of this nature.

Nevertheless, you will say (with your wise eyebrows rear'd up to the roots of your hair) "it absolutely disqualifies anybody suffering under such a partial insanity, from relating anything so as to convey any idea of what the Fact really is." Very well then—maybe the best plan will be, for me to observe a profound silence on every circumstance touching Calais, since truth compels me to confess, that I was in a kind of delirium during the entire time I stay'd in that place, ugly as the town is and deplorable as was the drenching weather!

*Tuesday the 1st Decr.*—We quitted Calais in the most deplorable day of Storm and rain, that ever came out of the heavens. We pas't through Boulogne, and slept at a little Inn at Cormont, as the night was too dangerous, and the roads too bad, to proceed any further. All the country was a dead flat without inclosures and scarcely a tree to be seen; the only thing that surpriz'd me was, that such extensive cultivation and tillage cou'd be carried on, with scarcely the appearance of any human habitation. Our accommodations were scrupulously clean and they gave us as large a dish of Potatoes, as we cou'd have got in Ireland's own self.

*The 2nd of Decr.* we pass'd through Montreuil Sur Mer, a Fortified Town, but mouldering looking like Boulogne—the Country pretty much the same. We got into Abbeville to a late dinner, and slept in Crimson Cloth Canopies, the manufacture of the Town. Here our friend Mr. Amoulin went to join his family, who live near Abbeville and they, being warned of our approach, had invited all the country to a grand Ball, for the next week, and did everything they cou'd to make us stay. But we were obliged to proceed.

*The 3rd Decr.*—We made a pleasant acquaintance with Col: de Roberte who was walking in the Court of the Auberge. He was one of those who headed



a troop, when the French were going to invade Ireland. In travelling on, tho' the roads were bad, the Country became prettier, with a good many woods. After passing through two or three strongly fortified Towns, we got in at three o'clock to Amiens, which is encircled with beautiful grounds. Two days before Lord Cornwallis<sup>1</sup> return'd from Paris. A Congress for the definitive treaty of Peace is about to be held here. While Lord Mount Cashell went out to see Lord Cornwallis, Lady Mount Cashell and I trotted off, to visit the famous Cathedral, which is reckoned the finest and most beautiful in France. I was surpris'd to find it, so little injur'd, when those in every town we pass'd through before, lay in dreary mouldering desolation about the Streets with scarcely two stones together. Many of the Convents too exhibited the same deplorable appearance. I don't think I ever saw so fine a building as this Gothic Cathedral! By resigning all its silver and riches, at the time of the Revolution, the people of Amiens contrived to preserve it almost entirely uninjured. For the first time I saw Canoniz'd noses and fingers, holy Relics, the original Head of John the Baptist, &c. The Altar is a sort of composition which gives the appearance of floating fleecy clouds through which ministering angels are seen. On the Altar piece is the Paschal Lamb. I must tell you I never got into such a fright in my life, as on seeing the massy Gates of this Cathedral close upon me. For a moment the high vaulted Aisles, and the grandeur of the columns absorb'd my attention so thoroughly that till I heard a hundred echoes through the Church reverberating the loud shutting of the Iron Gates (which considerably diminished the light), I never observ'd eight or nine men at our heels, gigantic and scowling, and obviously of the very lowest class of the people. All the beauty of the Cathedral was obliterated and nothing but the Murders of the Revolution danc'd before my imagina-

<sup>1</sup> Charles, 1st Marquess Cornwallis (1738-1805), sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, distinguished for his military services in India.

tion. I wanted to bully off my fears, by praising the Cathedral to Lady Mount Cashell. But every encomium was bit in two by the chattering of my teeth, and on looking in her face I saw from the colourless evidence of her cheeks such a perfect sympathy with my own apprehensions, that suspicion seem'd converted into Fact and I walk'd up to the Paschal Lamb upon the Altar like a guilty Victim, whose impending slaughter was about to appease the Vengeance of the angry Gods. However, after having set a term to my life and outlived the passing by the Altar, we both of us felt, I believe, as if we had over-reach'd the destinies. For we instantly forgot our woes and in the most triumphant flow of Spirits, mingled among our Executioners, who poor innocent Fellows, were enchanted at our sudden fearlessness, and emulous to give us the best answers they cou'd to the thousand questions we put to them. But to return to the Auberge—we had hardly sat down to our Dinner, or rather Supper, when loud applauses of “Vive la Nation ! Vive Bonaparte !” struck our ears and on flying to the Window, we saw Joseph Bonaparte drive by amongst the plaudits of multitudes, who ran at his carriage wheels, welcoming, and proclaiming, at the pitch of their voices, his arrival at Amiens.

A nice little courteous woman, the Mistress of the Inn, came with the dessert to know how we were pleased. Her Auberge she fear'd must be fort ennuyent and pour nous disennuyer un peu, il faut absolument aller au Spectacle. We forthwith follow'd her council and found the Theatre amusing enough, tho' small as you may imagine. The Play was “le vieux Célibataire,” excessively diverting, and tho' the audience were not of the first class, we were pleas'd with as many of them as we had to do with. I mean those in our loge who really seem'd as if they were conscientiously responsible for our amusement. Of the Officers who were scatter'd about the House, I cou'd see nothing but the tip of their noses, so like owls in Ivy bushes did they look, peeping out of a



bush of black Beard, Moustaches, Favori and ringlets which fell over their foreheads.

But to proceed—*4th Decr.*—We left Amiens, pass'd through several Vineyards and much cultivated country, fortified towns (which always give the idea of “Much Ado About Nothing”) and dined and slept at Beauvais. The beggars (and they are certainly the merriest beggars that I ever beheld) swarm'd about the carriage in all the towns where we stopt; the Cripple congratulating the Blind, on his “*deux bonnes Jambes*”, and the Blind retorting on the dumb, the excellence of his Eyes, who not able to answer danced about the Group in mimick'd Rage, till the Carriage driving away, and two or three Sous being flung from the window, made them all unite in the common cry of “*Bon Voyage,*” “*Bon Voyage,*” “*Vive les Voyageurs.*”

*Sat. 5th Decr.*—The Country all planted with Vineyards, struck me as cheerful, tho' the soil was chalky. At one of the Posts we met a young Paysan Savant, whose appearance and manners were interesting to an extreme. He had read a vast deal and was going, with scarcely any money, to travel on foot for his improvement. His Mother who had just read “*la Gazette de Paris,*” came into the Room in great wroth at the censures pass'd in the English Parliament by Mr. Windham,<sup>1</sup> on the sad Immorality of French Women and question'd us strictly as to their consideration in the Publick mind with us, abusing Mr. Windham from the bottom of her heart for satirizing an entire nation, because he was unfortunate in his *own* immediate lot. “He wou'd fain wisp all the world to keep him in countenance” said the little old woman in heavy indignation. “*Mais, je puis vous assurer Mesdames, cela n'arrivera jamais.*” Literally every man and woman, imagines him, or

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. William Windham (1750–1810), the well-known Whig statesman. His reputation as an ideal English gentleman led to his house in London, 13 St. James's Square, being acquired as the headquarters of the Windham Club, founded in his honour in 1828.

herself the representative of "la grande Nation" and however low their situation, they keep up its dignities as earnestly, as politely, and as well, as if each fancied Himself the only man in the Moon.

At 4 o'clock, we drove into Paris with our eyes flying out of their sockets at everything we beheld. The Streets struck me as being very narrow and the Houses, some of them seven stories high, extremely handsome, and built of stone. "Liberté," "Egalité," "Fraternité," "Propriété Nationale," et "Indivisibilité" were written in great letters on all the Publick buildings. After stopping at two or three Hotels, at length we found accommodation at l'Hôtel de l'Europe, Rue de la Loi. It is a magnificent House, formerly belonging to some unfortunate Cidevant Noble, the Apartments hung throughout with damask and Pannel'd with looking glasses of immense size. Three men attended me up to my Bedchamber to my utter consternation; there were none other but themselves to act the part of Chamber Maids. One had been a Soldier, and had invaded Ireland, but in the true malleability of the French Spirit, had dwindled from a Hero, to a fille de Chambre! But before I take you off the Road, I must remark, the way is divided into Posts, each two leagues; the Post-Houses are held by Government; we changed horses at each. I did not see any chaises, but Cabriolets with two wheels, crazy enough in their appearance. In l'Hôtel de l'Europe we stay'd but a couple of days, as a system of cheatery commenc'd, and Lord Mount Cashell was obliged to have recourse to the Commissary, on account of extortion. Justice was immediately allotted him. However, we directly removed to l'Hôtel d'Espagne, Rue de la Loi at 18 Louis d'ors a month.

Hotel d'Espagne, Paris, 1801.

Sunday Dec. 13th, or (as they call it here) le dimanche ce 12<sup>me</sup> Frimaire,  
An 10.

I have let a week elapse since I wrote last, and now I am come, Bob, open mouth'd, to tell you what I



have seen, that is to say, if I can possibly remember. First we went to the Thuilleries, and walk'd in the gardens, which are ornamented with Statues, very well copied from those in the Louvre. The Palace of the Thuilleries is magnificent, and the outward adornment of the four iron gates, (which inclose a spacious Court) are the beautiful and celebrated Horses taken from Venice together with four cocks, the French symbol which at first I thought were Roman Eagles. We then visited the Musée Central des Arts, which is in the Louvre. As well as being the Sanctuary for French, Dutch and German Masterpieces of genius it is possess'd of the plunder of Italy. This Gallery is open to Foreigners every day and to the Publick twice a week and like all the other National Institutions free of all expense and difficulty of access, which latter circumstance particularly is a most signal blessing! I declare I scarcely know how to set about describing this place to you! it is such an endless exhibition.

On the ground floor, to the left, and directly under the Gallery of Pictures is the Gallery of Antiquities containing Basso-relievoes, Busts and Statues; it is divided into "la Salle des Saisons", "la Salle des Hommes illustres", "la Salle des Romains", "la Salle de Laocoon", "la Salle de l'Appollon" and "la Salle des Muses." By the bye, you have the merits and demerits of these antiquities, at your fingers ends, I remember of old and therefore thank God I shall escape the operation of boring you with my comments, besides not having the skill, or the eye of an artist, I am not qualified to do anything more than admire and nothing gives a less defined notion of what you want to convey an idea of, than a violent explosion of one's own wonder.

The Apollo Belvidere extorts nevertheless, a few exclamations. For really, and truly, if one cou'd imagine the perfection of Divinity, it is this lovely godlike Being, found in the ruins of the antient Antium, near Rome, and after having the world for

its spectator, through the lapse of three centuries now commands, if possible, heighten'd tributes of enthusiastic applause, from every individual. Previous to its discovery in the 15th Century, the Apollo lay two thousand years under the ruins of Antium. At present the French have put an inscription on its pedestal, proclaiming that fate has no further influence. For that a Hero "guidé par la Victoire est venu l'en tirer, pour la conduire, et la fixer a jamais sur les rives de la Seine." So far for the Pythian Apollo. But before we go upstairs to the Gallery of paintings, I must observe it is a thousand pities these Statues are so badly arranged; they look like noble Emigrants fallen from their high estate, huddling together in some degraded situation. The only one wanting to compleat the collection is the "Venus de Medici" which has not yet arriv'd. On going upstairs to the Gallery of Paintings, you see in the antechamber an exhibition of Modern Paintings, which (don't be frightened) I am not going to describe. From that you go into the French School, fill'd with masterpieces from the Pencils of Poussin, Le Brun &c., then into the Dutch, Flemish, and German Schools and lastly into the Italian, which collection fills a room quarter of a mile in length. This methodical arrangement is very satisfactory and such is the treasure of the collection that Paris need hardly hold forth another incentive to curiosity.

We then went to see the "Jardin des Plantes", I believe established by Buffon. The galleries of the Museum are most beautifully arranged and concentrate as into a focus all the curiosities of Earth, Sea, Air and Water. What a lovely exhibition it is! There is in the botanic gardens a "ménagerie" and a famous Green House. The first fill'd with savage beasts and the other with rare plants—as is generally the case (you will say). But really everything is on so grand and liberal a scale, that they appear to me absolutely different from anything of the same nature I ever beheld before.

The "Palais Royal" is excessively new and enter-



taining to my Fancy. One may give it for its motto "Spectacles for all Ages"; there is not a taste, however refined, or the reverse that cannot here be ministered to, in the most diversified manner. Libraries, Restaurateurs, Gambling Houses, Coffee Houses, Pawnbrokers, Jewellers, Haberdashers, Opticians, Ice Shops, Exhibition Rooms for dwarfs and giants, dancing dogs and Mountebanks, Theatres, Chess Clubs, &c.!! &c.! I shou'd never stop if I were only to give you the Catalogue of its contents. We have taken only one round and I understand (except at a particular hour), it is not look'd upon as right for Ladies to go there. Indeed, I believe it is a haunt for great wickedness. But the incongruities of some groups which I saw, were so excessively droll, 'tis impossible not to be amused, let the place be ever so disgraceful.

I had a particular curiosity to see the Champ de Mars, where eleven years before, Louis 16th exchanged fidelity with the Nation. It is a great, flat piece of ground, the principal object "l'École Militaire," now turn'd into a Barrack for the Consular Horse Guards, which is a handsome building, ornamented with a towering Dome. Near this is situated "le Temple de Mars," amidst the Building of "Les Invalides." It is very beautiful indeed, a hundred feet in length and all the Pillars hung with triumphal Standards, borne away from all the Nations in the World (so say the French). It was a Church, and transform'd from the Glory of God to the Glory of Man, which is not so disgraceful a metamorphoses as other Churches have undergone, many being converted into Stables, Store houses and Magazines. This temple is magnificently painted throughout the Vaulting, and in one of the Cidevant Chapels is erected the Monument of Turenne, whose bones were chased by the Jacobins, but after seeking refuge amongst "les Monuments François," at length repose amidst the trophies of his brother heroes.

We then visited "Le Musée de Monuments François," which was formerly a Convent, now made a

sanctuary for the Tombs of successive centuries. Le Noir<sup>1</sup> is the arranger of this great Court of Death, and from St. Denys most of the principal ones were remov'd. They were not distributed into the respective Chapels which are to contain them, and the confusion of Ages was standing in most unchronological groups throughout the place; Louis 12th, Henry 4th, Cardinal Mazarin, Charlemagne & Molière, exactly as if they were talking news at a Coffee house. Louis the 14th, a great black marble monarch, as are many of his predecessors, cut out of quarries, in regal robes, Crown and Sceptre. It is a most curious, and excellent collection and as much renown'd as any sight in Paris.

We saw many other curiosities, but people, I believe interest you more than places and I want to mention Mr. Holcroft,<sup>2</sup> to whom Lady Mount Cashell had a letter of introduction, and who paid his first visit last Tuesday. He is between 60 and 70 years of age, apparently a clear-headed, sensible man, with coarse features, mellow'd away by thought, which has shed itself thro'out his ugly countenance. He was originally a journey-man shoe-maker, which trade he follow'd till he was five and twenty and since that time, educated himself into what he is. We went to see Mrs. and Miss Holcroft the next day; they are both very young women. The former, a French woman very pretty and lively and speaking both languages equally well. Miss Holcroft enthusiastic, and excessively like her Father whom she adores. We have been reading a translation of his from the German, a little Poem call'd "Herman and Dorothea," pretty enough and simple. But I should have liked it better in Rhyme, than in blank verse. I feel as if I should like to say a hundred bitter things

<sup>1</sup> Marie Alexandre Le Noir (1761-1839), an eminent French Archæologist. According to Bourrienne's *Napoleon*, the bones of Turenne were found in a garret in the College of Medicine in Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Holcroft (1745-1809), Dramatist, Author of "The Road to Ruin." He married four times, his last wife being Louisa Mercier, who subsequently married James Kenny, the dramatic writer. His daughter, Frances Holcroft, who died in 1844, was the author of several novels.



of Holcroft, but I have such a trick of not penetrating into people's characters that I don't like to trust myself. He has been here several times and has enter'd fully into conversation which he seems very fond of; a long enquiry into the nature of truth, into which he enter'd eloquently, struck me as very good. But I begin to smoke a little of the Visionary on the Godwinean System of living beyond the term of Man.

By chance we became acquainted with Doctor Hager,<sup>1</sup> a German, and librarian to la grande Bibliothèque Nationale. He is in appearance, a caricature of St. Leger Aldworth,<sup>2</sup> understands 12 languages but is particularly proud of his speaking English, which he does in a most whimsical manner, to do him justice. He abuses the French without mercy, calls them "in-fa-mous Beg-gars," and concludes every sentence like a serpent with a never-ending Hiss-ss-s-s-s.

The same day Holcroft came, a family of the name of Rose walk'd into the room as if they had suddenly step'd off of Pedestals. They were the first French ladies I had seen and such was the dress of the three demoiselles that I thought some of the Statues out of the Louvre had suddenly caught animation, and were come to return the compliments we had paid them in the morning. Nothing could look more like a little "Diana" than Victoire, in light (almost transparent) drapery, no sleeves to her gown but gold chain twisted round the upper part of her Arm, into the form of a bracelet and her neck entirely seen. She was remarkably pretty and wore her hair with a crescent like a goddess. Her two sisters were in the same style, but had their hair twisted into long snaky curls, from their foreheads down to their chins, and greas'd with (what is call'd) Antique oil. Madame, their Mother, was too much en bon point to have such a sylphlike appearance as her daughters. But she did not add to her size by too much covering. They

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Von Hager (1750-1820), chiefly distinguished as a Chinese Scholar.

<sup>2</sup> Third son of Boyle Aldworth, of Newmarket, Co. Cork, and uncle of Lieut. Phineas Bury, above mentioned. He died unmarried in 1823.



were all ease and affection of manner; kiss'd us on both cheeks; encouraged our speaking French, offer'd a thousand services; and left us amusingly contented with ourselves, and flatter'd with the hope of their visit being repeated. "Lord bless me! How pleasant French manners are!" Lady Mount Cashell and I exclaim'd with one accord and I felt as if I should have a hundred prisons to get out of, before I cou'd reach half the ease of those amiable mannered little devils. How much Reserve! how many fears! what stone walls of awkwardness to overcome! How many thousand bundlements to jump out of and then the practice of a Century, to feel assured that everybody looks upon you in the politest point of view, and meets your wishes so as to view themselves alone, in the polish'd motive of your own urbanity. Why, there is a light flexibility even in the movements of these little French women, which seconds the ease of their disposition and manners! For my part, I felt myself precisely like a trussed Fowl, and was so persuaded of the truth of the comparison, that I cou'd have sworn I saw a Gizzard and liver, under my tight skewered Wings, squared out for ceremonious company!

The other evening we went to "le Théâtre François de la République" to see "Fleury" who is reckon'd the best actor in France. The House is heavy and inelegant, the Boxes suffocating and everything on the stage appear'd to me outré, fantastic, and full of nonsensical grimace. I did not comprehend a word nor is my eye reconciled to the general costume. You perceive I am in my wasps' nest! I can't help it—because I expected God knows what and have been wickedly disappointed. If it is any consolation to tell you the names of the Actors and Actresses, (all of whom I have taken a rooted aversion to) They are Mons. Talma,<sup>1</sup> Mademoiselle Bourgoïn,

<sup>1</sup> François Joseph Talma (1763–1826), French tragic actor. He introduced on the French stage, the fashion of wearing the costume of the period represented.

Madame Pettit, Mademoiselle Volney, Mons. La Fon, Madlle: Contat,<sup>1</sup> and others whose names I can't recollect and which do not much signify, since I am not as yet qualified to descant on their merits. I am ready to run wild, at my ignorance of French. Now; now; NOW; you are just going to say, what I am resolv'd you shall not because I am going to say it myself, that I am angry with all these pretty, tripping, curly, tinsel'd, shrugging, sparkling little Mademoiselles and Monsieurs, not for their own faults, but mine. Suppose I am! No wonder! when I was put out of humour just before I went "au Spectacle" by opening a Fable Book, at "le Rat de Ville et le Rat de Champs," the extent of my French literature, and it not only gaged my deplorable ignorance, but sent its odious "Application" home to myself, sans misericorde!—Do you know, I wake in the morning sometimes as if I were going to the gallows; palpitating my heart out of me, at the sensation of some undefined misfortune! Happiness will keep a certain level, do what one may, and as soon as I have perfected myself in French, I'll Engage, (as Paddy says) I'll have my own share of troubles in something else. But all this has nothing to say to "le Théâtre François de la République," which is in the same Street with us, and which I am resolv'd to make friends with before I am much older and disburthen my conscience of the injustice committed against its acknowledg'd celebrity. The audience were very much undress'd and but one lustre in the theatre, both which circumstances threw a dinginess over the Exhibition. I have not been half contented in driving all the days in quest of pretty things, and therefore (woke by the crowing of the Gallic Cock I suppose) I have issued forth betimes, under the conduct of a Lyonese Laquais de Place, "Antoine," every morning before Breakfast in pursuit of Churches. He fancies, I am "une bonne Catholique" (which I believe is more than he is) and

<sup>1</sup> Louise Contat, Madame de Parny, the celebrated French actress. She died in 1813.



wishes me to attend the confessional. The taper's yellow light before the Altar, the Holy water, the ringing of the Bells above, the vestments of the embroider'd Priests, and the Penitent Peals of expiatory Music throughout the aisles, transforms my soul into a crucifix and endows me with as legitimate a Pass Port to the Flames of Purgatory, as any other of the Congregation, at least for the moment. I won't describe Panoramas, nor indeed will I describe anything else till another week is over my head. I will tell you however, that I believe I must be very like that nasty thing Spruce Beer which people either love or hate, for tho' I have been here but a week, I have made a Friend and an enemy. The Friend is a little old gingerbread colour'd man in a wig and the enemy a Dragon of an old Lady, who lets loose her dogs of War, whenever I appear. I don't care a pin for either of them which sounds ungrateful to Monsieur. But how the deuce can one's merits be seen staggering like drunken men in broken French? Believe me this is no humility, but an impudent preference of my own judgment to that of others, in everything concerning my own character, and when people like me for nothing, I cannot help feeling myself a tacit hypocrite, at least by holding forth false signals and smiling away safe, when had I been caught, I might have been lawfully destroy'd. I verily believe that every character (like a different Nation) possesses in its own unbias'd judgment the best Standard of weights and measures which is only applicable to itself; unless this is rigorously observ'd, injustice must naturally accrue. People may stumble on benevolence, who gage my merits by their own and I may be thought severe, by applying my standard to others. All is equal injustice and the only charitable way is never to judge at all. You must know I am going deliberately to break the Sabbath by going to "le Théâtre de la République et des Arts," otherwise call'd the French Opera, which You shall know more about in the fullness of time and "so my dear brother" &c., &c.



le Dimanche cc 22<sup>me</sup> Frimaire, An 10—Sunday, Decr. 13th, 1801.

You know I told you that we were going to the French Opera. I was enchanted really with it, first as being a very splendid coup d'air, (tho' I have seen the Haymarket) and secondly and lastly, as exhibiting more grace, dexterity of pointed toes, variety and elegance of attitude and sparkling show of dress, &c., than any spectacle I ever saw in my life. The Music is, in the vocal line, very inferior to what we are to hear. But the Ballets are enchanting, Vestris,<sup>1</sup> Dehayes and Madmle. Chameroi<sup>2</sup> are wonderful, besides hundreds and hundreds of others fully equal in perfection to those I've mentioned, as far as my judgment goes. Vestris far outstrips the moderation of grace and therefore I don't like him so much as others. A step (or rather attitude) which is call'd "le Pirouette", or turning on one leg, while the other foot is almost horizontal with the head, is one of the exploits which he excels in. I had heard of the publick decorum in France and indeed the Opera was a striking instance of it, for during the length of the entire performance, not a whisper was to be heard! Every eye was turn'd upon the Stage, with most devotional attention. The "*Peuple Souverain*" are so tenacious for these observances, even in the most trifling respects, that when I threw my shawl over the side of the Box, I was obliged to draw it back immediately, or (as a Gentleman whispered to me confidentially) a tumult would have been the melancholy consequence and the performance infallibly suspended. In a little "Loge grillé", almost over the stage is Bonaparte's Box (his private one) where he can see without being seen. Madame Bonaparte's Box is finely ornamented with Scarlet Cloth and gold embroidery Fringes, Tassels, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Auguste Armand Vestris, Ballet Master at the King's Theatre. He married, in 1813, Lucia Elizabeth Mathews, afterwards the well-known actress, Madame Vestris.

<sup>2</sup> According to the "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes," she was the finest dancer at the Opera.

Last Monday we went to return Madame Rose's visit and that of her three pretty daughters, who we found en déshabillé. Their dress was Crimson Knit Worsted Frocks, so clinging to their limbs as to give them still more the appearance of Statues than their transparent Drapery. After running round the town, and (by the by) Lord Mount Cashell's Coronated Equipage brings crowds of People everywhere about it, (an odd Republican sort of homage you will say), we went to dinner at the English Envoy's, Mr. Jackson's,<sup>1</sup> and spent a very pleasant day; Lord and Lady Cahir;<sup>2</sup> Gen. Pigot<sup>3</sup> (just return'd from the Government of Malta) and twenty other English. We left the dining Room together, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the first time.

We went to "La Théâtre Comique, Rue Feydeau" where was perform'd "le Jeune Savant" most delightfully. Mons. le Colonel de Roberte explained it to me, and according to the good nature of politeness in these parts, he seem'd so happy in being useful, that instead of thinking I derived my amusement from him, he absolutely seem'd to double his, through my troublesome acceptance of his attention. We went to see the "Natural Son" exquisitely perform'd, in the same Theatre. Now you must know, there are 24 Theatres open, and if there were a thousand we should visit them all, which is no just reason why you are to have a thousand repetitions, for so they would seem on paper. But to talk of the People, they don't seem more animated than the Irish, tho' from their Brains not being bombarded by Potatoes, they are quicker infinitely of comprehension. I flatter myself sometimes, I shall cast my phlegmatic skin which envelopes my constitution like a wrap.

<sup>1</sup> Francis James Jackson, Envoy at Paris (1770-1814), appointed Plenipotentiary to France in 1801.

<sup>2</sup> Richard, 12th Baron Cahir, afterwards Earl of Glengall (1775-1819), married 1793, Emily, youngest daughter of James St. John Jefferyes, of Blarney Castle, Co. Cork.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Henry Pigot, G.C.M.G. (1752-1840), to whom Malta was surrendered by the French in 1800.



Rascal, peradventure I may, by dint of Dieting in the French fashion !! For instead of Porter, they give light Burgundy and instead of swallowing herds of horn'd cattle and flocks of sheep, we scarcely know what goes down in Vegetables, soups, cockscombs, omelets, Fricandeaux, Confitures, Cakes, Fruits, &c.

We have not seen Bonaparte yet, except adorning "Reticules" (which are a species of little Workbag worn by the Ladies, containing snuff-boxes, Billet-doux, Purses, Handkerchiefs, Fans, Prayer-Books, Bon-bons, Visiting tickets, and all the machinery of existence). His image (in Plaster of Paris) reigns the Monarch of even every Gingerbread Stall, and you can not buy a bit of Barley sugar to cure your cold, without having "le Premier Consul's" head, in all his heroic laurels, sent down your throat, doing the ignominious job of a Sweep chimney! So true it is, that push'd beyond certain bounds, compliment becomes an insult.

Hotel de Rome, Rue Saint Dominique, Faux-bourg St. Germain.

Sunday—3rd Jany. 1802. 13 Nivose, An 10.

I have let the circumstances of three weeks accumulate. Within this period we have had various specimens of Men and Manners excessively entertaining. Yesterday we remov'd to this Hotel, where we have delightful accommodations for 25 Louis a month. To interest you, in its history, it belong'd in Days of yore to Madame la Duchesse de Vallière, Louis 14th's Mistress. Our Apartments are on the second floor. I will describe them, not for their own sake, but to give you an idea of the allotment in Paris Hotels, for the price I have mentioned. The Ante-chamber is an excellent one, large, and warm'd by a stove, made like all the Paris ones, of Sèvres, manufacture, a white polish'd sort of china. A large screen shades the repository for Wood (nothing else you know being burnt in France). A large ornamented (what we call) patent lamp or cluster of them, in the centre and benches all round, where servants are generally



stretch'd in "Redingotes" (Great coats) and cock'd hats, fast asleep during the visit of their Lady. From the antechamber, you go into the Salle à Manger, which has a Stove and Fireplace, blue lutestring window curtains, enormous looking-glass and the Floor compos'd of Brown polish'd wood like mahogany, laid in lozenge forms, and dryrubb'd so bright that one sometimes hazards the bridge of their nose (if they happen to have one); a large deal dinner table, as the cloth is never taken away. This does not stand in the room except at meals; the windows (which are from top to bottom of the room) open like casements; and from Balconys you look into a garden and have a view of the Temple of Mars, and all the Grounds, attach'd to the neighbouring Hotels, which in Spring will be a sheet of green. From the Salle à Manger, is the Drawing Room, lined with crimson flower'd damask, and gilded Fauteuils and sofas; the Room lighted by a handsome cut glass Lustre, as is the Salle à Manger, which I left in the dark on that Subject. From the drawing Room, you go into Lady Mount Cashell's bedchamber furnish'd with blue damask and gold, fauteuils and sofa of the same, looking glasses (enormous ones) everywhere. Then, a very good apartment and closets for the two little girls, the door of which last stands opposite the Ante-chamber, with a lobby between. My Room is under Lady Mount Cashell's, and precisely alike, with Wardrobes in both, my windows opening out into the Garden. There are besides Rooms for the servants. A "Traiteur" is in the Hotel, from whom we have our Dinner every day. The Floors are all made of brown polish'd wood, as I described that of the "Salle à Manger"; this gives no idea of the magnificence of the Paris Hotels, some of them which I have been in, are like enchanted palaces. Within this fortnight or three weeks, we have had abundant specimens of Plays, Balls, Soirées, Thé's, &c.; the first Thé was at Monsieur Amoulin's. My first impression was amazement, at beholding the women

from 15 to 70 almost in a state of nature. The Petticoat, (or train of the gown rather) covers however half the length of the Room, which is a most benevolent disposition to display in a country where there are not many carpets; this is, I suppose on the Principle of the new School where even the "ties of Nature are sacrificed to Universal Philanthropy". Happy Republick! Where manteau makers are Philosophers, and Ladies trail their principles behind them!! They seem wonderously fond of displaying their sleeveless arms, encircled by a diamond Bracelet, and a glittering crescent on their temples, bound by glossy braids of jet black hair. Others in Juno's bright Tiara and Leopard Mantle, assume the Goddess, and deck themselves with Cameo Joves. Others chain little dimpled "Cupidons" in golden bondage, round their necks, glittering amongst a thousand wings, and smile in all the consciousness of the prettiness of their allegoric attire. Others Bony as Skeletons (promiscuously cloath'd in Band-box Offal) glide gaunt before one's view and others all paunch and head (like hour-glasses), sad Churchyard emblems of The Passing Time, prove from the upper empty orb the vacancy that pleasure leaves. No matter, the manners are universally captivating, and tho' I don't want to tease you by admiring what I know you abhor, yet 'tis worth mentioning as a surprizing fact, that after all the revolutions of this magic Lantern Country, a drawing Room is the same to-day that it was in the courteous age of Louis 14th. I ought to proceed regularly, and go back to Mons. Amoulin's which was what is call'd a Thé, given in preference to any other entertainment to us English, les mi Lors Anglois et Mis Ladis aussi, being supposed to have risen into existence warm from the fumes of Tea, or rather the "mis ladis" from Tea, for les mi Lors were the certain offspring of "la Ponche". The company were assembled a considerable time amusing themselves, with music, cards, the principal game (and a very gambling one) call'd Boulotte, while



those amongst the young people whose souls were not tuned to harmony, nor their purses to depredation, went into another Room and entertained themselves like children with playing questions and commands, Blind man's buff, etc. I think this is a better notion than seeing half a hundred white robed nymphs slumbering at the angles of card-tables proving to the world that they are not yet gamblers, whatever their Mamas may be. At eleven o'clock the table was spread with Tea, Cakes, Bon-bons, Pâtisserie of all kinds, confitures &c. and afterwards an enormous Bowl of Ponche and Liqueurs, all which they thought perfectly à l'Angloise and for my part, tho' I did my best to seem to drink, yet having an aversion to both tea and Ponche (our elemental liquors) at that unnatural time of night, I found every eye rounded wide with consternation at my not forgetting I was not at Home, and consequently drinking like a Fish. It sounds ridiculous to make National observations, when I have seen so little as yet, but the French at present strike me as eating like gourmands. A most odious custom which they have is spitting about the Room, which they certainly do to such an excess, that they look like a parcel of Tritons with eternal water spouts playing from their lips; sometimes even when the pocket-handkerchief is produc'd, it is such a flag of abomination that one feels little redress from the exchange! I wonder they can be so disgusting!!

This same trick I saw practised at Madame de Soubiran's, where we went to a brilliant Ball, composed of all the Nations of the Earth. She receiv'd us with excellent address and polish'd hospitality (which does not overpower one, by saying "Welcome to *my* home, but welcome to *Yours*, and certainly one feels as much at ease, as if it really was so). She is a very beautiful woman, looking about twenty, but really more than twice that Age, and dress'd or rather Undress'd to the extent of the Parisian fashion. A Cameo, the most preposterous Horn'd head of Jupiter (which I at first took for her Husband's picture)



fasten'd an Indian Shawl wove in threads of gold upon one polish'd alabaster shoulder, which then fell in Drapery over half her Person; the other half was not quite so much disguised. Suspended by sparkling chains to either ear, hung Greek Philosophers in Medallion'd Cameos, a Solon and a Pericles, unheard of by her as Solemn legislators, while Socrates with all His Morals and philosophy attach'd her zone, and Xenophon and Plato true to his principles, impos'd Athenian bondage on her arms. She spoke all the European languages, and receiv'd everybody in their own Tongue, excepting the Turkish Ambassador and his turban'd suite who however spoke French as well as natives. His Excellency is a man of very imposing aspect, majestic in his air, and beautiful in his features. Tho' nature has distinguished him with so much dignity, it is not diminish'd by the splendour of his ermined Robes of scarlet, high Turban, long Beard, Shawl Sash, Yellow Boots, and diamond dagger. Codrica his Secretary, who is a Greek, is highly instructed, and seems universally admired. There was a suite of 5 or 6 rooms thrown open. In the one in which we were receiv'd at first, stood a most magnificent Pavilion ornamented (at the foot of either little flight of steps which stood at the bottom) with two alabaster Sphinxes, crown'd with gilded Vases in which were fragrant Bouquets of delightful flowers. A mirror form'd one side of the Bed which produced a very beautiful deception, all the company, lustres, green-house plants, antique figures and painted ceilings, being reflected again by another looking glass corresponding at the opposite side of the Room. In one of these apartments a number of dancers were collected and a little orchestra of excellent musicians. The cotillon or what they call "la Contredanse" was begun when we enter'd the room, and we press'd in amongst the crowd which incircled the Exhibition. Four pretty young ladies, like Sylphs and four young men were glittering in the air, indeed such perfection I never witnessed, but the earnestness of their air and

countenances, for triumph in the publick mind, made one apprehend that science had effectually tumbled from the head into the heels. After the most brilliant exhibition of grace was at an end, and that some stage dances, half Minuet, half Cotillon, were finish'd, the Walses commenced. Fifty or sixty couple directly form'd a circle round the room and for the first time, I saw the performance so famed amongst the Germans ! Madame de Soubiran and a beautiful young French man, first struck my attention and astonish'd me so much by the elegance of their movements that I did not perceive the comically incongruous assortments of partners who whirl'd one another throughout the circle. When I did, an unlucky recollection of "Alonzo and Imogen" popped untimely into my head, where as a punishment for her perfidy, she appears in the Hall with her Skeleton Knight and shrieks as he whirls her around. This vex'd me sore. But still, not one of them, however gay, however fat, however smiling and kind, assumed any other likeness in my eyes, but that of the grim Skeleton Knight, nor their little spangled partners, anything less woe-begone than the fainting Imogen, teetotum'd for her crime. Suddenly the tune turn'd and from a lazy swing, they all jerk'd away upon their pretty little silver slippers, like people bewitch'd. Alonzo and Imogen were effaced from my disorder'd fancy and Oberon's Horn alone sounded in my ears. If you remember the Poem, it will act as a talisman upon your wits, to conjure up a most whimsical scenery indeed. If you do not, ask me not to recapitulate it, but pass on with me to make the comments of the night ! or rather to hear the passing observations. As the sounds flitted about our ears : " *Quelle belle Dame ! Comme elle est bien Coiffée ! Connaissez vous ce Monsieur là ne trouver vous pas qu'il dance comme un Ange, ah c'est un bon Enfant. Voyez vous donc, quelle air Naturelle ; elle est forte aimable ! Ah ! quelle jolie tournure !! Quelle physionomie Spirituelle ! elle a beaucoup d'esprit !* In short every



word was praise and praise never put into such bad spelling in all its life, without knowing who the praisers, or praised were. Still people seem'd in good humour with one another and tho' there was no laughing or merriment, yet all the world was pleas'd.

The invitation which we got for this ball supposes our attendance at that Hotel throughout the Winter. This is universal in Paris. There was so much rouge on the cheeks of all the ladies, that handsome as Lady Mount Cashell is, her face look'd pale and cold, like a frosty moon, and as for me you must suppose I was like the devil in the mulligrubs, or any other Phantom you can summon to your addled imagination. Besides we were caparison'd so differently from other people, we look'd as if we took a traveller's prerogative, and providently carried all our goods and chattels upon our backs for safety. I forgot to tell you the night ended with an English country dance most infamously perform'd. We have been twice there—and many visited us the next day. We did not happen to be at home. But from all the Ladies tickets, with their names, and the names they were born with (as a memorandum written underneath); the Gentlemen's modestly with their Christian names before their Surnames, as "Frederic de L'Emile de Soubiran" &c. I think the men affect the English fashions very much. For Englishmen and French women, were quoted all over the world on the decoration of their persons to the best advantage. However the French men cannot resign their gold ear-rings yet, which from being round and large like carriage wheels, keeps one in a perpetual fright lest their heads should suddenly drive full speed off their shoulders. I forgot to say there was no supper, but Potage, Patisserie, Cakes, Punch, Tea, Lemonade, &c., continually handing about the Room.

We were at a famous assembly at Madame Karagan's, and at a sort of converzatione at the Ottoman Ambassador's. At the last place there were 40 attendants, I believe, all dress'd en Turquie, mutes



guarding the doors, two at each and Sherbet and Coffee in trays handed about continually. It is the fashion here for Ladies to visit the Ambassador's, and as he is our neighbour, we paid him this compliment the other morning. He shew'd us his favourite retreat which is a beautiful Room, almost lined with mirrors and large square yellow leather Cushions with fringe and tassels of gold, laid on the Floor throughout; on these he and his companions sit cross-legg'd; write letters on their knees, one of which forms a desk, and quaff Sherbet with their Pipes in their mouths. His Excellency made us presents of the Parfume de Serraille, which is a composition not unlike Indian Ink, only brown and stamped in Turkish symbols. The odour is balsamic or aromatic, and gives one the idea of eastern luxury. 'Tis astonishing how thoroughly these Turks contrive to mould themselves to the stamp of French manners; they are as complimentary and gallant in their attentions and politeness to women, as if their own were not slaves and I have a hundred times long'd to tell upon them, if I cou'd but send one whisper to Constantinople. 'Tis nonsense to talk of the French being Republicans, I don't think a spark exists amongst them. They are excessively fond of Rank, Honors, and every etiquette that can distinguish them from the multitude. I have had a thousand instances to strengthen this opinion. However, there is a great independence in the lower ranks of People, that I hear is one of the blessings of the Revolution. I have never met with any creature, who did not speak with regret of the past and horror of the events which were the consequence of political subversion, but remember I have but three weeks' experience to quote! At first all the exhibitions of Revelry in their grand Hotels (which were the cidevant possessions of guillotined Nobles) used to appear to me like memento moris, and they still recall these ideas as they are generally occupied by more than one family. But the incongruity of the French character reconciles all con-

traditions, and as a trifling instance, the other night the audience at the Theatre were held in the most earnest suspense and sympathy, as to the fate of a young Prince, who had been dethron'd by his subjects, and thro' stratagem again regain'd his lawful power. I never heard greater applause, nor witness'd more universal attention and admiration. At Madame Karagnan's and Madame de la Croix, we met amongst various people, Mons. le Général de Chateau Neuf, who was introduced to us, and I was not a little amaz'd at finding it was perch'd as the highest feather in his cap his being suppos'd the illegitimate son of Louis 15th. Is not this a whimsical sort of instance of the mutability of human nature? And in the eternal undulations of Power is it not surprizing these people have not a capacity to reflect or even to perceive their own inconsistency. If I were to speak from what I have seen, I shou'd say the use the French Republicans have made of Liberty, is to create a universal choice of aristocracy. I have seen many signalized personages, such as La Lande,<sup>1</sup> the Astronomer; Count Rumford<sup>2</sup>; Poets and Authors without end. I liked the astronomer excessively; he had descended from the clouds, into the drawing-room with such a jovial mien, and smiling physiognomy, which has already smiled away the rigours of 70 Winters and still seem'd happy in approaching Fate. On his entrance, all the young girls ran forward to welcome him with kissing both his cheeks, and his cordiality of manner perfectly countenanc'd the good humour and respect of their reception. Now since we are on the head of Astronomers (which is a good

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Gerome Lefrançois de-la Lande (1732-1809), the French astronomer. He incurred the displeasure of Napoleon by wishing to include him in his Dictionary of Atheists!

<sup>2</sup> Sir Benjamin Thompson (1752-1814), an American schoolmaster at Rumford (now Concord), New Hampshire, who settled in England and rose to be Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He raised a Regiment for George III, became a Fellow of the Royal Society and was knighted in consideration of his scientific attainments. He assisted the Elector of Bavaria, by whom he was created a Count, in various schemes of philanthropic reform. He founded the Royal Institution in London in 1799.



stepping stone to Heaven), let us talk of churches and say our prayers, and cross ourselves amongst a few starved Hairdressers, disconsolate Tailors, moaning musicians, and old rheumatic men and women smelling brimstone, for such is a French congregation. Christmas day we went to "Nôtre-Dame", and being perceiv'd as strangers, the Priests sent us from the Communion table immense slices of Pain Benit; the holy emissary who deliver'd them on a consecrated Plate, did so with an air of such exceeding courtesy, that we felt ashamed at being gaping travellers, gazing across the little barrier of a Sect, and our responsive nerves so echoed to the common concord which nature struck thro'out humanity that we set our names in the pious Passport there fabricating for a better Life. As this was a Festival, we saw the Elevation of the Host and all the Pageantry to the best advantage. But everything of this kind is almost entirely obliterated, and nothing better substituted in its place. It seems strange that I scarcely ever hear Religion or Politicks discussed and as to Republicanism 'tis never mentioned, which puts me in mind of the Classical Duck who laid a golden egg every morning. While I was in England a Republican Egg was laid every day. But now that I am in the vitals of the Bird, I find no egg at all. You know 'tis only the cackling noise amongst Politicians. I dread when I say I am glad of it, for the subject itself is delightful in conversation. I pop so unconsciously from one subject to another! But while it is in my head I must tell you every article in life is considerably cheaper here than in England tho' the spirit of imposition precludes our benefitting much from this advantage, as "mi Lor Anglois" is a proverbial mark for cheater everywhere out of his own soil. Shall I talk to you about Monsieur Suize and Mons. the Swedish Ambassador and half a hundred other Monsieurs and Madames of our acquaintance? I may just as well not, for I should only confuse your brain, and set you taking snuff, to



sneeze off the stuffing in your head. Nevertheless two Monsieurs I must mention, one Mons. Bonall Commissaire de la Guerre and another Monsieur (I forget who) Aide-de-Camp to Bonaparte. They are both of them perfect gentlemen ! The first a beauty, without any of its fopperies and with a fund of information, so retiring in his manners, that he blushes bright beneath his copper skin and dark whiskers, whenever he is particularly drawn into notice. He retrenches in words every superfluous expression of kindness, but his manner is an eloquent apologist for every verbal omission. We became acquainted with him by accident. When we were removing from the last Hotel, and before it was determin'd where we should be, a Lady took us to see his "Maison particulier," which he wished to let to Lord Mount Cashell as he was going to his "Terre" to hunt, in a little time. He threw open the doors of his apartments, beautifully lined with yellow satin and Panell'd Glasses and with the utmost respect and gravity, led us throughout all the conveniences of the house. It would not do. However all parties were so struck with his gentlemanlike demeanour that our acquaintance was the natural consequence. I have brought you now to the end of my three weeks and to the commencement of the new year. If you were here I would give you a hundred whimsical little "bonbons," I have been given by "Monsieur et Madames," as "Étrennes" or New Year's gifts. I am beginning, I believe, to turn wonder into amusement and I suspect if I had waited for three other weeks, you never would have come to the knowledge of half the disagreeable things I have blabb'd, so now my dear Brother &c.

Conceive ! my having forgot to speak of the Abbé Sièyes.<sup>1</sup> We dined in company with him the first of

<sup>1</sup> Emmanuel Joseph Sièyes (1748-1836), French politician, by whose advice the representatives of the people formed the National Assembly. Napoleon, with whom he was associated as Consul, thought little of his abilities and considered him as entirely venal. His imperturbability was marvellous: when the Abbé Poule attempted to assassinate him, thereby shattering his hand, he quietly remarked to his servant, "If that gentleman should return, say that I am not at home !"

this month chez Monsieur Amoulin's. I never saw so good, (or rather so true) a frontispiece to a politician, as his countenance is. He could rule all the world through their weaknesses, but seems to take so wide a grasp of power, that one would swear it was he who set the Globe twirling on its axis, as a plaything to divert him, while he was planning some greater scheme. It was he in fact who made the Revolution of France, by spinning the Nation like a tee-totum, at the hazard of chance, turning up its many-sided constitution. Stratagem with him, could supercede force in the wildest undertakings. His manners we found extremely agreeable, and not at all marked by that seclusion, which generally distinguishes the wise. He play'd chess with Lord Mount Cashell and me in the evening. Whatever observations I have made on him, are only the story of his countenance for he was so simple in his manners, and polite, that one would have imagined he was educated for a drawing room. This Day we spent very agreeably. It was the first time we dined at a French house. When the Company were told dinner was served, each Lady was conducted into the dining room by a gentleman (which is a very pleasant custom by the by, as nothing vexes me more than stalking out of the room by myself, hearkening to the rustling of my tail, I always fancy the devil is at my heels). We found a most sumptuous Banquet prepared. On each cover the name of a guest was written on a little strip of paper. Lady Mount Cashell was handed out of the Room by Monsieur l'Abbé Sièyes, and I by Monsieur, the Son of the House, one of those stupifactions of beings whose wit stole into his head, like a mouse into a mouse trap, but was equally sure of losing its Life when it attempted an escape. Consequently he never open'd his lips. However, another "Monsieur", who sat on the other side of me made ample reparation and diverted me excessively by his gaiety and politeness. Amongst a wide extended circle, Madame de Viot (one of the Parisian Belles Esprits) struck my attention. She was pass'd



60 years of age with the ugliest face I ever saw in all my life, like a toad that had been trod upon, completely crush'd down to one level. Her person was remarkably pretty, and seem'd as if it had been Born 40 years after her Features. It was set off to the greatest advantage, but so very much exposed, that one cou'd scarcely perceive she had a body to her gown. She was glittering in very brilliant images across the table to a member of the Institution, when a servant (hitch'd I believe by one of her blade bones), stumbled and let fall an entire Vase of liquid over her uncover'd shoulders. Such a ducking no mortal ever got ! It trickled unmercifully down her back and put her neck into such a miserable gooseskin, that all its beauty was demolish'd. The scene became very distressing, for she was obliged to be sopped all over with napkins, and servants, gentlemen, and all became her operators. It seem'd really like a judgment on her for her nakedness (as old women are always duck'd for their crimes) and God forgive me, I cou'd hardly keep my countenance. But a French woman is never put off her guard. This "belle esprit" kept herself perfectly unembarrass'd, and said so many good-humour'd, patient, pleasant entertaining things, that everybody was charm'd with her "Esprit," and really, if she had been a Venus risen from the waves, she cou'd not have receiv'd more sincere admiration than she did for her address, tho' past 60 years of age and exhibited after a ducking. These French people are excessively good-natured and, really, this little circumstance was a good touchstone to the manners of a company. But they saw nothing ridiculous in the transaction and she suspected nothing but sympathy (which by the by is precisely what sets them all so much at their ease as they are). I observe with the French, they are resolv'd to find out some good point either to prove their penetration, or to please their taste. If a woman is ugly beyond all redemption, they only turn her inside out and transfer their praises to an intellectual beauty. Try



but to please in France and you will infallibly gain your point. I can't describe to you the ease this universally occasions and the absence of a hundred disagreeable qualities, which its influence effaces. I see no awkwardness, no pride, no boldness, no obstreperous tussle between hope and fear, no swagger of independence. All flows smoothly, and every little dependence of social intercourse is mutually acknowledged to the end that pleasure may be reciprocal and life a blessing.

Sunday, 31st Jan. 1802. Le Dimanche, Pluviose 11<sup>me</sup>.

Paris, Hotel de Rome, Rue St. Dominique : Fauxbourgs St. Germain.

Time, you know, like everything else is revolutioniz'd here. Instead of the week, they count by the decade. "But a sixpenny Almanac will tell me this" (I think I hear you awfully rejoin). Then shall I talk to you of the weather and point ruefully towards the snow, which sugars over every house-top like a Christmas Cake and reduces me to a bitter petrification. My wits are frozen into icicles and not a word comes out of my mouth except like a Hail-stone, so that I solemnly protest except when I think of snow I don't think at all. Everybody, I believe becomes desperately prudent in Frost; they contrast the characters of their neighbours with the spotlessness of the snow, and squeeze up their mouths (in wisdom) at having discovered the difference between black and white. I remember you insinuated to me once, that when I began to generalize, an individual delinquent might always be found in the sediment of my Cup, so (tho' your observation is false as I told you at the time), yet on the present occasion it happens to serve. You must know then, this House is haunted by an odious little old codger, who is excessively like what they have made "Sterne" in the frontispiece to his Book. His nasty eyes, look as if they wou'd like to over-reach one another and are eternally huxtering to find out which is the cheapest commodity, Virtue

or Vice. He has a label of defamation, to hang on every character and tho' he goes smirking and bowing about a drawing-room,—yet there is not an individual to whom he does not attach a tale of scandal. When I tell him how much I like the manners of Madame Such a one, he smiles as if he saw a hook in my nose and enrages me by his imaginary triumph over my credulity. Chance made me stumble on a pert arch looking little woman, whom I had met in his House and on asking him what fault he had to find with her, he look'd "like a Duck in Thunder," and made me instinctively wave the investigation and pass to something else. Ha! Ha! thought I to myself, "I smell a Rat," and with God's blessing I'll fry some bacon to catch it too. For I never knew an arch scandal monger, who did not draw the world from the Picture of his own mind, so there I left him, under the shelter of his wig, and went out of the Room compleatly out of humour with everything that had pleas'd me before and, had I written the result which his conversation was intended to produce upon my mind, I should say that wicked immorality walk'd about the world in Sheep's cloathing; that the people of fashion with whom we associate, are in their dayly practices characteriz'd by that word; that the dress of the ladies and gentlemen even is reducible to this principle, and that everything is equally unveil'd, and very little disguise attempted to screen what (amongst jealous-pated nations) are consider'd the landmarks between virtue and vice.

But we must talk of Bonaparte—whom we saw from one of the windows of the Thuilleries, reviewing his troops just under our eyes, surrounded with his beautiful aides de camps, in Hussar Cloaks and gold cloth and tassels. Bonaparte rode on a white charger dressed in the grand costume of Office, which was scarlet velvet richly embroidered with gold. He looked as pale as ashes, and the expression of his countenance was stern severity. His hair is dark, which he wears without powder and his person,



(which is remarkably small), appears perfectly proportion'd. Except the national cockade, he wore no ornament in his hat, which circumstance distinguish'd him from all the others, whose hats were great repositories for Brocade and grandeur. The Consular Guards are the finest set of men I ever saw, all six feet high and each, 'tis said, owes his appointment to some signal act of valour; their uniform is blue, turn'd up with white, and edged with red and on their heads, a high Furr Cap, with brazen plates. The Dragoons are Green Dragons, and look very fine,—but the Egyptian Mamelukes, on Arabian Coursers, struck my fancy most, from the uncommon splendour of their appearance. All the Regiments saluted Bonaparte and (not to enter farther into the detail of military proceedings which I certainly don't comprehend), the entire spectacle was extremely brilliant and I was more gratified than I ever was by a warlike pageant in all my life.

Cardinal Erskine who lives in this Hotel is of a Scotch family, but born and educated at Rome. He is about 50 years of age, extremely lively and highly gentlemanlike. His windows open into the Garden like mine and we walk together very frequently. He speaks English extremely well, but likes Italian better. We find him a remarkably pleasant acquaintance and thoroughly a man of the world.

We have repeated our attendance at the Houses I have mentioned and, as Lord Mount Cashell is a subscriber to "Le Salon des Étrangers", we went to the famous subscription Ball held in "la Rue Grange Batelière". But first I will tell you of a visit we paid to a Lady; on hearing she was confined with a cold, we were going to depart, but were requested by the servant to have the complaisance to walk upstairs, as Madame would be "au désespoir" if she did not see us. We therefore follow'd him and were shewn into a brilliant Bedchamber, where was Madame lying in her Bed and four gentlemen sitting all round in a circle. Her pillow was tied up, in bunches of yellow



ribbon, corresponding to the colour of her night-ribbon, and the curtains of her clear-muslin Bed lined with the same throughout. She received us with the utmost gratitude and pleasure and join'd in the conversation, which was lively and grave and sensible, and foolish, by turns. Nobody seem'd to perceive she was not as usual sitting in her 'Boudoir', except that she spoke a little hoarsely. Now to return to the "Bal des Étrangers"; we arriv'd there in due rotation about one in the morning, the police being so strict that no confusion is permitted by allowing one carriage to take precedence of another. I will not describe the scene of festivity otherwise to you, than as it gave us an opportunity of seeing Madame Tallien,<sup>1</sup> Madame Viscomti, (Genl. Berthier's <sup>2</sup> mistress) and ladies of that notoriety whose fame excites one's vagabond curiosity, and who one cou'd never meet in Parisian Society as their mal-practices throw them totally out of private notice. There was something in Madame Tallien's air and appearance that absolutely transfix'd me to the spot where she was; even before I knew that it was she, I was caught by the most enchanting smile I ever saw, which led me to examine from whom it proceeded. The Lady, when she no longer smiled, was far from arresting one's attention, where there were so many beautiful claimants, but in waiting to catch another smile, I found a thousand attractions crowd upon my view. She had the sweetest expression of mildness and good temper and a modest mien of domestic habits, with that fair delicacy of appearance that instantly struck me. She wore no Rouge and yet look'd fresh and lovely! I cannot describe to you my astonishment at hearing it was the all-renowned "Madame Tallien", who I had pictured to my imagination as

<sup>1</sup> Jeanne Marie, the lovely and witty daughter of the Comte de Cabarrus, a Spanish financier. She married first, Marquis de Fontenay, secondly, Jean Lambert Tallien, and thirdly Prince de Chimay. She was born at Saragossa in 1773 and died in 1835.

<sup>2</sup> Alexandre Berthier (1753-1815) Prince of Neuchâtel and Wagram, Marshal of France, appointed War Minister by Napoleon.

dashing, intrepid and dazzling like the meridian sun. But no French woman is dashing nor none attempts to take your admiration by storm, tho' they don't seem to understand what "Mauvaise honte" means. Yet they assume an air of humility, which insures one's generosity to mediate with one's judgment against the severity of criticising even their defects. A beautiful Genoese Lady "Madame Morande" lives in the Hotel next to us and is attended by a gentleman very like you, who is her Cicisbeo. She is uncommonly sensible and tho' all the world are burning incense before her, languages are the only acquisition which she thinks or cares about. About a fortnight ago, we were at a superb entertainment at Mr. Smith's,<sup>1</sup> American Ambassador to Portugal, now at Paris for his diversion. There was music of the sweetest kind, the Horn and Harp accompanying the vocal performers. We were introduced to Madame de Stael-Holstein,<sup>2</sup> Necker's<sup>3</sup> daughter, who in appearance reminded me very much of Lady Granard.<sup>4</sup> We also were introduced to Helen Maria Williams,<sup>5</sup> to the family of Livingston,<sup>6</sup> the American Minister from the United States to Paris; to the Princess de Belmonte (a Neapolitan lady), Russian Princesses, and a thousand others. This night ended with a most magnificent supper. Miss Williams is in perpetual mourning for her sister; she wears, added to her Black dress, a long black gauze scarf thrown over her head, and hanging down to her feet. I never saw manners so desirous to please, as hers, nor a countenance more corresponding

<sup>1</sup> William Loughton Smith (1758-1812) appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Portugal, 1797, and subsequently to Spain.

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated Baroness de Stael-Holstein (1766-1817), wife of the Swedish Minister in Paris.

<sup>3</sup> Jacques Necker (1732-1804), a Swiss Banker of Anglo-Irish descent, who became Finance Minister of Louis XVI.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Selina Rawdon, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Moira and Aunt of Lord Mount Cashell, married 1779, George, 6th Earl of Granard (1760-1837).

<sup>5</sup> Helen Maria Williams (1762-1827), English Author and Poetess, settled at Paris in 1790 and was imprisoned by Robespierre. She was the daughter of Charles Williams, a military officer.

<sup>6</sup> Robert R. Livingston (1746-1813), an American statesman, appointed in 1801 Minister to France. He negotiated the purchase of Louisiana in 1803.



to this idea. She speaks in a tone of voice that sounds like an invalid and tho' large in her Person, a general air of languor reigns throughout her exterior.

We were invited to her house the day after our introduction. Her family consists of an old Scotch, high-blooded lady, her Mother, two little nephews and their Father, a young Frenchman. Mr. Stone<sup>1</sup> is also their inmate; it was he who befriended Charlotte Corday on her tryal. He is an Englishman, and one of the most sensible ones I ever saw. Their Hotel is in the midst of a delightful garden and we spend the evening in her Library, which was particularly corresponding with her style of society, the latter being compos'd of Senators, Members of the National Institute (in their blue embroider'd coats) and every one in the literary line. We have a general permission to frequent these societies twice every week and they will, I dare say, present us with various specimens of natural curiosities.

The other evening Lady Mount Cashell gave a brilliant Thè;—a very agreeable Turkish family of the name of D'Osson and 50 or 60 others composed the Society, the whole conducted à la Française. We have been to the Opera Buffa or the Italian Opera which I will leave you to manufacture out of the word superb, which must be utter'd in a very musical tone. For after you have imagined the Theatre, and spangled it throughout with light and audience, you must melodise the whole into very delightful harmony. For the first time I saw Madame Bonaparte and her son Young Beauharnais,<sup>2</sup> Madame Louis Bonaparte, and Madame Le Clerc.<sup>3</sup> Bonaparte was invisible in his Loge Grillé.

<sup>1</sup> John Hurford Stone (1763–1818), an Englishman of Republican principles, resident in Paris. He married Rachel Coope, whom he deserted in 1794 on becoming intimate with Helen Maria Williams.

<sup>2</sup> Eugène de Beauharnais (1781–1852) Duke of Leuchtenberg and Prince of Eichstadt, son of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, appointed Viceroy of Italy under Napoleon.

<sup>3</sup> Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon I, married first, in 1797, the French General, Victor Emmanuel Leclerc, and secondly, Prince Borghese. She died in 1802, aged 30.



I must mention another evening we lately spent at Miss Williams', as it presented us with the power of being known to the famous Polish General, Kosciusko.<sup>1</sup> There were assembled many of the most distinguished members of the Institute and of the Prefecture, amongst them, Tennies, the most eloquent man in Paris. Amongst three or four members of the Tribune (which is an institution containing a hundred members, for the discussion of Civil Law). Monsieur Ginguené was particularly spoken of for the celebrity of his oratory and legislative powers. He is one of the ugliest little machines I ever saw, and stands behind a nose of such preposterous size, that had Rhadamanthus been so appointed in the infernal regions, he might have dropt from his cat and nine tails, and rested on the inquisitorial Terrors of his Snout. His uniform was blue, embroidered with silver and tricolour'd Sash,—boots bound with silver and ornaments appropriate. I was ashamed of myself at being for one moment led to censure this nasal Fortification, for when he entered into conversation, really and truly, his brilliancy was astonishing, and before he went away, I had hung it over with so many trophies of his wit, that I would not have given up one acre of his nostril for all the world. The Polish Count and Countess Stanislaus Myscelska were there, and in short an assemblage altogether of 60 or 70 people, almost all celebrated for something or other. *Le diable qui nous obsède toujours*, chose to throw me into a chair next to a little busybody of a man, black and round like a football, whose genius always set him rolling wrong except when he was kick'd. He told me puffing and blowing with importance, that Monsieur le General Kosciusko had arriv'd some time and that he was amazed I held myself "si tranquille," when he was a character so

<sup>1</sup> The distinguished Polish soldier and patriot (1746–1817). After his death, an immense mound, composed of clay gathered from his various battlefields, was set up to his memory near Cracow, and from a fancied resemblance in shape, the loftiest mountain in Australia was in consequence named Mount Kosciusco.

worthy of observation. I thought Kosciusko was shot to pieces years ago, and happy in an opportunity of contradicting my little friend, (whose fidgetty propensities had torn a beautiful new dress I had on), I inform'd him of his mistake, still more "tranquillement"—which so piqued his pride, that without further ado, he jump'd off his chair and before I had time to commend myself to the Virgin, I found myself introduced by him to General Kosciusko, with his own triumph as a preface, tending to inform him of my incredulity, together with all the regret I manifested on the loss of so distinguish'd a General. He then roll'd off to the other end of the room and left me to my Fate. My vexation and agitation set me talking English without reflexion, which just happen'd to act like my guardian Angel. For Kosciusko, as it proved afterwards, prides himself on his knowledge of our language and he look'd upon this as a homage to his accomplishment, for he immediately remark'd "He perceived I was instructed in his good-fortune for speaking my tongue" to which I had the impudence to assure him "I was." The success of this accident put me into good humour, and I sufficiently explain'd the circumstances to prove to him tho' in common with all the world, I was interested in his existence, yet that I had not taken the liberty of sending for him across the room to be convinc'd by my own eyes, and so threw the whole blame upon my little tiresome Friend. He look'd disconcerted and said, I was less compassionate than the Fates, for they had spared him his life, but I had cut to pieces his vanity; however that he was sure as an English woman, I must be good and generous and that I would make reparation by shewing my trust in his character and chusing him for my confidant. He said 'twas clear that was not my lover, who had presented him to me, but that he "must fly about the chamber somewhere" and that tho' he had not seen him yet, he would anticipate the character which consequently he must possess. In this way he went



on talking nonsense for half an hour and amazing me more than I can express with the trifling whimsicalness of his conversation. A very charming young Englishman then came up to speak to me, on which he said most gaily "that must be he" and kissing my hand in the humblest manner, he glided off in his wild way, to run over the same rigmarole with somebody else. Wildness is so much his characteristic, that I hardly know how otherwise to delineate his face, figure, manner, or conversation. The four winds of Heaven seem to have blown him into the world in a whirlwind and his parted black hair seems erect and shaggy since that era; excepting this, he is a tall, thin, small-featured man in black.

Madame de Viot, who got a ducking you remember, took us last Thursday to the Lycée near the Palais Royal, of which she is a member. She has written a treatise on Montesquieu's *Esprit de lois*, Poetry, Criticism &c. and has in consequence been call'd to the honors of a Séance. Fourcroy<sup>1</sup> gave a lecture on Chemistry and two or three other men spoke from their chairs. They all came up, and paid Madame Viot a thousand compliments, literary ones and others, kiss'd her hands, and went through all the machinery of a drawing room. The Lycée is a very delightful Institution for universal Literature: Sue<sup>2</sup> as an anatomist; Cuvier,<sup>3</sup> as a natural historian; Hassenfratz, as Lecturer on Agriculture; and La Harpe<sup>4</sup> for universal literature, speak sufficiently its consideration. We finish'd the night by eating ice at Frescati.

Last Friday we went to a French ball, then to a grand one at the American Ambassador's and so ended the night at the Masquerade. This implies

<sup>1</sup> Antoine François, Comte de Fourcroy (1755-1809), French Physiologist and Chemist.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Joseph Sue, Physician to the Household of Napoleon. He was father of Eugène Sue, the famous novelist, to whom Josephine's son, Eugène Beauharnais, stood sponsor.

<sup>3</sup> Georges Cuvier (1769-1832), the celebrated French Naturalist.

<sup>4</sup> Jean François de la Harpe (1739-1803), distinguished French Author and Dramatist.



the Carnival has begun and all the people are running wild after amusement. But they are only making preparations, for the grand days of Exhibition will not take place for a week or more. I never was at a Masquerade before in my life. It was at the Opera House, and half over when we enter'd, a dozen of us in our dominos altogether. Lady Mount Cashell and I were attack'd by a gentleman, for Ladies only wore masks and as Lady Mount Cashell chose to pass for a man, from the prerogative of her height, all the flirtation fell upon my shoulders. I pretended to be a Turkish Lady, under the dragon influence of my husband who was Lady Mount Cashell. He commiserated me on being under the subjection of a Tyrant, as a Turk must naturally be, and in the most gallant language proposed to snap my chains &c. As for characters supported well, I saw very few indeed, tho' the scene was excessively gay, the numbers absolutely without end and the whole conducted with inconceivable propriety. Novelty is opening before our eyes in a thousand shapes, and tho' I have a brace of eyes in my head on very hard duty yet I never think of a Peacock without Envy, for having so many useless ones in his tail.

Sunday, 14th Feby. 1802.

Hotel de Rome, Rue St. Dominique—25 Pluviose.

A Fortnight has elaps'd since last I wrote. We have been dancing away gayly at General Van Haydn's, at the Princess de Belmonte's &c. I begin to feel it a ridiculous sort of thing keeping your imagination so eternally in Ballrooms as I do. But what is to be done? If "Italy is the Garden of Europe," as all Geography Books say it is, England the Park, Ireland the potato garden, Scotland the breakfast Parlour, and so on, I really think one may say France is the "Drawing-room", and yet my instincts tell me you are fatigued at such a round of folly! Perhaps I had better scratch my head, look wise, and talk over a *very* very sensible man indeed, with whom we spent an evening some time ago. His name is Pougence,

illegitimate son of the Prince de Condé.<sup>1</sup> He has fallen from a high estate, in consequence of the Revolution and has in his old age created an independence for himself by selling Books, Stationery &c. His character is a most generous noble one, and he is universally look'd up to and respected. At his house we met the famous "Le Brun",<sup>2</sup> the French Pindar, and heard him recite many of his own poems. He was led into the Room by his Wife, his cidevant Cuisinière, in a garland of red Roses, and he so very old and blind that he trusts alone to her security. To keep you a little longer out of drawing Rooms, supposing I tell you of the "Gobelins tapestry" which we went to see the other day. Ninety persons are constantly at work and the manufacture surpasses anything for beauty that I could have imagined. The apprenticeship requires more than six years, and eighteen are requisite to form a Proficient. I believe I did not mention "the Pantheon." It is a delightful Building telling its own story on the principal Porch, on which is written in large letters over the front, "Aux grands Hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante." The tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau we visited, and then went to the top of the Pantheon, from which we saw Paris at one view like a Panorama. There is lodging in this Hotel, the Young Maréchal de Castor and his Tutor. They are both remarkably pleasant inmates. "De Castor" is a boy of 14 or 15 years old, and extremely gentlemanlike and well taken care of. The Tutor is one of the gravest, and yet most sprightly witted beings I ever knew. The Father of this young man is oblig'd to remain out of France. But I never saw so conscientious and respectable a creature as the Tutor. He dedicates his life to this boy absolutely.

A week ago, Lady Mount Cashell gave a most dashing entertainment, terminated by a supper,

<sup>1</sup> Louis Joseph de Bourbon, Prince of Condé (1736-1818). He fled from France in 1793 and formed, on the banks of the Rhine, the famous army of Condé.

<sup>2</sup> Ponce Denis Ecouchard Le Brun (1729-1807), French Lyric Poet, noted for having sung successively the praises of Monarchy, Republic and Empire.



where was Kosciusko, and a hundred others. Amongst our English acquaintances, Lord Henry Petty<sup>1</sup> is the universal favourite. He is so perfectly gentlemanlike and highly instructed. In dining out yesterday, I was much diverted at a little accident that happened to the Turkish Ambassador by whom I was sitting at Dinner. He was in the act of explaining to me some customs in Constantinople, when a bottle of Champagne burst with so much violence that some heretical drops of wine sprinkled his Mahometan ermined sleeve. Really, I never saw anything so dreadful as a Turk in a passion!! His eyes flash'd forth fire, and I thought he would have been tempted to draw his diamond dagger upon the unlucky offender. After deprecating the Prophet's wrath, by mumbled expiations, he strode into the drawing-room, with his robes flying wide behind him, like a tragic King and seated himself cross-legg'd upon the sofa, after having flung his yellow slippers on the floor. There he held himself in deepest meditation for an hour, and on seeing us amusing ourselves by quaffing liqueurs and coffee, to my amazement he started up and drank down without stopping six glasses of the strongest Liqueurs upon the board. He then walk'd with measured pace about the room, call'd all his merry musselmen about him, and departed to offer to Mahomed the contaminated robe as a sacrifice to appease his vengeance. This is a literal fact, for I heard him say so myself "with my own ears".

"Codrica", his Athenian Secretary, has suddenly disappeared. The Sublime Porte not contented with some political transactions of his with the Court of France, convey'd its disapprobation, which alarm'd his bearded Excellency so much, that he laid the blame on his Secretary, screening himself in his ignorance of the French language and insinuating perfidy on the part of poor "Codrica", in consequence of which a Turkish messenger arriv'd from The Sublime Porte with a Bow String since which Codrica has not been

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne (1780-1863).

heard of. It is supposed he has been strangled and his head sent to Constantinople.

I pass over Balls, and various things which would be mere repetition to you. I don't think I have mention'd your friend "le Texier" whom we went to hear read the Play of Henry 4th, last Wednesday evening; 500 people were assembled for the purpose and amongst the audience was General Moreau.<sup>1</sup> I was extremely disappointed. His embarrassment became contagious, and I long'd for a termination, altho' at times he forgot himself, and read with infinite spirit. However, he was much encouraged and received with the utmost acclamation.

The next day we spent the morning at Monsieur Pougence, where we saw a thousand curiosities in the Book line. We were also introduced to a niece of Lavater's,<sup>2</sup> who is also a Physiognomist, a comical looking little woman in a bright yellow Wig and inheriting a great deal of her Uncle's enthusiasm on the same subject. She gave some good guesses with respect to Lady Mount Cashell's character from her countenance.

That day we dined amongst a diplomatic set, at the American Ambassador's and for the first time saw The Minister of the Exterior, Talleyrand, Lucasina, the Prussian Ambassador, General Berthier, Minister of war, "Volney"<sup>3</sup> who wrote Egypt and the Ruins &c. &c. "Chaptal"<sup>4</sup> the Chemist, "Cardinal Caprara",<sup>5</sup> the Pope's Nuncio, "Baron d'Armfelt"<sup>6</sup> the great friend of the King of Sweden, "Gen. Fayette",<sup>7</sup> the Hereditary "Prince of Orange", Gen. Massena<sup>8</sup> and half a score other Brocaded men

<sup>1</sup> Jean Victor Moreau (1763-1813), Napoleon's ablest General.

<sup>2</sup> Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741-1801), writer on Physiognomy.

<sup>3</sup> Constantin Volney (1757-1820), an eminent French Writer.

<sup>4</sup> Jean Antoine Chaptal (1756-1832), noted for his chemical researches, at this time Minister of the Interior.

<sup>5</sup> Jean Baptiste Caprara (1733-1810), Legate of Pius VII in France, concluded the Concordat of 1801.

<sup>6</sup> Baron d'Armfeldt (1757-1814), a Finnish nobleman, distinguished in the service of Russia and Sweden.

<sup>7</sup> Marie Joseph, Marquis de La Fayette (1757-1834), distinguished soldier and politician; took an active part in the American War of Independence.

<sup>8</sup> André, Duc de Rivoli, one of Napoleon's ablest Marshals (1758-1817).



in office. General Berthier in the full national uniform walk'd in a slovenly gait across the room, and handed Lady Mount Cashell into dinner. He is a little slouch'd looking man, brusque in his manners, and abrupt in his address. Talleyrand then came towards me to perform the like ceremony. He moved paunch foremost in his scarlet velvet embroidered official coat, bag and ruffles. At a distance, his Face is large, pale and flat, like a Cream Cheese, but on approaching nearer, cunning and rank hypocrisy supplant all other resemblances. On sitting down to dinner, he spoke on different subjects politely enough and mentioned his having been in England, on the presumption of my being an English woman; I told him I was Irish, and the word seem'd to revive some remembrance of successful perfidy. For when he repeated with surprise "comment ! Mademoiselle est Irlandaise," a diabolical gleam lit the expanse of his face with such a smile as I never desire to see, as long as I live, again. Just then after dismissing his soup, he enter'd with interest upon his dinner and certainly such a gourmandeur never was it before my fate to behold. For the length of two hours, his mouth was never closed, and even at the intervals of plate changing he fill'd up crevices by demolishing a dish of raw Artichokes, in his neighbourhood. Oh ! such a cormorant ! and such a contrast to my left-hand neighbour Baron d'Armfelt, who was so mild and amiable, so polish'd and gentlemanlike, that every action, however trifling, seem'd to bear upon its surface the stamp of moderation. He is about 60 years of age and of that happy equanimity of mind that shew'd him to be a character acting through Life on one undeviating principle. With all the independent beauty of a Planet revolving on its own axis, without a particle of curiosity, he seem'd alive to one's concerns, and without stepping one inch beneath the dignity of his age or circumstances, he inspired one with all the ease and confidence of a man of Fashion, with all the reliance and consideration of

a philosopher. Baron d'Armfelt therefore was my happy refuge against the all-devouring Talleyrand and I don't know when I was more delighted, or instructed by conversation than by his. Instructed, I mean by observing the action of such a character on all those nameless unfoldings and native delineations, which countenance and manner best explain. For sometimes, I think the subject of discussion signifies little, except as it tends to decypher the character with whom you converse. Facts one can always draw from Books, so that mere wise conversation I wou'd not give a pin for, disunited from what identifies it with the mind of your companion and I daresay it is for this reason I feel so much more pleasure in talking to an uninstructed person, with fine natural movements, and guileless innocent manners than with all the Bookcraft proseurs under the sun, divested of these combinations. But since you insist on hearing what Baron d'Armfelt and I talk'd about for two long hours, with Talleyrand gobbling like a Duck at my ear: it was first about the celebrity of the people around us, then about the vicissitudes of fortune of which they were so many instances, and lastly on happiness more generaliz'd. He seem'd experienced in its privation and smiled at the ill-assorted notions most people held on this hackney'd theme. Few he said acknowledged the possession of it, simply because they do not perceive it to be in fact but an humble attendant on the detail of common life which everybody experiences more or less in a moderate degree, but that is too humiliating a notion for their exalted ideas on so romantic a subject! I told him, I thought the world groped after happiness as the inexperienced workmen of Peru do after gold, who expect to find large flakes instead of the mix'd rubbish and dirty gravel, through which some precious grains of it may be extracted by those who understand that patience and attention alone can analyse a compound, regarded as insignificant by the eye of ignorance. He laugh'd at my having allegoriz'd his own idea



and call'd me "une petite alchymiste" who turn'd everything I touch'd into gold. But whilst we were moralizing on happiness, and making it recover its level thro'out the world, we were dining off plate, and sharing all the luxuries which had robb'd half the world of common necessities or comforts of existence, like Marmontel's philosopher who got drunk in extolling the sparkling spring, at whose pure waters his forefathers had slak'd their thirst. However dinner was at length finish'd and Talleyrand presented me his fat paw, to conduct me back again into the drawing room, where we went puffing and blowing like Aldermen and where were assembled multitudes of people. In the course of the evening we went off to a Ball and then return'd back to a grand supper at the American Ambassador's. General Berthier has given us a general invitation to his Balls throughout the Winter. I am sure you are tired with the length of this day, but yet after all I omitted the machinery of the business, as I should have mentioned that the order of things is inverted at a French table. In England the solids begin and the whipsillybub ends. In France it is the reverse, for the substantials become more substantial even to the end of the third course.

Last Friday, we were at Mr. Allen Smith's publick breakfast and Saturday dined at General Soubiran's and went in the evening to a Swedish lady's, Madame de Hessingar. So rolls the world with us, and during the mornings we drive about to such a degree, see so many sights, pay so many visits, get so many lessons in French &c., that you would excuse me all my unsatisfactoriness, all my omissions, and all my manifold transgressions, if you cou'd but look at me for one day and see the contending circumstances which all centre into an idle, pleasurable, vortex. Yet habit has so familiariz'd the eddying movement, that it is only when we stand still that we are inclined to fall! In the various tastes which sense or folly, love or hatred, youth or age can possibly possess, the

diversity of this place affords equal incentives to the utmost reach of human versatility. Here you will find the perfection of science, of virtue, of vice, of depravity, of elegance, of every contradiction that Nature, or Art affords, and Society is so eternally replenished from every quarter of the world, that each Nation will find its epitome in the person or persons of those whom Choice or necessity has flung into this motley abridgment of mankind, so that they must be misanthropes indeed who do not find Society in Paris. What a whimsical mistake in *my* destiny, being spun in amongst them like a whirligig!

13 March, 1802. 22 Ventose—Hotel de Rome, Rue St. Dominique,  
Fauxbourgs St. Germain.

A Month has passed since I last wrote. Within the last week the town has been compleatly a masquerade. The Carnival has commenced some time, and all is universal jubilee. One meets nothing but Bears on horseback, Priests, Harlequins, Mercurys, Monkeys, Gods, Goddesses and long-tail'd devils, riding, driving, running and dancing about the streets. A few mornings ago, while Lord and Lady Mount Cashell and myself were sitting at Breakfast, the door open'd and a young man appear'd, who immediately flew towards me, and kiss'd me with the utmost cordiality. As none of us had ever recollected to have seen him before, you may imagine our consternation! Till on his bursting out laughing, and asking "if it was possible we did not recollect him the night before at the Ball"?—It proved to be an electioneering manner'd little Dutch woman, who wanted to run up two or three rungs higher in the ladder of society, and took the means of paying her visits "en garçon" knowing it was a practice not in use amongst us. She had follow'd her Husband to the Wars and fought at his side during the campaign. Whenever she went out to walk, it was as I describe. But the practice is common in Paris of women wearing men's



cloaths; a ceremony however is necessary to go through which is to take out a written permission from one of the publick offices of government. Madame shewd us her's in which it was legally granted in all its formalities. The little girls, till they are eleven or twelve years old most frequently dress "en garçon". They imagine it is a less cumbersome cloathing than petticoats and that it leaves the limbs more at ease. For nature has so regain'd her rights, as far as the exterior goes that I am convinced Tom Payne<sup>1</sup> has sunk in consideration principally from the Sin of his having been a Staymaker. At the publick Balls, I often see pretty nice little girls dress'd as Boys, and dancing most beautifully. They don't simplify the cloaths of children half so well as in England. A child of five years old, when they do wear petticoats, is the precise miniature of her mama. Her hair dressed "à la grec", her gown close to her form and a long train of which she has the conduct, so as to dispose of it in the most graceful manner. 'Tis laughable the airs these little babies give themselves, in imitating every action of their Mothers! So that since they *will* make them little apes when they dress them in petticoats 'tis better they shou'd manage them as they do. All the children I have seen are so carressing in their manners, it really delights one. For women to be good Mothers is quite the fashion, and we have been taken up on tiptoe to look at the little creatures asleep in the nursery, in the very midst of the Ball, when the Mama has returned back again to receive the homage of her admirers, and interchange their billet doux. One often sees children foolishly brought to the theatres. Ladies frequently nurse their infants themselves and Madame Tallien is famous in this way. While I am on the subject of domestic qualities, I must add, that it is so much the fashion for husbands and wives to seem to love one another, that I have seen "Monsieur le Mari", hand his wife into a room, and

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Paine (1737-1809), author of the "Rights of Man."

sit at her elbow half the evening, at the very time arrangements were making for a divorce. They are quite at home in publick and some people say the contrary of this holds good. But I am not enough domesticated in any family yet to be able to judge of the truth of the remark.

The other night we were at General Berthier's very splendid Ball, where was one of the most brilliant displays of light, luxury and attire that human vanity could contrive. These entertainments remind me of Cinderella and her magic retinue. For all the men look like King's Sons and all the women like "enchanted Princesses"—such is the pageantry, the glitter, and beauty of everything one sees!! The Uniforms of those high in office are of the most massy golden embroidery, brocaded wreaths of oak sparkling round the skirts, blazing sword-hilts, ear-rings, which is a whim of Bonaparte's, in short nothing but wrought gold enchasing the Generals, and every elegance of grace, adornment, and finish'd address amongst the women. This is a coup d'oeil of General Berthier's drawing room, exactly the reverse of Helen Maria Williams's. For you must transfer the gaudiness of the exterior to the brilliancy of the interior, and if you observe the precaution of taking off your Fools-Cap, you will be equally delighted with both. We have been introduc'd to the Abbé Gregoire <sup>1</sup> and have met him two or three times at Miss Williams'. He is like all things push'd to their peculiar destiny of perfection, uncommonly simplified on the surface. He has one of the most unhackney'd countenances I ever saw and seems to consider everything he regards with that sort of pleas'd attention that a child does the stage, the first time he is taken to a Play. His manners are so far corresponding to this idea—that they seem forgotten, or rather suspended, from the observation he bestows on everything about him.

<sup>1</sup> Henri Grégoire, Bishop of Blois (1750–1831). During the Reign of Terror, when the Bishop of Paris abdicated and several of the clergy abjured Christianity, he boldly stood forward as the supporter of religion.



In appearance he is large and tall, with a mild expression of features.

A few evenings ago, Lady Mount Cashell assembled all our acquaintances and gave them a grand Ball and supper, much to their satisfaction. Tho' as you have foresworn these haunts, it is not fair I should set your wits dancing a French contredance, or German Waltz, without the accordance of your lawful heels. However the Theatre Françoise is not so interdicted but that you may edify yourself by looking on, while "Monsieur Jourdain", le bourgeois gentilhomme, takes his lessons in dancing, fencing, poetry, oratory and so forth. I had qualified myself by reading this Play in the morning and really, in all my life, I never was so amus'd. There is a curious sort of lecture which we have attended lately, call'd "Pasigraphie et de Pasitatie" or what I understand better by calling it a demonstration of a "universal language," which is an ingenious method of conveying every possible idea simple and compound by the various transpositions of 12 sorts of hieroglyphics. It is very easily acquired and through the medium of these arbitrary signs, every interchange of idea can take place without the knowledge of any other language.

I was in great hopes I had hit on the method of abridging all French difficulties in future by taking a short cut to perfection, and dieting myself into the genius of their tongue. I therefore assailed boldly a dish of Frogs, and made my dinner on them. But natural propensities will surely return! I had the humiliation of hearing myself only croak so much the louder and found myself in the awkward predicament of the poor gentleman in the Fable, who after having prevail'd on a Fairy to metamorphose his pet cat into a wife, has the astonishment of seeing her bound out of bed, every moment she heard a little mouse run across the chamber. My frogs have serv'd me in the same fashion. They are *not* like chickens as I was taught to think, but have an amphi-

bious taste between Fish and Flesh and are exactly that Jesuitical sort of food, that might be safely eat while the midnight clock was striking twelve, announcing the black commencement of Lent.

We have lately become acquainted with Robert Emmett,<sup>1</sup> who I dare say you have heard of, as being amongst the politically distinguish'd in Dublin College. His face is uncommonly expressive of everything youthful, and everything enthusiastic, and his colour comes and goes so rapidly, accompanied by such a nervousness of agitated sensibility, that in his society I feel in a perpetual apprehension lest any passing idle word shou'd wound the delicacy of his feelings. For tho' his reserve prevents one's hearing many of his opinions, yet one would swear to their style of exaltation, from their flitting shadows blushing across his countenance in everlasting succession. His understanding they tell me is very bright. But I am not likely to know much about it. For his extreme prejudice against French society will prevent our meeting him anywhere except at the House of an English gentleman, who is soon returning to London. At this house we have seen the widow of the unfortunate Tone,<sup>2</sup> who is interesting to the greatest degree. We made a party of 13 yesterday to dine at a Publick Hotel in the Thuilleries, which I only mention because Montgolfier<sup>3</sup> was of the company.

We have also made a very interesting acquaintance with a lady, the particular friend of Madame Roland,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robert Emmet (1778–1803), a member of the Society of the United Irishmen. He instigated an insurrection in Dublin in 1803, was tried and executed.

<sup>2</sup> Theobald Wolfe Tone (1763–1798), Barrister-at-Law, one of the founders of the Society of United Irishmen. He married in 1785 Matilda, daughter of William Witherington, of Dublin, and died by committing suicide in prison when under sentence of death.

<sup>3</sup> Joseph Michael Montgolfier (1740–1810), who, with his brother, invented the first balloon.

<sup>4</sup> Marie Jeanne Philipon (1754–1793), the charming and beautiful wife of Roland de la Platiere, one of the Girondist leaders in the French Revolution. Twice imprisoned during the Terror, she was at length condemned to death. On the scaffold, she exhibited heroic fortitude and is said to have uttered the historic words "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name."



who told a hundred circumstances relative to this distinguished woman, which I must leave to talk about in detail, in common with a myriad of other things too longwinded for a journal. We spent a day at Mr. St. George Caulfield's,<sup>1</sup> where were Lady Crofton<sup>2</sup> and her two pretty daughters, one of whom is to be married to him immediately.

At the Princess de Belmonte's we hear most excellent musick, and meet Madame Tallien and all the ladies of her consideration. But the Princess is a Neapolitan, which is another word for a person whose education has denied her the advantage of knowing anything about morals or that sort of thing. This old Lady (and certainly she must be 70) is attended everywhere by a Cicisbeo; Signor F. is her's, and a remarkably witty handsome young man he is. The weather has been fine and for the last few days we have walk'd in the Thuilleries. Mr. Smith, Mr. Pointzett,<sup>3</sup> and Signor Francisca, General Massena's aide de Camp, have been our conductors. The reserve of the last-mention'd Signor surpasses anything I ever saw. Mr. Pointzett is a double refined American. Mr. Smith is an Englishman. They are all strong instances, how national observations are contradicted in individual persons. For the Western colonist is a finish'd man of the world; the Englishman is vivacity personified; the American with feelings all too rarified for use, and the Italien so profound, that one wou'd sometimes fancy, Nations like schoolboys, play four corners and a fool; they are shoved so strikingly out of one another's places in the whimsical instances of our four companions.

<sup>1</sup> St. George Caulfeild, of Donamon Castle, Co. Roscommon, married, 1802, Hon. Frances Crofton.

<sup>2</sup> Widow of Sir Edward Crofton, 2nd Bart., of Mote Park, Co. Roscommon. She had been created Baroness Crofton in her own right in 1798.

<sup>3</sup> Joel Robert Poinsett (1779-1851), American statesman and author.

Sunday 25th April, 1802. 5<sup>me</sup> Florial.  
Hotel de Rome, Rue St. Dominique,  
Fauxbourgs St. Germain.

I have six weeks to account for, and having let so much time pass unmethodiz'd, it seems to have diffused itself in nothingness like a bankless stream. One thing I however recollect that we went with Mr. Livingston, son to the American Minister, to see Tom Payne. Our excuse for so doing was his new constructed Bridge, which he has made a model of, and which is his hobby-horse at present. He lives up half a dozen flight of stairs, in a remote part of the town. He receiv'd us with the greatest good humour, and instantly set about exhibiting his play-things. Besides this model, he has various others and is at present planning a method of building houses, without permitting the damp to penetrate. A friend of his lives in the house with him, whose two little boys, children of 4 and 5 years old, he has adopted. During the entire morning that we spent with him, they were playing about the room, overturning all his machinery and putting everybody out of patience except himself, who exhibited the most incorrigible good temper. His appearance is plain beyond conception; drinking Spirits has made his entire face as red as fire and his habits of life have render'd him so neglectful in his person that he is generally the most abominably dirty being upon the face of the earth. He complimented us with a clean shirt, and with having his face washed, which Mr. Livingston said was one of the greatest efforts he ever was known to make. In spite of his surprizing ugliness, the expression of his countenance is luminous, his manners easy and benevolent, and his conversation remarkably entertaining. Vanity is his ruling passion, and praise in any way infatuates him. He introduced some little poems of his own composition, the title of one was "the Castle in the air" and, in the fanciful style, I really think they were the most elegant things I ever heard; tho' the occasion was



ridiculous, for they were address'd to a Lady who he had persuaded himself was in love with him and whom he offended so much by the supposition, that they were written to produce a reconciliation. In the course of conversation he alluded to his works and recounted various anecdotes, which happened at coffee-houses, in consequence of their being discuss'd before his face. Altogether his style of manner is guileless and good-natured, and I was agreeably disappointed in him, considering the odiously disagreeable things I was led to expect.

It is a whimsical weakness in Tom Payne, imagining that every woman who sees him, directly falls a victim to his charms. A very charming woman told me the other day that she was amongst those he bore in triumph at his chariot wheels, and related to me circumstances of the affair. Business render'd it necessary for her to apply to him in a dilemma, and he follow'd it on by writing *Billet doux* to her every day. She shew'd them to me and I was amaz'd at the elegance of their composition, extreme simplicity, and of their conversational turn of expression. I never happen'd to see any letters of that sort more delightful. She confess'd all their merit, and all their beauty, but recounted such circumstances of his behaviour, contradictory to the testimony of his pen, that it was absolutely enigmatical, how such a paradox as Tom Payne cou'd exist upon the face of the earth.

I forgot ever to mention General MacDonald.<sup>1</sup> He dined here some time ago, and is reckoned uncommonly amiable. He is tall, and thin, the nez retroussé and his eyes round and solemn. There is a great suavity in his manners, and those who know him well, speak of him with devotion. General Massena also dined here. He is the arch Robber of Italy, but mild and moderate in his manners. He is apparently about the same age as General MacDonald, between 50 and 60, and has the knack of

<sup>1</sup> Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexander, Duke of Taranto (1765–1840), Marshal of France, greatly distinguished at Wagram.

catching the eye of the company and gaining the greatest attention and admiration, especially from the men. This is the third time I have seen him and regularly he assembles a ring about him like a ballad singer, while every ear and eye is directed to the utmost silence of attention and admiration. This day they were accompanied by many others at dinner, amongst them Lord Henry Petty, who really is a gem amongst lords, and in the evening a very grand Ball and Supper crown'd the entertainment, where were Russian Princes and Princesses without number.

We have been presented to the two Consuls, Le Brun<sup>1</sup> and Cambacères;<sup>2</sup> the former inhabits Madame Elizabeth's<sup>3</sup> apartments in the Thuilleries, which are extremely beautiful, rich in Gobelins tapestry, Paintings &c. Le Brun has the character of being a highly improv'd man and the Society at his house is very much sought after. In appearance, they are a large, fat, swollen looking brace of Consuls.

A Son<sup>4</sup> and daughter<sup>5</sup> of Sir John Parnell's have been at Paris, and often at Lord Mount Cashell's. William Parnell is the son I allude to. I speak of him with a sort of pride as being an Irishman, and such a character take it for all in all, as any country wou'd look upon as doing it the highest honor. 'Tis pleasant to have an idea of the person, to whose character your attention is drawn, and therefore you may scatter every improvement you please over a countenance, which at first sight is only distinguished by good temper, and intelligence. He is tall and

<sup>1</sup> Charles Francis Lebrun, Duc de Plaisance, French Politician and third Consul (1739–1829).

<sup>2</sup> Jean Jacques Régis, Duc de Parma (1753–1824) an eminent French Jurist, who became 2nd Consul in 1799 and was High Chancellor under Napoleon.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI, guillotined in 1794.

<sup>4</sup> William Parnell (1777–1821), M.P. for Co. Wicklow, a younger brother of the 1st Lord Congleton. He assumed the additional surname of Hayes on succeeding to the estate of Avondale, Co. Wicklow, and was grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell.

<sup>5</sup> Sophia, married, 1805, Right. Hon. George Hampden Evans, of Portrane, Co. Dublin, M.P.



slight, with small face and features, colouring cheeks, and smiling eyes. The circumstances of this young man's life have I believe been peculiar, from his cast of thought running in direct opposition to his natural disposition. His experience of mankind makes him talk of self-interest being to be reverenc'd above everything else, at the very moment that involuntary benevolence looks out from his countenance to mellow down the rigour of such a principle. Nature and education are at such cross purposes in him, that he reminds me of the shot silk tissues of various colours, which, sometimes run Green in one direction and rosy in another, and tho' he has thoroughly convinc'd himself he is proof against all the visitings of human nature, yet I declare I hardly know the person I cou'd sooner ask to relieve me from every species of affliction than himself. His sister resembles him a good deal. But they are gone to Bourdeaux and when they return I will tell you more about them, for they strike me as being a very extraordinary pair of Beings.

So now to talk to you of the re-establishment of the Roman Catholick Religion in France. Easter Sunday, 18th of this month, all the world assembled at l'Eglise de Nôtre Dame to witness the resurrection of the publick Faith which had slept with its holy fathers during the long period of the French Revolution. The aisles were all hung throughout with Gobelins' tapestry, and in the most conspicuous parts were erected two canopies of crimson and gold, towering with plumes of white feathers. After the Priests had burnt incense before him on his entrance, Bonaparte appear'd under one of these canopies with the two Consuls attending, and guarded by a host of Generals, and Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's Legate, occupied the other, encircled by Bishops and Archbishops, Priests and Deacons, in all the holy gradations of Apostolic precedence. The Te Deum was the grandest thing I ever heard, and the musical performers scattered throughout the Church, so that the Choruses fill'd the entire place and seem'd but one voice. All

the Bishops were install'd, and solemnly sworn at the foot of Bonaparte, and the devotional reverence they pay'd to him, was almost on a par with their eucharistical worship. These godly fopperies continued during seven hours, and the three Consuls return'd in procession under a sort of Chinese Canopy, supported by obsequious Priests. Cardinal Caprara, in his gold mitre and papal Robes, administered to himself the Sacrament, and then solemnly dismiss'd us with a musical benediction. Madame Bonaparte, and all her Court added much to the gaudiness of the scene, as she was a blaze of diamonds, and all the Ladies throughout caparisoned with corresponding splendour. The Foreign Ministers, the strangers of Rank, the men in office &c., sat confess'd on crimson Benches dress'd in their golden embroidery and the Bishops paraded in white satin shoes tinsell'd with silver, white gloves and sparkling rings glittering on their fingers outside the gauntlets, so that they gave me the notion of fell enchanters, who through the witchery of their spells and necromancy caused a resurrection of the departed spirit of the Roman Catholic Religion, as a new species of passtime to Bonaparte the King, and made the Phantom flit before his eyes in all the changes of the gaudiest pageantry.

In the evening we walk'd in the gardens of the Thuilleries. The Palace and all the buildings, trees, bridges &c. were illuminated and look'd like enchanted Castles of Fire, and the Waterworks reflected thousands of these in their spray, dancing in the most vivid colours.

About this time I shou'd have mentioned Long Champ, but that the bare notion of it exasperates me to death. Three days in this month of Germinal, it is the custom for all the world to drive four miles out of Town in State, and return back again; literally this is all. But the uproar it causes in Paris surpasses all belief. They tell some nonsensical story of a Priest who sang sweetly in the Abbey Church of



Long Champ some hundreds of years ago, which attracted the Parisians during the solemnization of High Mass, since which time tho' the warbling Priest was translated to the Skies, the ceremony of going once a year to Long Champ continues. The display of dress and equipage is the great incentive, everybody either buys or adds something new to his exhibition in this way, and the ladies dress'd in splendour gaze from their carriage windows in triumph and rivalry of their neighbours. The Officers of the Police are station'd with drawn swords at regular posts and preserve the line of carriages, at both sides of the Road, unbroken for the entire length of the way. Fancy to yourself this in the midst of sunshine and dust lasting for 8 or 9 hours. It is a good display of the Police regulations, for such order, method, and tranquillity I cou'd not have imagined. But everything of this sort goes on here like the machinery of a watch and military law is omnipotent.

*David*<sup>1</sup> is worth mentioning, whom we have seen often at his house in the Louvre. He was the bloody adherent of Robespierre, and I believe to this moment maintains the justice of his practices. He is terrific in his appearance, and not unlike what his friend was described to be, after having made an attempt against his life, and when he was leading to the scaffold. His mouth is dreadfully distorted and turn'd almost into one cheek, so that his jaw teeth are discoverable to the front. I can't describe to you the carnivorous aspect this produces. His eyes are not inexpressive of better qualities than his actions teach us to believe him capable of, and when he is pleased, his manners are not unpleasant. His Picture of the "Sabines" is reckon'd good, and his "Horatii" and "Brutus" are much spoken of. I have seen them all, but am not going to torment you with any description.

<sup>1</sup> Jacques Louis David (1749-1825), founder of the modern French School of Painting. He was a violent Jacobin, and shared in all the atrocities of the Committee of Public Safety.

Versailles, May 16th, 1802.

25 Florial.

I have been a resident here three weeks, and certainly my star peep'd from beneath its cloud in conducting me to the House of Mons. and Madame de Pescheloche. The advantage of being in a French Family, is what has tempted me away from Lady Mount Cashell for a month, and one week more of purgatory remains before I rejoin her at Paris. If it was not for the privation of her society, I shou'd recoil at stigmatising this abode by such a term. For were one to search through the world with a Lantern in one's hand, one cou'd not find better specimens of humanity than Mons. and Madame de Pescheloche. They have been bred up in the best Society, and through the adversity of the Revolution, have exchanged the superfluities of wealth for all the stamina of wisdom and all the chearfulness of mild tranquility. Monsr. de Pescheloche commands at Versailles. He is Chef d'Escadron in the 1st Regt. of Cavalry. But to go back to the day I quitted the Hotel de Rome; the morning was beautiful and the trees white with blossoms. If it did not take up a great deal too much room, I would describe to you my elasticity of spirits in finding myself in the midst of fields, perfumes, country scenes, and balmy air, after so many months privation. We drove through St. Cloud, the once famed seat of the Duke of Orleans, which look'd very magnificent; saw Belle Vue, where the King's Aunts resided, pass'd through Sêve, and arriv'd at Versailles after a delightful drive of three hours. Monsieur de Pescheloche is one of the most gentlemanlike men in the world, about 50 years of age and very handsome, but too reserv'd and distant in his manners. Madame is exactly of the same description and at first almost approaching to coldness. I have been domesticated with them three weeks, and everything has changed to the most affectionate cordiality. I never saw anywhere an instance of so happy a couple, and they neither of them appear to



approve their own thoughts, till they have mutually given one another their sanction. They have for twenty years lived together in the same happiness and tho' French people, I never saw the genius of domestic life so successfully practised anywhere. There is another Chef d'Escadron, Monsieur Mongein, in the same Regiment, and who is perpetually our inmate. He is by no means an uninform'd man, but the most eccentric French man I have ever seen. His passion is War and his appearance is precisely that of Charles 12th, King of Sweden. Tho' he never wears anything but the national Uniform, he always gives me the idea of his being in full armour. He has served in all the Italian campaigns and never was known to yield in any single instance to the habitual practices of General Massena in the way of plunder and depredation; on the contrary, he was chivalrous in befriending the vanquish'd and his character was so well known, that he was apply'd to on every occasion on the part of the enemy, when sacking towns, villages &c. threw them particularly at the mercy of the French. His being perfectly unconscious of his own generous disposition, almost inclines one to forgive his everlastingly talking of battle and bloodshed, fire and sword, death and destruction, till he intoxicates himself with the idea of his being absolutely oppos'd against the enemy and strides across the room with the same airs as if he was going to raise the Siege of a Town. On these occasions, he generally treads on the tail of poor Bellotte, Madame de Pescheloche's lap-dog, or overturns the trick-track tables, or catches his spur in the train of one's gown, which brings him back to his senses again. Then he looks down into the crown of his helmet with as much confusion as if he had committed a crime against the State, of the most disgraceful nature; altogether he is the greatest curiosity I ever saw in my life. 'Twas to his care the Pope was confided during his misfortunes, and he prides himself particularly on the respect he paid his depos'd holiness, for which he shew'd me

a full acknowledgment under his hand, in a Certificate he receiv'd from himself. During his travels, all the etiquette was observ'd exactly as if he was at the Vatican. The Cup out of which he drank was presented to him while his Attendants kneel'd, and others assisted in supporting each arm during the ceremony. Amongst thousands of this Mongein's battles, there was one really in the style of Don Quixote's, when he was fighting against the Austrians, which is corroborated by all the officers in the Regiment. They charged him just at the gathering of a heavy mist, which circumstance he avail'd himself of, and literally from a spirit of stratagem, pass'd himself and five soldiers for an entire Regiment and put to rout multitudes of men, from the success of the manœuvre. Horses are his delight and he has an excellent stud. He sent to Paris for an English side saddle which he put on his best charger Bucephalus and gallop'd him under the windows, with the request I shou'd mount à l'Anglaise. I did so, accompanied by him and Mons. de Pescheloche, since which the same ceremony has taken place three or four times a week and by this time as you may suppose I have got by heart most of the environs of Versailles. We subscribe to the "Petit Trianon," where we often walk in the evenings; this was the favourite retreat of Marie Antoinette, and one of the loveliest little spots in the world. At present the grass is yellow with cowslips, the Almond trees blossoming, cherry, lilacs, honeysuckles, &c., in full bloom and perfume, and the air enbalm'd wherever one moves.

The Palace here is superb. I have frequently walk'd through it to see the Paintings, Apartments &c. which are very grand, and interest one from being so much connected with the story of the Revolution. They shew the door where the Queen made her escape; the "Orangerie" where the Swiss were hid &c. The Park is magnificent but quite in the old fashion'd style of gardening: Temples dedicated to Apollo, to Proserpine, to Venus, to Cupid & Psyche;



all made of polish'd white marble, and embellish'd with Lamps, Jets d'eau, dragons, Frogs, and every incongruity that fancy can devise. Thickly interspersed throughout the endless Avenues of clipp'd chestnuts, oaks, Poplars &c. are placed Statues of all the Mob of Heaven, and in geometrical Lakes, are centred Brazen Allegories of Mythologic lore. However degraded the taste of Louis 14th's age, Versailles strikes the eye of a stranger with infinite grandeur, from its great dimensions and peculiar accordance with high aristocratical ideas of Kingly magnificence. Le grand Trianon forms a precise contrast to the unstudied beauty of le petit Trianon, from its extreme formality, and is in fact a second Palace, tenanted with a Heaven of Marble Divinities perch'd on their respective Pedestals, and duly garnish'd with the insignia of their Attributes.

The Stables of the King are a most beautiful piece of architecture; they form a crescent in the rear of the Palace at a little distance. Monsieur Mongein walk'd me through every inch of the interior and through every room of the soldiers above, which forms the Barrack, and the regularity and cleanliness really surpasses belief.

The other evening we extended our walk to the length of a league, which led us through a Wood to the Convent of St. Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon and at present the receptacle of wounded soldiers and orphan children.

We took an excursion to Marley, 2 leagues North of Versailles, to see the famous machine for raising water. Thirteen or fourteen water mills work at the bottom of a hill, the Seine supplying water which is forced up thro' iron funnels 502 feet perpendicular; the aqueduct, which is arch'd like the Roman ones, accelerates its velocity, and Versailles is entirely supplied by it with water. Just opposite the machine of Marley is the Château of Madame du Barry, the King's mistress who was guillotined; it is now mouldering in ruins and, from the hill on which it is situated,

the view is picturesque and extensive, bounded on the right by the town of St. Cloud and on the left by the town of St. Germain. Poor Madame du Barry's Château, as well as various other cidevant abodes, all crumbling to decay, begin to be preternaturally animated by their associations of past story, and remind one of the description in Leonora. "All chang'd the wondrous horseman stood. His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece, like ashes from consuming, wood. Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares. High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand. All bone his lengthening form appears, a dart gleams deadly from his hand." But however the country look'd smiling, and we came home laden with Hawthorn, Laburnums and Narcissus, and for my part I was particularly entertained, independently of the excursion, by the narratives of "Madame du Barry and Louis 15th" which Monsr. de Pescheloche recounted by the way.

Just almost opposite to where we live is Le jeu de Paume, which was where the first national assembly was convened in 1789. Plates of copper are still placed against the wall registering the oath, which bound the members to eternal fidelity, relative to every observance of Liberty, equality, indivisibility, &c. It too remains a mouldering monument, the expense of playing "Le jeu de Paume" being too great for the Messieurs of the present day.

We have visited The Manufacture of Arms which has been established since the Revolution. The building in which it is carried on was formerly occupied by a number of the King's Household.

I am tired absolutely of talking out of doors. If you have a mind, I will tell you how the interior is regulated, as this is the first time I have lived literally in a French family, and for the first few days I felt as ridiculously circumstanc'd as the Devil when he tumbled headlong into the Holy Water. The first of this month, (May) Madame de Pescheloche woke me by laying a bunch of flowers upon my Pillow,



which is the custom of the country. Then to proceed in the detail of the day, Monsieur gets up very early and settles his regimental affairs, smokes, and eats his breakfast before eight o'clock. Madame and I, then go to the Bath, and do not return to our Breakfast till ten or eleven o'clock. I observe when any gentlemen call in the morning, Monsieur de Peschéloche gives them out of a little silver cup, a piece of Liqueurs. Work, reading, riding or walking fills up the space till dinner; by that time what with the stimulants of Coffee, Snuff, Liqueurs, Baths and compliments we are in high good humour, and begin our Soup without much appetite; then eat our bouilli to produce one, then demolish our Légumes; then encourage ourselves a little with our Fricandeaux; and at length begin with earnestness on our Rôti. Patisserie, omelette, confitures &c. succeed in slow rotation, till after an hour and a half la Sallade and le petit Dessert, announce the termination of the repast. Coffee succeeds, which I think the best part of the story, and walking or cards, or in short whatever occupies us in the evening, is shared in common, as ladies and gentlemen never think of separating or finding any amusement out of one another's society. We go to bed at about eleven, and Monsieur de Pescheloche sees me into my room with my candle in his hand, and looks about to see that everything is comfortable. He then wishes me good night in his solemn manner and ends with "Adieu Mademoiselle ! Dormez bien". I was over-fatigued the other day with Riding, and the next morning stay'd in Bed with the headache; when what was my consternation, at seeing Monsieur de Pescheloche, in full Regimentals dress'd for Parade, quietly stealing into my Room with my Bason of Coffee in his hand. He thought I was asleep, because I did not speak, and very tidily got a little table and left my Breakfast for me, at my Bedside. I mention these little circumstances to mark the difference of manners and customs.

When I was here a fortnight, Lord & Lady Mount

Cashell, Mr. Parnell and Lord King<sup>1</sup> came to Versailles, to take me back to Paris for a few days. The object was our presentation to Madame Bonaparte. They spent the day here, and we all dined together at the Inn. This Mr. Parnell is the one I spoke to you of before; he and Lord King are the greatest friends upon earth and, tho' very different, it speaks volumes for both parties. Lord King is very handsome, and as a painter said of him "looks like a fine Spartan Youth". He is very boyish in his manners and totally unaffected. His sense everyone knows about, and tho' eloquence does not strike one as particularly his gift, yet I have heard he is one of the best orators in the House, whenever he speaks, which is very seldom. This was the only day I ever knew to turn out pleasantly when the parties were forewarn'd they were to like one another. But it really was delightful and we all set off for Paris as gay as Larks. And the next day, at three o'clock, Lady Mount Cashell and I drove off in State to the Thuilleries to be presented to Madame Bonaparte. The Room was crowded and Madame Bonaparte was seated on a sofa, when Mr. Merry, our Minister, brought us up, to make our obeisance before her. She is that sort of looking woman, that if chance had not placed her on such a pinnacle, would escape minute observation. Her manners are gentlewomanlike, amiable and pleasing, and her reception of us was easy and excessively polite. After staying a quarter of an hour, she rose, made a regal courtesy and withdrew. Everybody then drove about Paris, making visits to the House of Bonaparte, Lucien, Louis &c., and the Prefect of the Palace. This ended the business and this incense to Royalty is administered every month. The next day Lord and Lady Mount Cashell, Parnell, Lord King and myself, spent the most entertaining and pleasant day possible, at "Bagatelle", beyond the "Bois de Boulogne", and built in six weeks by

<sup>1</sup> Peter, 7th Baron King of Ockham (1776-1833), author of a "Life of John Locke." He was father of the 1st Earl of Lovelace.



the Prince of Condé. It was an entertainment given by Mr. Rowley and, as it is a Publick garden, multitudes of people were parading about and amusing themselves in a thousand different ways. This "Bagatelle" is so beautiful! Such a wilderness of Flowers, and so gay, that I delight in it! The next day Lady Mount Cashell, Miss Parnell and her Brother came with me back to Versailles, and left me at Monsieur de Pescheloche's. They return'd back to Paris. Two days ago Monsieur de Pescheloche, Monsieur Mongein and I, rode to Vanciesson to dine with an English family of the name of Hervey. It is half way to Paris, and we met Lord and Lady Mount Cashell, and Mr. Parnell there. This then is a sketch of my Versailles expedition, and I have brought you to the expiration of three weeks.

Paris, Hotel de Rome, Rue St. Dominique, Fauxbourgs Saint Germain, 1802.  
Sunday, 19th June, 30 Prarial.

I am now come to tell the story of a Month. A week after I wrote last, I left Versailles accompanied by Lord and Lady Mount Cashell, who came to take me back to Paris. My parting with Monsr. and Madame de Pescheloche was quite a serious operation. Their affection and good-nature to me was so peculiar. Madame de Pescheloche is going to make an expedition to Barcelona, to visit Madame de Bourbon, Monsieur Égalité's sister. She is in Spain, banish'd for the crimes of her family, her own character being one of the most pious, and excellent in the world. Madame de Pescheloche and I are to be correspondents for life, and we amuse ourselves with the notion of writing dispatches, she perch'd on the Summit of the Pyrenees, and I on the top of the Alps. For you know our destination is to spend next Winter in Italy.

But I must return John-trot to my journal. The circumstances which have lately occur'd in this Household are the arrival of Mrs. Ruaud, as governess

to the girls, and Mr. Egan with the three elder boys <sup>1</sup> from Ireland. This month's absence of mine has made Paris quite different, our Family is so large. The weather is oppressive and scorching. Such multitudes of English as have arriv'd, and all the Balls and gaieties at an end.

I must mention however two delightful persons who we have encountered frequently, and who remind me always of Mentor and Telemachus. The Prince of Saxe Weimar, and his governor; the former is travelling for his instruction, and is reckon'd a man of talents. He is to be married to the sister of the Emperor of Russia, as soon as his education is entirely finish'd. The Baron Walzogen, his Tutor, is excessively agreeable and he has the most extraordinary thirst after improvement, considering he is a young man and a Prince into the bargain.

We are very frequently at Mr. Pinkney Horry's, <sup>2</sup> who is married to a niece of La Fayette's. He is himself an American and excessively gay and entertaining. Madame is beautiful like the Madonna and reserv'd in her manners; we meet very pleasant people at his house, which is in the midst of a garden of Roses.

Amongst the English we have become acquainted with: Sir Francis Burdett <sup>3</sup> and Mr. Jones Burdett, <sup>4</sup> his brother, and an uncommonly witty entertaining friend of theirs Mr. Warren, the Physician's son I imagine.

We have attended the Abbé Sicard's <sup>5</sup> twice, l'institution des Sourdmuets par l'Abbé l'Epée. I shall quietly content myself with saying it was most curious and delightful, because you are much better

<sup>1</sup> See Pedigree on p. xix.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Lucas Pinckney Horry, of South Carolina, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he matriculated as a Fellow Commoner, 17 Dec. 1787.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Francis Burdett, 5th Bart. (1770-1844), advocate of Parliamentary Reform.

<sup>4</sup> William Jones Burdett, of Copt Hall, Surrey (1772-1840).

<sup>5</sup> Ambroise Sicard (1742-1822), who succeeded Abbé l'Epée as Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Paris.



acquainted with the principles of the business than I am myself. Massien seems his cleverest pupil, and really such is his success in transmitting ideas by signs, that language appears superfluous. The Abbé gave us a long impassioned dissertation on the origin of ideas. Victor, the Young Savage of Aveyron, is amongst his pupils and begins to articulate. The story of this Boy you have read in all the Magazines.

The 5th of this Month we dined at the Thuilleries with Bonaparte. After passing through various Ante-chambers where were bands of military music, we at length reach'd the room where Madame Bonaparte sat under a canopy blazing in Purple and diamonds. More than two hundred persons were assembled and Bonaparte walk'd about the room speaking politely to everybody. His countenance is delightful when animated by conversation, and the expression in the lower part of his Face pleasing to the greatest degree; his eyes are reflection itself, but so charming a smile as his, I never scarcely beheld. His dress was simple and his air, tho' reserv'd, announcing everything of the polish'd gentleman. The Band struck up on our going in to dinner, to which Bonaparte led the way by taking the Regal prerogative of walking out of the room first. Everyone follow'd indiscriminately and both Bonaparte and Madame sat down at the side of the table without any regard to place. Lady Mount Cashell looking beautiful and dress'd in black crape and diamonds was handed in to dinner by the English Minister, and I by General Grouchy,<sup>1</sup> Madame Condorcet's brother, a highly polish'd and pleasing man. He was my Society during Dinner. For on looking to my right hand, who should I see gobbling like a duck but Talleyrand. We however renew'd our acquaintance for two or three minutes, and then I left him, to the destruction of all the poultry he could lay his claw upon. General Grouchy was second in command in the affair of Bantry Bay,

<sup>1</sup> Emmanuel de Grouchy, Marshal of France (1766-1847), blamed for his failure to assist Napoleon at Waterloo.

on board the "Fraternité," and had every intention of snapping the grappling Irons which attach Ireland to England. We laugh'd heartily at the different circumstances under which our acquaintance wou'd have commenc'd had the business succeeded. However I took care to tell him "had their philanthropic undertaking prosper'd as happily in Ireland as it did across the Alps, I should expect by this time to see our little Island hung up as a curiosity in the Louvre amongst the Italian Trophies." This would not have been too civil, but that it past in the highest good spirits. He had just been admiring Lady Mount Cashell, and in allusion to that said, "it was not necessary to go to Italy to look for 'Venus's' and 'Apollo's'," &c. I was more regaled than I can express by the perfume of oranges and roses which, with a thousand other kinds of Flowers, seem'd to grow out of Moss and artificial Rocks, the entire length of the plateau which reach'd from the top to the bottom of the table. There was a servant to every chair and nothing but Plate was used. The Apartments were hung over with fine Gobelins, and the ceilings painted by the first hands. Grecian statues brought out of Italy ornamented the room where we dined and Musick play'd delightfully during the entire entertainment. After sitting two hours, we return'd into the reception room, drank Coffee and liqueurs, talk'd in cōteries, and so departed after having spent an uncommonly amusing day. But I believe there never was a Court more manacled by the observances of Etiquette, than the Thuilleries.

Lady Mount Cashell and I are in the carriage almost every morning at 7 o'clock, and drive off to Tivoli, where the establishment for Bathing is on the most extensive scale. One may have Baths prepared in imitation of every kind of water in the world and drink the factitious ones, with equal effect. We only Bathe in common warm-water. But the Ladies most frequently have their Baths perfum'd with Eau de Cologne, Rose Water, or some perfume



of that kind. The little Garden into which every Bath opens is absolutely red with roses, and the women who attend, cleanly dress'd every morning in a white linen jacket and petticoat. It is very much the fashion to Breakfast in the Bath, and we sometimes call for our Cotelette en Papillote, Potage or whatever else we like, for the variety of Déjeuners are inexhaustible. Afterwards we walk frequently in the Publick gardens, which are very fine and a part of the establishment of Tivoli. But it would be endless to describe Publick Gardens, as at present Paris seems but to peep from amongst its green leaves "like the Devil in a bush". The Boulevards, which encircle the Town, are thickly planted with high branching trees, under which is an eternal scene of festivity. All the Cafés are out of doors, and a thousand groups of happy looking people, sitting under blossoming Arbours, quaffing lemonade, wine, cider or Beer, and conducting themselves with such cheerfulness and decorum, that it is delightful to witness it. The little Cabarets are full of dancers. The Theatres for the People are open everywhere and amusement of this nature purchasable at 5 Sous. Musick breathes universally throughout. The trees on either side of the Boulevard meet like an arch at top, and a thousand Lamps sparkle through the branches. The oratory of Charlatans! the tricks of conjurers! the parti-colour'd limbs of Harlequins that you catch flourishing in the air! the eternal balance of the Network swing-swang! the long bounding of the tight-rope! with a hundred such fooleries, serve to diversify the scene and give an indscribable effect of innocent festivity! Every day we hear of new Gardens where you go to eat ice, and wander thro' Grottos, Temples, close-Alleys, lit with colour'd Lamps and edifices dedicated to the Gods. Frascati is a favourite Retreat and the other night we spent at Tivoli, which is a most superb Garden with every diversified description of entertainment that Fancy can suggest. The Waltzes and Contre-dances, which are seen flitting like Fairy

Rings through the illuminated Trees, and the sweetness of the music, give an air of Magic from the shadowings of night and uncertainty of the objects. Ladies in light flowing white veils winding through Seringa walks, and sparkling sheets of water repeating all the scenery. The moon was beautifully bright and the Summer lightning so mingled with fire-works, that 'twas difficult to distinguish the difference. Suddenly the Heavens appear'd open'd, the Thunder broke over our heads, and the fork'd-flashes of lightning gave so livid an effect to every creature that you wou'd have imagin'd a Church-yard was suddenly brought to Life. The Bolts fell from Heaven amongst the crowd, and in a moment, everyone disappeared and flew in consternation to the Houses, as tho' they had relaps'd into their Sepulchres. So far for the fluctuation of Climates. But these French People possess the genius of amusing themselves beyond anything I ever saw, and they mingle throughout their entertainments a spirit of attraction, that bewitches everybody at the time into a total forgetfulness that there exists anything in the world more agreeable, or more delightful than themselves !!!

We have, amongst innumerable Theatres, seen one, where the principal Actors and Actresses are imitated in mechanism, and Vestris dances in wheels and Springs exactly with the same elasticity he does at the Opera House. This exasperates the live performers, to the last degree.

Alli Effendi, the Turkish Ambassador is returning to Constantinople—and the new one is arriv'd. The other evening they gave a Turkish entertainment, at which we were. In the suite of his present Excellency, is a Persian Prince travelling for his amusement. He is the most magnificent looking creature I ever beheld. As I don't choose to plague you with a repetition of either people or places, I will say no more at present. Almost every evening we either visit, or are visited, for morning visits are always paid here in the evening, if it is not a Bull to



say so. Kosciusko comes and tumbles on the ground with the children ; young De Castor's Tutor comes and talks about the Punic War ; Joel Barlow<sup>1</sup> calls and tells us American stories ; and twice a week generally we pass the evenings at Miss Williams'.

Paris, 30th July, 1802. 9 Thermidor, Hotel de Rome, Rue St. Dominique.

Really, Robert, when one gets domesticated to any place, habit so familiarises novelty that one becomes insensible to its presence. A Month has slipped through my fingers and I feel very much at a loss to account for its expenditure. I am standing before you like the faithless man, who had buried his Talent roll'd up in a napkin, without a word to say for myself in vindication. Did I ever mention the Chevalier de Miller and his brother, who lodge in this Hotel ? They are before my eyes continually, and yet I have nothing over interesting to relate about them. The Chevalier is rather romantic, and walks up and down the garden swinging Helvetius' Poems in one hand, and flourishing a white pocket-handkerchief in the other. He at other times, plays the Flute amongst the Apple and Cherry trees, and imagines himself the Frontispiece to a Romance. There is another drowsy man, who appears sometimes in the walk with one leg tuck'd up, and his head under his wing, like a duck when it is asleep ; in that attitude he stands for hours together. But really I must mention FitzJames, the Ventriloquist, who exhibits his extraordinary powers of voice so as to possess you absolutely with the belief that you are in the room with hundreds. He hides himself behind a screen and imitates every species of voice, noise, and event, that used to take place in the Popular Jacobinical assemblies during the times of terror. The various gradations of sound, and variety of tones cheat you into the belief of some of the voices being at half a mile's distance, when instantly afterwards,

<sup>1</sup> Joel Barlow (1754–1812), distinguished American author and poet ; settled in London in 1791, but removed to France two years later, owing to his revolutionary writings being proscribed ; died during the Retreat from Moscow.

another's voice in a foreign cadence thunders in your ears, and then is soberly reply'd to from behind the wainscot. Really, it is miraculous, and as little Robert <sup>1</sup> says "I'd rather be a Ventriloquist than anything in the world."

We have been twice to see the Phantasmagorie, and the children stood the ghosts most marvellously.

The other night at Miss Williams', I was sitting next a gentleman who talk'd to me a vast deal about the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, without much irreverence for them. When on his turning away I ask'd Mr. Stone who that old Beau was, and what was my surprise to hear it was the celebrated De La Crusca whose "Poems to Matilda," do you remember, Mrs. Trant <sup>2</sup> made us read at Cheltenham.

Monsieur de la Harpe,<sup>3</sup> who educated the Emperor of Russia, is the great friend and Crony of Mr. Stone and Miss Williams. I have seen him there lately, as he is within this month return'd from Moscow, where he went by the Emperor's invitation, to pay him a visit. The accounts he gives of him are delightful; he has such confidence in his Subjects that he goes everywhere without a Guard, and, without the slightest precaution, walks about the streets as a private Man, often saying, if he had occasion to distrust the confidence of his fellow citizens, he would not esteem his life worth preserving. He used to go to La Harpe <sup>3</sup> in the evenings, and after conversing in his Society for hours, return to his palace either on foot, or with the attendance of a single servant to his carriage. La Harpe is a remarkably philosophic looking Man in appearance, about 60 years of age, and with grey, smooth, locks, comb'd over his forehead. He is married to a pretty little young woman, daughter to a Russian Merchant.

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Robert Moore, Lord Mount Cashell's second son.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the widow of Dominick Trant, of Dunkettle, Co. Cork, M.P., who married, 1776, Eleanor, daughter of John Fitzgibbon and sister of John, 1st Earl of Clare.

<sup>3</sup> Jean François de la Harpe (1739-1808), distinguished French author and critic,



The 25th of June, Lady Mount Cashell added a "Citoyen" to the French Republick; two days after his birth he was presented to the Municipality and his name inscrib'd in the national archives. This ceremony is necessary with everyone born in France, and it may be an advantage in giving him constitutional rights, as long as he lives, if the French have any such to impart, which seems to be much doubted.

14th July was the Confederation des François which was celebrated by a blaze of illuminations. At present Paris is become a little England, 5000 is the calculation this last week.

The other night at Miss Williams' we were introduced to Carnot.<sup>1</sup> I was very much pleas'd at seeing a man of such celebrity. We have also got acquainted with Maria Cosway,<sup>2</sup> who is drawing the Pictures in the Louvre, so as to give an idea of their subjects and arrangement, in small copperplates. That night Lord Holland<sup>3</sup> was there, not unlike you in his appearance. I like his manners extremely. We also renew'd our acquaintance with Kemble,<sup>4</sup> who you know we saw a good deal of in London, and spent a remarkably pleasant evening at his House there. Lady Mount Cashell's confinement will best account to you for the want of incident in this last month, which has not been much spent beyond the precincts of her Bed-chamber.

I forgot to mention Mr. Fox<sup>5</sup> with whom at Miss Williams' we spent the evening. He was paid great compliment and attention, but was rather lound and maladroit in his address and embarrass'd in his

<sup>1</sup> Lazare Carnot (1753-1823), French Revolutionary statesman; displayed great ability in creating the fourteen armies of the Republic.

<sup>2</sup> Maria Cecilia Louisa Hadfield, the daughter of an Irish inn-keeper at Florence, married 1781 Richard Cosway (1741-1821), the celebrated miniature painter. She was created a Baroness by Francis I of Austria in 1834, and died four years later.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Richard Vassall Fox, 3rd Baron Holland (1773-1840).

<sup>4</sup> John Philip Kemble (1757-1823), founder of the declamatory school of acting.

<sup>5</sup> Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox (1749-1806), eminent statesman and orator.

manners. As he did not enter into conversation with those he was presented to, I can only say of him, that the vision I had of the Great Man, disappointed me most dolefully.

Paris, 30th August, 1802—Hotel de Rome; Rue St. Dominique,  
Fauxbourgs St. Germain.  
15 Fructidor.

Lady Mount Cashell is at length beginning to reassume her usual habits of Life. The Penroses<sup>1</sup> have been in Paris some weeks, and the St. Legers, Mr. Moore<sup>2</sup> of the Co. Tipperary, Mr. Trench,<sup>3</sup> Lord Cloncurry<sup>4</sup> and his two sisters<sup>5</sup>—and various other Irish, so that I sometimes fancy myself at home with you again. We have been seeing various things and some over and over again. The “Glass Manufactory” in which 600 men are employed, is amongst them. The Hospital for the blind, “the Observatory,” &c. &c. The 15th of this month there was a public Fête in honour of Bonaparte’s birthday and perpetual Consulship. We dined in la Place Vendôme, within which were encircled 103 Pillars, made to represent the departments whose names were severally written in transparencies of Fire. Every column sparkled with different colour’d lamps, and each was united to the other, in a festoon of fire. The Thuilleries look’d like a magician’s palace, and all Paris throughout the night, was light as noon day. It is astonishing, how happy these flaming Fêtes make the people! I forgot to mention what

<sup>1</sup> James Penrose, of Woodhill, Co. Cork, married 1794, Louisa, daughter of Robert Uniacke Fitzgerald of Corkbeg, Co. Cork, M.P.

<sup>2</sup> Stephen Moore, of Barne, Co. Tipperary, M.P., a relative of the Mount Cashell family.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Trench, Barrister-at-Law (1774–1860), sixth son of Frederick Trench of Woodlawn, Co. Galway, by Mary, daughter of Francis Sadleir of Sopwell Hall, Co. Tipperary. He was father of the gifted and scholarly Richard Chenevix-Trench, Archbishop of Dublin.

<sup>4</sup> Valentine, 2nd Baron Cloncurry (1773–1853), the last nobleman to be imprisoned in the Tower of London.

<sup>5</sup> Hon. Valentina Lawless, married, 1801, Hon. Sir Francis Nathaniel Burton, G.C.H., M.P.; and Hon. Charlotte Louisa Lawless, married, 1803, Edward, 14th Lord Dunsany.



is much better worth speaking about, and what we went to see some days before: the distribution of Prizes at the Prytanée François. This is a National military institution, something of the style of Woolwich, where Boys are educated to be officers. We have visited it frequently and the order, regularity, attention and variety of elegant gentleman-like instruction surpasses anything I ever witnessed, in the effects I mean on the manners and characters of the students. Once every year, Prizes are allotted to those who have distinguish'd themselves in different sciences and on this occasion multitudes assemble from all parts to witness the glory of the Victors. All the specimens of drawing, Mathematicks, &c. are framed and publickly exhibited, and the young élèves who have distinguished themselves either in composition or translation, recite their own works in the most finish'd and eloquent manner. The Minister of the Interior, Chaptal, presided, and crown'd with a chaplet of flowers every Hero who pretended to celebrity. To the elevated seat where this ceremony is performed, they were accompanied by a band of Martial music, entirely executed by their fellow students, who likewise lay claim to the premiums and honors which are distributed. When the premium is given, and the crown put on their heads, they are embraced by the minister, who dismisses them with glory amongst their associates where nothing is heard but acclamations throughout the entire place. Certainly the French know how to touch the Master spring of Vanity in this puppet shew of Life, and understand better than any other people how to use the incongruities of humanity, so as to make the result subservient to the happiness and practicability of existence. The elegance of manners of all the élèves in the Prytanée is charming, and is shewn in the gradations from 8 years old to 18. Two young men of this latter age, who were crown'd two or three times during the different examinations, were presented to us; sons of the famous Philangerie who wrote in favor

of Liberty, and they in consequence were banish'd from Naples. The French Nation have educated them at this School; they bear away all the Prizes and, for cleverness, grace and beauty, I never saw their fellows. There are three other National institutions in Paris for Education as well Civil as Military, and ambition is awakened in the same manner by Publick examinations held once a year, where Dunces are absolutely regenerated by the hope of Glory. You can form no idea of the interesting effect of this exhibition! There was one lovely Child about eight years old, who when Chaptal put the Crown on his head, was so enchanted, he burst out crying, and not waiting for the regular formalities threw his hands about his neck, and kiss'd him with such affection, and for so long a time that there was a general suspension, which at length was interrupted by a thunder of applause from all parts, and the Mother of the little Boy fainted dead away upon the benches. A hundred smelling Bottles leap'd from their scabbards in her defence and the little fellow holding his crown of Flowers tight on his head with both his little red fat hands ran through the crowd until he reach'd the spot where she was sitting.

While I am on the subject of Mothers and sons, I must tell you Lady Mount Cashell has been occupying herself in having her's christened. There has been a glorious junketting of course, the Gossips being, the Polish Countess Myscelska, the American Minister, and Mr. William Parnell. The name of the child is Richard Francis Stanislaus Moore. This Godmother of his is a very amiable Being. She has just arriv'd at that unbounded extent of Aristocracy which always produces the utmost republicanism of manners, and with more than regal revenues, she is the most simple and unpretending of any one in Society; the other day she call'd in here, and saw Lady Mount Cashell eating plain boil'd Potatoes for her luncheon in the middle of the day. She then heard for the first time that *that* was the principal Food of the Irish, and



immediately resolv'd on giving Lady Mount Cashell a breakfast in compliment to her country. We went there and literally found nothing but Potatoes dress'd in fifty different fashions. I thought the repast would never have been at an end, such was the torture she had put her fancy to in devising methods to diversify the cookery. She has insisted on Lady Mount Cashell making her a present of a Tree, which Lady Mount Cashell has, choosing an Arbutus as being common in Ireland. She is to take it into Poland with her where she has a little Plantation representative of her Friends and favourites, each having given her the sort of tree most emblematic of their sentiment towards her, and in this place she walks, and imagines herself conversing with all she loves, and likes, in every corner of the world. She has four or five little children, and their education is her chief Hobby-Horse. It is a curiosity to peep into the establishment of her House. She has studied the nature of each child and has provided Tutors according with the disposition, so that there is no end of instructors; every language they are to learn introduces a new inmate into the Family, and you really wou'd suppose you were in the Tower of Babel if you were but to spend half an hour in her Drawing Room.

I don't know how to give you any idea of the heat of the weather; within some weeks we have suffered seriously from its enervating effects. We let down the curtains, and sit during the mornings more dead than alive; in the evenings we begin to breathe a little on the Balconys, but scarcely with strength to fan ourselves; mostly we eat Fruit for our breakfasts, but have been advis'd to eat cold-meat, to fortify a little against the exhausting and excessive weakness which we experience from the oppression of the weather. Peaches and grapes and Strawberries and every kind of Fruit are as plentiful here as Blackberries. I am really astonish'd how people in very hot Countrys can possess a single idea!

Within the last week Lord Mount Cashell and

Mr. Moore have set out on an expedition to Orleans. We have late in the evenings under the escort of two or three gentlemen, gone Vagabondizing on the Boulevards, and poking our noses into every haunt of the lower order of people. We have been in Cabarets, Cafés, "Theatres" where you pay a few sous for entrance, in the midst of dancing dogs, conjurers, wild beasts, Puppet Shews, Charlatans, Gangues, and in short every resort where the manners of the people cou'd be characteris'd, and I protest for the motto of the meanest place, you may put *Elegant Decorum* without the least fear of these expressions being forfeited in the most trifling instance.

The other evening we drove two leagues out of town to see the Chateau of Meudon. It was built by Francis I; commands an extensive view of the Country and is situated on the summit of a high Hill up which we wound through Purpling Vineyards. From the windows of the Chateau one sees the fine Woods of Montmorency skirt the distant Hills, the winding of the Seine breaks the Valleys, and the dome of the Pantheon, Gothic Towers of Notre Dame and streaming of the tri-colour'd flag from the Thuilleries, recall to view the finest objects within the walls of Paris. I never saw anything more romantic than it look'd at that moment as a loud thunder-storm broke heavily over our heads, and the mouldering Turrets and old Iron Gates were lit with a thousand colours by the quick fork'd flashes of the Lightning. I felt disappointed at not hearing the rattling of the Chains of the drawbridge, or the blowing of the Warder's horn, and still more-so at not being greeted by a Valorous Knight in shining Armour, and Feathered Casque. We ventured nevertheless to explore our way through the Square Courts and ruin'd pavements where wildness and neglect mark'd every footstep; the Chapel walls had moulder'd away, and nothing remain'd but the Altar from which issued, instead of the pious dirges of a sainted choir, the natural chorus of a thousand singing Birds



which, if you are in an allegoric mood, may serve as a fanciful imagery of the emblematic metamorphose of revolutioniz'd Religion. We were oblig'd to hasten away, as the storm gather'd heavily again, and the Castle seem'd fading away like a deepen'd shadow on the dark blue cloud. I am tired of telling about my thunder and lightning, so will take you whisking back by the École Militaire, the Temple of Mars, the Boulevards and returning loud under the Gateway of the Hotel de Rome where I will leave you, imagining what else you like, as having occupied us during the last Month, for my memory has got a hole in the bottom of it like an old Purse and I really have not been able to find a farthing's worth since I came to Paris. I ought tho' to mention various people whom I have omitted: Mrs. Opie<sup>1</sup> who writes Poems and novels; Mr. Richard Trench,<sup>2</sup> since married to Mrs. St. George, who is most extremely gentlemanlike and so beautiful that if I was to describe him, you'd fancy it was the Apollo Belvedere in a Second Edition. Kemble has dined here and been in the evening two or three times; Mr. Heathcote who is with him; a Family of Smiths from Gloucestershire, excessively gentle and pleasant people, and endless others, but it would be no amusement to call over a muster roll of their names. Signor Fiore is continually here. He is a Neapolitan and as satirical as a two edg'd knife, nevertheless witty and entertaining. His history is like a fairy tale, but I have not time to hang the separate Labels round each person's neck as really the task would be eternal.

Lady Mount Cashell and I are like walking Arabias with Otto of Roses, given to us by the Ottoman Ambassador. I never see them, that I don't long to rob them of their shawls, and Eastern treasures. I wish I cou'd describe to you a Parmazan, Count Lenati who is travelling, not for his pleasure, but his improvement, and studying Chemistry and anti-

<sup>1</sup> Amelia, daughter of John Alderson, M.D. of Norwich, married, 1798, John Opie, the Cornish painter (1761-1807).

<sup>2</sup> See page 78.

quities all day long, but I shan't, nor do more neither, than finish this off with the greatest expedition.

Paris, 16th Sepr. 1802. Hotel de Rome, Rue St. Dominique,  
Fauxburgs St. Germain.  
Fructidor 29<sup>e</sup>, An 10.

But one Fortnight remains previous to our bidding adieu to Paris. We have been return'd a week from the beautiful Valley of Montmorency where we were spending some time with the Duke and Duchess of Cauzana; they are Neapolitans, and she is a sweet amiable, and elegant little woman, tho' so delicate in her health that she was scarcely out of her bed the entire time we were with her. The Duke looks like a valiant and right courteous Knight in the days of Chivalry, unnumber'd deeds of glory flash from his eyes, and to relieve the oppressed, and vanquish the oppressor, seems to be emblazon'd in the scroll of his destiny. The extent of this Valley is 13 miles, scatter'd through which there are about 30 villages. Both going and coming back we pass'd through St. Denis which was the burying place of the Kings of France. We walk'd through the Church, and the metamorphoses is strange from the Hungry Grave to a Magazine of Food, to which it is converted at present. Nothing remains but the mere skeleton of the Church, which however is magnificent. In the time of the Terror, all the coffins were dug up for the benefit of making bullets of the lead, and as the bones within them were once Kings, the Jacobins destroy'd them and everything belonging to the Church, so that even in the sculptur'd representation of the day of Judgment, over the gateway, all the wicked are going to Hell, and all the good to Heaven, without a single head upon their shoulders!

I found it very interesting attending the publick Courts of Justice. In the Criminal Court I was present at two trials; the process is I have been told something like that in England. I also visited the Court



of Cassation where the Queen and Madame Roland were condemned, and a lesser Court for petty offences. Under the Palais de Justice is the Conciergerie. We also went to see the Prison of the Abbey. These names will suggest to your remembrance so many scenes of which they were the theatres that you will not be surpriz'd at the melancholy pleasure I took in seeing them.

I have now brought you to the last days of our sojournment in this delightful Town, of which I have given you a very imperfect idea, and but a mere outline of my own intercourse with its amusements, institutions and inhabitants. But as we are to return here again before we go back to Ireland, and perhaps to spend part of another winter, I will promise to make ample compensation. I bid adieu to this charming Town with the sensation of having pass'd through a little existence, and please myself with the idea that I have not lived in vain. I reflect on the variety of novel circumstances which has kept all my character in exercise and console myself with thinking that amongst the acquaintances we have made, intimacy has in some instances changed admiration into the belief of friendship. If in some instances I appear to estimate the state of Society and manners here too highly, I hope you will have the candour to attribute it to the effect of novelty and of that seductive influence which marks the manners of the French. I know your antipathy to this nation, and when contrasted with the sounder morals of the English I do not wonder at your dislike.

Thursday, 23 Sep. 1802—Roanne—3 Vindémiare, An 11.

Department of the Rhone et Loire.

For fear this shou'd meet you in a methodical mood, I will begin our journey by telling you how we were all dispos'd of, and stow'd away, in the different carriages, this day week when we bid adieu to Paris. Mrs. Ruaud and her two children, Helena and Jane;

Mr. Egan, Robert and Edward, with the children's maid Mary Lawless, set off in the coach a day before us; (as accommodations were not likely to be found at the Inns for so large a party). William the Groom rode Courier to this expedition. Lady Mount Cashell and the little Infant, in its cradle, and Mary Smith then pack'd themselves in the Chaise, and Lord Mount Cashell, Kilworth,<sup>1</sup> and I in a French-Carriage purchas'd for the occasion. To this party, Para in his gold-trimm'd blue jacket, Night cap and holsters, rode full speed, as Avant Courier. After having spent more than Nine months at Paris you will naturally imagine there was a mournful scene of tribulation exhibited in the Court of the Hotel, the morning of our departure. But really not at all, the Sun was blazing so very bright, and challenging so gaily all the world to cheerfulness, that it was impossible not to catch within one's mind the golden tinges which gilded every object. "We were going for six months into Italy," and this consideration was a magic Talisman, conjuring up so many delirious visions in perspective that hope and expectation bounded forward into Futurity, impatiently to forestall the delights of our fluctuating anticipations. Besides it was like ascending into Heaven, inasmuch as we were sure of meeting many of our departed friends who had flown before us to this Unknown Country, and whose absence had lessen'd considerably our content of Paris. Added to which, we had so many gratifying proofs of our being remember'd with cordiality that they were separately cherish'd in our minds, as so many flattering incentives to our ultimate return. In short, whether you think these good reasons or not, the fact was, we drove off in the happiest state of spirits imaginable, reflecting on the past with the most indescribable interest, and looking in advance, without one shadow to darken the splendour of our horizon. For the first day everything appear'd

<sup>1</sup> Lord Kilworth, afterwards 3rd Earl Mount Cashell. See Pedigree at p. xix.





*Mount Cashell*

STEPHEN, 3RD EARL MOUNT CASHELL, F.R.S.

1792—1883.





beautiful, more from the love of gazing over the boundlessness of the smiling country than any very picturesque merit it possessed. For when you repeat Vineyards, old Chateaux, long Avenues and flat even grounds, you will see every beauty I did from the carriage windows, except clouds of dust, and I will spare you even the privilege of a traveller, in throwing them into your eyes. There is something ridiculously exhilarating in the cracking of the Postillions' whip, as they announce themselves to each town and village, and as with a look of triumph they jump out of their preposterous jackboots, which remain empty in the stirrups, till another little fellow bounds upon the saddle and into them, at the same moment, and with the same jerk of activity. Six hours we drove rapidly on, before we enter'd the beautiful Forest of Fontainbleau, and as we look'd through the trees at either side of the road, the sight was lost in its depth and obscurity. The idea of its being the abode of wild Boars, wolves, stags &c. together with the darkness suggesting the dread of Banditti, made me feel not a little pleas'd at entering into the Court of the Inn, where dinner, Coffee, Fruits, and welcome greeted us in such profusion that we exchang'd the romance of adventure, with infinite satisfaction, for the vulgar occupation of eating our dinner and going to rest.

We spent the next day at Fontainbleau, to see the Chateau. At six o'clock in the morning, the servant of the Inn conducted us to the Bath of Henry 4th which is in the style of St. Winifred's well. It is in the midst of a beautiful little garden full of China asters, Pomgranate and orange trees; the walks arbour'd over with Vines from which myriads of grapes hung in green transparent clusters over our heads. They made us gather and eat them till we were weary, and then at the other end of the garden we were shewn a modern establishment for Bathing. We order'd some baths to be prepared for us, and sat an hour in our baths before we return'd to the Inn

to breakfast, which almost entirely consisted of Fruits and Coffee. Afterwards we walk'd to le Chateau which was begun to be built in the time of Francis I and added to by the succeeding Monarchs. It takes up as much ground as Versailles, but does not appear half so beautiful in its interior; within, however, the style is more interesting tho' at present nothing but the naked building remains, except in some apartments, which the Queen was fitting up just before the Revolution. These are magnificent, and one Suite belonging to the King still possesses the Regal ornaments, Fleur de Lys, Cyphers of L.L. &c. There is a peculiar air of grandeur in this Palace, and the long endless galleries, high Terraces, square paved Courts, and mouldering Turrets, make one fancy that gorgeous Dames and Barons bold still tenanted the wide waste of splendour. When one contemplates these monuments of human vicissitudes it sets one musing, moping, preaching and mumbling truisms, and moralities, till one stupifies oneself into stone. In this humour I walk'd up to the height of the Forest with the little daughter of the Inn, as soon as dinner was over, from whence we saw its dark circumference encircling the town and, while we were sitting on a clift, little Sophé told the story of an old Hermit with a long white beard who inhabits a cavern in the Forest, where he has dwelt for six and thirty years. It is to expiate some sins of his youth, and except once in half a dozen years he is never seen, and then but through a long visto, by the blaze of his own fire, where sometimes he sits at the entrance of his solitary cave.

Saturday we left Fontainbleau. The French year is at an end and les cinq jours complementaires commenc'd on our bidding adieu to Fontainbleau. In Paris this interregnum is fill'd up with Fiery Fêtes consecrated to Virtue, Genius, Labour, Opinion, and Rewards. The festival of Virtue, we solemniz'd by driving 54 miles farther from its commemoration and sleeping at Briare in the "Department l'Yonne".



Sunday, we drove 52 miles on to Nevers in the Department de la Neive and after beholding nothing but Vineyards for the entire day, reposed our aching eyes in a Convent, now transform'd into an Inn, where I had the satisfaction of sleeping in the Refectory, and seeing the ghosts of departed Loaves and Fishes. The Church makes excellent stables and as all things end in their commencement, the abolition of Religion has placed Christ precisely where He was first created, namely in a Manger, which is no more, nor less, than a literal fact. For on going into the Stable, the first object I saw was the Altar piece, exactly as I describe. The Loire ran through this day's journey. The next day we made a short journey to Moulins, where I believe Sterne first met Maria and her Goat and where we went to visit le Mausolée du Maréchal de Montmorenci, erected 150 years ago, made of black and white marble, and equally Piebald in mythology and theology. The next day we travel'd 13 posts, and after being pleas'd with a fine extended circle of busy cultivation, at length arriv'd at Roanne, from whence I write, as Lady Mount Cashell's indisposition detains us here some days. The Towns I have seen between this and Paris look mouldy and dark, the Country looks rich, and the people copper colour'd and degenerating in civilization. The cottages however have the air of comfort, tho' for sickness this town has so much the reputation, that it is the abode of 14 physicians. This perhaps may be the cause, as well as the effect; however they send their children out of their reach, to be nursed amongst the mountains. The Fee in general is 12 sous, excepting amongst the grandees, who give 6 livres. I must mention the Peaches for which this place is celebrated. I never saw such perfection, nor such abundance in my life, and they were sold for about 10*d.* a dozen. The little woman who kept the Fruit shop was a devotee, and told me turning up the whites of her eyes, of the destruction of her Saints during the Revolution. However she had carefully reserv'd a nest of them in a little mossy

Frame. As for her four Superb Apostles, she said the French had made a Fricassée of them before her face. In general there is very little reverence shewn for these holy vestiges, and they treat them wholly en badinage. We saw the Church, l'École central, the botanical garden &c. Thus ends our first week since we quitted Paris.

N.B.—I am concern'd to garnish the above with a little ornament, indelicately call'd Bugs. However to counteract this disgrace, insignificant as Roanne is, it boasts its establishments of Baths in which we used to sit for hours, to extirpate the poison which their bite infuses.

Lyons, Department Rhone et Loire.  
29 Sepr. 1802. 8 Vendemiaire, An 11.  
l'Hotel d'Europe, Rue Bonaparte. Place de Belcour.

Another week has elaps'd, which we have spent at this beautiful looking Lyons. The day after I wrote last we quitted Roanne, and in the evening arriv'd here 12 Posts. We pass'd la Montagne de Farere, which is what I should conceive the scenery of Switzerland to be. The little Inn at the Foot of this mountain is delightful. The Landlord was sitting at a Table writing to Bonaparte, and when he had directed his Letter "au premier Consul", he took us up to a little Bedchamber where, in a transport of pride, he told us that "Saviour of his country" had repos'd. The Sign to his Inn, was the Sun marking its progress on a dial and the motto underneath—"Ma Revolution est invincible, Telle est la votre François."

The day after our arrival at Lyons, we went out to see what was to be seen and, after looking at la Maison de Ville, we walk'd up to the Top of the Hill to visit the Roman Bath 2,000 years old. But first I must tell you in general terms, that the town is very striking to the eye of a stranger. The Houses rise in succession, one above another in "gay theatric pride" at either side the river, even to the tops of the



hills which are very high, and the neighbourhood unfolds itself in the greatest diversity of beauty, thro'out the bright extent of a sunny encircling country. The junction of the Rhone and Soane is seen from the hill on which is situated the Roman Bath, and the person who accompanied us and who was an eye witness of all he describ'd, pointed out the particular places where the Republicans charg'd, and was very communicative, in telling the minute circumstances of the Siege. The last event was deplorable, when he pointed to the spot where they cannonaded the inhabitants by thousands at a time, after having got possession of the Town. The sides of the river are planted on both banks with towering Poplars, for two or three miles down its course, to which are chain'd large Boats, where corn is ground, Chocolate made, and everything done that can be perform'd by water. We went our rounds to silk manufacturers, Public Buildings &c. and often went to hear "Messe" in the Cathedral which is an old Gothic one, with fine stain'd glass, shedding rainbow tints against the twisted columns; the deep blue and glowing crimson drapery of the Saints and Martyrs, through which the light beams from the Gothic Windows, succour devotion more than their scald heads, and rigid features persecuted into everlasting piety. We attended the Theatre which is handsome, and every day dined at the "Table d'Hôte" where we met a variety of company excessively amusing. The only English in this hotel are Mr. Acklom and his family, except two Mr. Fosters.

Nismes, October 6th, 1802. 15<sup>me</sup> Vendemiaire, An 11.  
 Department du Gard.

This last week has been most delightful. Eight days ago we quitted Lyons and for the first five days sail'd down the Rhone as far as Avignon. Lord Mount Cashell hired a large flat-bottom'd boat, in

which the carriages, as well as all our party consisting of 15, were excellently accommodated, besides three gentlemen from Lyons. On leaving that Town we met with a ridiculous accident from mistaking the two Rivers; they unite outside the town, the Soane flowing from North to South, and the Rhone suddenly taking the same direction, till it empties itself into the Mediterranean. The first day we sail'd 7 leagues, and then got on shore to sleep in the village of Condrieux. The country at either side the River was uninterruptedly beautiful, rising up in high Hills one above the other, and cheerfully interspers'd with Villages; the roofs of the Houses are flat and like those in Italy made to project on account of the Sun. "Les Montagnes de Foreit", so they call this line of country, are entirely cover'd with Vines, and the wine they chiefly produce, and which is particularly priz'd is call'd St. Foit. We pass'd the beautiful Town of Vienne, where the motion of the Boat shew'd in a hundred different points of view, a most picturesque looking old Cathedral colour'd by time with the tints of an autumn leaf. The Villagers flock'd down to the sides of the boat and threw in basket-fulls of Grapes, at three sous a pound, Peaches, Pears &c. in profusion. The Wine Press is full everywhere, and for the first time, we saw the process of making wine at Condrieux, where they gave us Cote Roti as it drop'd from the Press. In this state, it tastes very sweet and pleasant. For supper we eat Carp, Eels, and Pike for which the Rhone is famous.

The next day the style of country was the same. We pass'd by the Hermitage on the Summit of one of the Mountains, from whence the wine is named, and slept that night at Valence in the department de la Drome. The River Isere falls into the Rhone above Valence. Monsieur Desilles is the name of one of our companions. He is a Frenchman about four and twenty, extremely grave and retiring in his manners. Two long days in a Boat, however, break down a twelve-months reserve, and as the cause for his



melancholy air, he told me the circumstances of his life, which interested me exceedingly by his manner of relating them. Twelve years ago he was sent out of the Country with his Uncle, at the commencement of the French revolution. During this period he has experienc'd all the misfortunes that flesh is heir to. His Father and mother were guillotined, his Uncle fell in Battle by his side, he suffer'd shipwreck twice, and then was left single and unsupported to wander about the world at large. During his residence in Italy, Spain and Portugal, he learnt the languages of the countries, and familiariz'd himself with the genius of those different nations. He fought in Egypt, and is now just return'd from England, in search of his sister who is the only remaining relation he has on earth. His fondness for reading has cultivated his mind which is naturally penetrating and fine, and the turn of his conversation shadow'd by misfortune dwells upon one's ear, and is extremely pleasing. On getting on shore, we ran into a crowd to follow a Balloon which was setting off.

The next day we found the wind too strong to proceed farther than a village at the side of the Rhone, called Ancône. Here we parted with young Desilles, who rode on, in pursuit of his sister. His character, situation, misfortunes and expectations, all rest in uncertainty, and render him consequently very interesting. Our names are written in his pocket-book, and he is to tell us the Catastrophe about his sister when we meet again. For Travellers always encountering Travellers, make this hope unquestioned, even if one were going Northwards, and the other Southwards, at the moment of separation. The scene about Ancône is fine, and two leagues distance is the Giant's Cave most curious to behold. They gave us for supper, instead of soup, the Food of the Country call'd Allazalle, and Oberginne which is a sort of purple Fruit fried in little slices. The Inn we slept in appear'd as old as the mountains, and half persuaded us, that Julius Cæsar might have repos'd his heroic marrow-

bones under the same roof which shelter'd us, in the 18th Century. The wildness of the storm; the sound of water; the soaring of an Eagle over our heads; the endless perspective of different colour'd mountains; the Roman Fort opposite the Windows call'd Rochemore; and the fearful mysterious appearance of our Inn, wou'd be materials for a description, if I had not unfortunately been gnaw'd to a skeleton by Bugs and render'd incapable of feeling anything but their intolerable persecutions, to the very marrow of my bones.

The next day we were on board our Boat at six in the morning. The scenery was like enchantment moving before our eyes! As we sail'd away from before Ancone, the sky is different from what it is in other countries, and the soft colourings, which it sheds over the mountains, varying at all periods of the day, diversifies Nature like the different glasses of a Claude Lorraine. The wind serv'd us better, and the morning was singularly magnificent. The colours of the distant mountains tho' soft and faint, still mark'd the clearest outline and those less distant glow'd with the red blush of morning.

The History of antiquity which this country tells in the vestiges of old Roman fortifications, those too, less ancient erected against them by the Goths and Vandals; the idea of everything remaining unchang'd since the time of Julius Cæsar; and these being the scenes which had power to fire his ambition, together with the ocular demonstration of reality which it gives to History deepens one's mind, and makes one feel as if the past and present develop'd themselves to one's glance at the same moment. The Rocks breaking over the river fancifully assume the appearance of Fortifications, so as to deceive the eye on several occasions. The villages are uncommonly picturesque and the town of Viviers particularly so. It is the residence of a Bishop, and the Cathedral is built on a high Rock hanging over the Water so that for a great length of way one still sees the



sunbeams dancing through its old Gothic Windows. Exactly opposite, on another mountain, is the Ruin of a Gothic fortification. We met flat-bottom'd Boats chain'd together, seven or eight at a time laden with salt from Marseilles and drawn by oxen. The clear tone of the Cathedral bell sounded fine echoing amidst the Mountains, and as we pass'd the villages, the peasants were trotting along to Messe in their wooden shoes, and sparkling ornaments. Andiot is a considerable looking Town and famous for its silk Manufactory. There is also a Convent. We were in a desperate fright at shooting le Pont de Saint Esprit which however we accomplish'd most successfully. It crosses the Rhone, and is supported by 24 beautiful arches. The town of the same name, is immediately on the shore, and its Gothic battlements and Towers hang over so as to terminate the view, with a fine antique boundary. We slept at Rocque Maure in the Department de la Drome. They gave us for supper a little Bird very much priz'd, the Beccofico, which this place is famous for; it is about the size of an Ortolon, but much better. It is call'd Beccofico from its living upon Figs. They gave the children goat's milk which is the only kind they have, as pasturage is scarce, and the want of verdure very apparent in the South of France universally.

The next morning before we got into the Boat, we visited the Castle of Rocque Maure which is a fine Roman antiquity, and at the opposite side of the Rhone is another Castle, both inhabited in days of yore by provincial Kings; the first being in Languedoc and the second in Provence. In this Castle, which we almost broke our necks in climbing up to reach, Louis 14th fitted up some apartments, and inhabited them for six weeks. There is a fanciful solitary little Rock in the middle of the Rhone where they tell of his having dined. From the height of this Castle the view is extremely fine, and at the distant extent one sees the mountains of the Alps, like clouds flitting on the horizon. Within the apartments, the coats of heraldry

are still emblazon'd against the walls, but during the Revolution this Castle of Rocque Maure was intentionally dismantled by the insurgents.

On going back to the Inn, amongst a parcel of people, who had run out of their homes, to gaze at the Foreigners, and admire the rosiness of the children, was a poor Arabian Girl, who had been sent as a present to one of the people of the country. She had liv'd at Grand Cairo almost all her life, and spoke of having seen Bonaparte there. She was about 14 years of age, and remarkably well made, with the most velvet softness of skin I ever felt. But the woolly hair and large mouth entirely spoilt her face; her flat nose still retain'd the holes in either nostril, which had been ornamented with a gold ring; that she said, with regret, "was not the fashion in France", and that she was oblig'd to leave it behind her in Egypt. This little girl produc'd a universal interest, and every one seem'd to feel that she believ'd herself at their mercy. Mrs. Ruaud got into so indignant a rage of sentiment on the subject of slavery, that she headed a Crusade against the Black and White principles of Eastern and Western virtue until we got into the Boat and almost until we sail'd in before the incircling Ramparts of Avignon. The shores were crowded with bronze colour'd sailors, with fringed sashes tied about their waists, of various colours, and talismans suspended on their bare necks, to guard them from shipwreck. Such was the heat of the weather that this was almost all the dress they wore, except their Trousers. The women in the midst of rags and tatters, were glittering in dropt gold ear-rings, and Holy Ghosts in the shape of a dove, which they all dangled to their necklaces; the crowd through which we elbow'd our way from the Boat to the Inn, really look'd like a Pawnbroker's shop, suddenly kindled unto animation. Such was the incongruity of all we beheld !

We walk'd about the town, which is a league in circumference and went to the Pope's Palace, situated on the top of a Rock and commanding the widest



prospect of the surrounding scenery. After having trudg'd back to the Inn with the intention of sleeping off the effects of our fatigue, about ten o'clock I began to barricade the window shutters; when, such a lovely beam of moonlight shot across the room, that I thought the warning not to be neglected, and instantly resolv'd on seeing the Pope's Palace under the beautiful illusions of a starry night. I was successful only in persuading one or two to accompany me. But by the time we reach'd the Rock on which it stands, the splendour of the scenery amply recompensed the troubles of our expedition. So glorious a night never came out of the Heavens; the sky was glittering with a thousand stars, and the moon beaming such Lustre against the dark gigantic Palace that necromancy enchain'd our imaginations, and we saw and believ'd everything through the spell of its suggestions. The adjoining Church was anciently a Pagan Temple, dedicated to the worship of the Goddess Diana; its arch'd entrance, together with the Vestibule, Corinthian Pillars, and fine entablature, were in all the antique pride of Grecian Architecture. We imagin'd the Rock on which we stood throng'd with Diana's votaries, priests in sacred vestments, choirs of white robed Virgins, victims approaching Altars deck'd in flow'ry Garlands, peals of hallow'd musick, and all the rites of Pagan Worship, which formerly crown'd the spot on which we stood. Our Visions of the past were interrupted by sounds of sweet music and dashing of the waters beneath the mass of Rock, which was grotto'd into caves by the surges of the Rhone; and on walking towards the parapet, we saw Boats anchor'd beneath, and from the bright reflection of the River, which repeated all the splendour of the heavens, those whom we beheld bathing in the waves, seem'd beings moving amongst the stars. One glance in passing the Popes' Palace broke the charm of our chimaera and cowl'd our imagination in monkish Robes and flowing surplice. 'Twas only six hundred years ago since the Pope

resided in this palace, since which his legates occupied it, till the revolution, and at present it is converted into a Prison. Avignon was under the Papal influence till about eight years ago, when it extricated itself in the National Struggle for Liberty; a civil war reign'd within for some time. The Republicans however destroyed the Aristocrats on the Guillotine and united themselves to the country; the siege, therefore, did not last more than a day. It was decided we should not see Vaucluse till our return, as every moment must be spared for crossing the Alps in safety. This celebrated Fountain is five leagues from the town, but at present it is no longer beautiful, as the season has dried up the source of its cascade.

Before we left Avignon the following day, I went off at six in the morning in quest of the Church in which Petrarch and Laura were buried. When we arriv'd at Les Cordeliers which is its name, I recollected I had seen their Tomb at Paris. However, they still point out the arch under which it repos'd for so long a period, and in returning homewards I was attracted by the sight of "Indulgence Plenaire" written over the Church door of St. Nizier. It was a Fête, and the Priests in great solemnity were receiving the Sacrament with incense smoking all about them. I observ'd one of the altars whimsically hung about with Heads, toes, noses, ears and fingers in wax, but particularly new born infants in miniature, which were strung together like crows' Eggs, and hung over the shrine in festoons. I enquir'd into the history of these irreverent incongruities, and found that Miracles had been perform'd at the Altar, and that all the Women of Avignon who had pass'd the danger of Childbirth ascrib'd it to the influence of this Shrine, and offer'd a waxen representative of the Infant, as a religious trophy. On returning to the Inn, we found all ready for departure and bid adieu to our Sailors, who had conducted us safely 60 Leagues down the Rhone, with infinite regret, as it was a mode of conveyance by



many degrees the most agreeable I ever experienced. We cross'd two branches of the Rhone in Ferries and drove on through a country cover'd with Olive trees, full of fruit, mulberrys, figs and vines. About three leagues short of Nismes we drove over the Pont du Gard. It is the finest Roman Aqueduct I believe existing, and is in perfect preservation; Le Gardon is the name of the river running under it. The aqueduct was built by Agrippa to conduct the waters from the Fountains d'Eure and d'Airan to the town; it is built in the Tuscan order. This most beautiful monument is placed between two craggy Mountains and bears a level with their summits. We arriv'd at Nismes and were bit to such an unmerciful degree with Bugs, that for my part, I spent the night by the open window finishing my book, being utterly unable to endure the horrors of their persecutions.

Yesterday, after spending half the morning in the bath, we went to see the Amphitheatre. It is the most ancient one that Roman Antiquity boasts, and marks how much the Town of Nismes was distinguished above other Colonies. The shape of this Amphitheatre is a perfect ellipse. From North to South it is 67 toises, and from East to West 53. Its rez de chaussee is open'd by 60 arches through which one enters into the Amphitheatre. The higher story has the same number of arches, and at the four Cardinal points are principal gates, over which are emboss'd symbols, which serve as well to interpret as to ornament the place. The Romans tracing with a plough the limits of their cities is figuratively represented by two Bulls. For other ornaments are Romulus and Remus suckled by the Wolf, Gladiators &c. This building is an irregular Tuscan approaching to Doric. In those days, the Romans did not attend to the etiquette of architecture in the detail, but built for the Grandeur of the effect and surpass'd the moderns. There are within the higher story 32 rows of seats, divided by three passages; 20 inches is allowed to each person, and the whole is capable of containing twenty

thousand. For the support of the awning which was drawn over the Amphitheatre, there are projecting 120 posts, about 12 inches diameter and pierc'd in the middle, which gives the top of the building the appearance of our crenellated old castles. The chief part of this edifice is built without cement and I believe I said before it was erected by Antoninus Pius. We walk'd up the great stone steps, to the upper benches and I confess I was dreadfully disappointed at looking down within its area, to see what was once the scene of splendour, now groaning beneath the accumulated indignities of dirt, shores, old houses, and mouldering Hamlets, the resort of every abomination incident to Humanity! I had gone up with the remembrance of past grandeur; had imagin'd twenty thousand noble Romans occupying their seats; I had fancied the combat of Gladiators; the sound of triumph; the crowns of Honor; and one soul of heroism! But when I look'd down and heard the squall of hungry children, beheld the obtrusion of squalid wretchedness obliterating all vestiges of the past and inhaled the vapours of stagnant and unwholesome nastiness, the illusion vanish'd, and all my fine Roman Amphitheatre appear'd transform'd into the scoop'd rind of an old Cheese, the haunt of maggots and all abomination. But the glare of sunshine develops too much of reality! I trotted home consoling myself with the metamorphoses of moonlight, and in the evening on re-visiting the same haunts and considering it in a picturesque point of view, was as much enchanted at the effect as I was before vex'd with disappointment.

Nismes, Department du Gard, 23 Vendemiaire—An 11.  
13 Octr. 1802.

We have had enough of time within the last week to examine the curiosities of Nismes. The cause of our making this delay is the division which is to take place in our party. Mrs. Ruaud and the two girls,



Mr. Egan and the three boys, are to stay behind here, while Lord and Lady Mount Cashell, little Richard and I, are to spend the Winter in Italy. I must talk to you about the famous Maison Carrée. Perhaps this inscription which I will transcribe, that is over the front, may let you into its secrets. "C. Cæsari Augusti F Cos L Cæsari Augusti F Cos. designato Principibus juventutis". Its vestibule is supported by six fluted Corinthian pillars; the capitals ornamented with olive leaves; the frieze and cornice executed in the most delicate manner. There are 30 pillars supporting this Building and the fine colouring of time adds the most perfect finish to the beauty of this ancient monument. The Fountain here is extremely handsome, built on the foundation of a Roman Bath, and the public gardens are extensive and delightful. There is a temple of Diana, and the place, from whence the oracles were deliver'd from the inspir'd priestess, still perfect. The Tourmagne is another of the curiosities of Nismes; it is on the highest hill in the country and from the top of it we saw the Mediterranean sea. I must mention Ferdinand Viviere, a young Frenchman who is eternally with us. He is so like Patty Wilmot,<sup>1</sup> it startles me to look at him; 'tis from him Lord Mount Cashell has bought the place for the children during the winter. He has conducted us to the theatre which is a most beautiful one, just finish'd, and has been a most excellent guide during our abode. We are also acquainted with Savonediers not worth describing and Mr. Acklom's<sup>2</sup> family, who are in our Hotel. 'Tis impossible to omit the Ortolons, a dozen of which wrapt up in vine-leaves are serv'd up every day for the second course. To-morrow we are to proceed on our journey towards the Alps.

<sup>1</sup> Her cousin Martha Wilmot, youngest daughter of Robert Montagu Wilmot, M.D.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Acklom, of Wyseton Hall, Notts, who married Elizabeth Bernard, sister of Francis, 1st Earl of Bandon. His only daughter, Esther, married 1814, John Charles, 3rd Earl Spencer.

## ITALY

Turin, 30<sup>me</sup> Vendemiaire, An 11. 19th October, 1802.  
Rue Neuf.

This last week has presented such a variety of beauty before my eyes that they ache absolutely while I think of all I've seen. But I promise you are to expect no description, for it requires the language of Brobdignag to convey any conception of the gigantic world, we have been flitting through. On leaving Nismes in our way towards Grenoble, we spent the two first days in a cold wild desolate country bare and rawboned, rising up perpetually into grim scaldheaded Mountains moaning under the prevalence of the north-east wind. This Bise as they call it, is dreaded like the Plague and brings such blighting consequences in its train both to man and vegetation, that we look'd upon it as an unlucky omen, our raising such a spirit to conduct us across the Alps; more especially as from the moment we quitted Paris, not a cloud had darken'd the blaze of sunshine during the entire month. However, the third morning, all the splendour of the weather return'd and with it the magic scenery of Dauphiny which towards Grenoble is uninterruptedly an expanse of Garden cover'd with Forests of chestnuts and walnut trees, Vineyards, Cherries, Quinzes, Pears, Medlars, Olives, and every species of fruit distributed in the most beautifully abundant manner, over the most diversified country encircled by the Alps. The Vineyards were more various than you can conceive, sometimes awning over fields, so as to perpetuate an Arbour for the space of Miles, sometimes hung on trees which were united in thousands by their festoons and crown'd with their bright Autumnal Foliage of scarlet, brown, yellow and every shade of green, so that each seem'd a leafy Prison on which the rays of Light broke in their original colouring. Sometimes from the tops of mountains they fell in purple cataracts, so that the life blood in the country's veins seem'd



circulating before one's eyes and in short, throughout, the luxuriant drapery they throw over the form of nature, renders it the most enchanting spot my imagination cou'd possibly conceive. We went frequently into the Cottages, and found the inhabitants preparing their dinner, which was of boil'd chestnuts, thrown smoking on a deal table, and eat with salt and milk. A vast quantity of oil is press'd from walnuts, and Ratafia from the Kernel of the Cherries. These, together with their silk, are considerable commodities of commerce in Dauphiny.

The fourth night we arriv'd at Montmelian in Savoy, which is in every feature precisely answerable to Switzerland. Nature is on so vast a scale, that I mistook Haystacks for Beehives, and the little flat roof'd hamlets scatter'd under the shelter of immense Rocks, scarcely look'd larger than a cluster of brown Fairy stools at the foot of a Tree which, by the by, both in colour and shape they exactly resemble. The clouds resting in white fleeces on the dark Forests of Pine, the black perpendicular sides of the Mountains whiten'd with the foam of Torrents which roar in their fall from cliff to cliff till they are lost in the echoes of the mountains, the groups of Savoyards leading their mules laden with wine across the country, the wintry snow on the summits of the mountains, and sunshine Summer in the Valleys, the beauty of the woods contrasted with ten thousand colours, and the flinging of the scarlet Barberry-bushes to the sides of the road : these objects repeated eternally with renew'd beauty were what enchanted us for 13 hours of a stretch, during three days that we were imprison'd amongst the Rocks. So that every past vision of my imagination is now transferr'd as a fact into my memory.

I never shall forget the necromantic beauty of one spot where I should have liked to spend my life. A Cave, over which the Rock had form'd itself into a Gothic Castle and mouldering Fortifications lost in the Shadowings of Pine, and symphonis'd by the

music of the waters; the rivulets stealing from their native woods, dimpling through their beds of moss, sparkling with a thousand colours in the sun, foaming over the interlaced branches of the purple flowering heath, and then dashing in diamond-spray from the rocks amongst the dark and beautiful waters of the Isere; the Junipers and Larch feathering amongst the colour'd clouds and gilt by the sun, which yellow'd into a Rock of Amber; the transparent Snow that crown'd the mountain: everything appear'd more lovely than I can describe! And this is the spot where my spirit wou'd fain have dwelt, had I not recollected the Image of a grim jaw bone that I saw in one of the Churches, fram'd in gold and precious stones, which so epitomis'd the horrid incongruity of myself enshrin'd amidst these wonders, that I turn'd with terror from the thought just on our entry into an Inn, happy in a more becoming harbour for such grotesque presumption. The people of the country are frightful, tho' in their little laced jackets and bordered petticoats, they look picturesque enough in groups at an awful distance. But the guatars on their throats are terrific, of which they must be perfectly insensible as a defect, for they decorate them with gold trinkets, and look so stupid, that one is sometimes at a loss to find which is the Guatar, the Face or the throat.

You would have been diverted at seeing us cross the barrier into Piedmont called Mount Cenis. The day before yesterday we left Lansleburg tied on litters like cripples, muzzled, and pack'd in straw, our chairs supported by wild Savoyards, and relays of them running by the side, who hopp'd nimbly with us from Rock to rock, singing and emulating each other in feats of activity. Three miles I think is the height, so that by the time we got to the Top, the clouds were rolling totally beneath us. The Piedmontese side unfolded the most romantic scenes in our descent from the clouds and snows, and we enter'd into the Village of Novalese at the foot of ten thousand Moun-



tains, each of which bears the name of a Saint, so that one wou'd suppose all the glorious company of Martyrs had suddenly petrified before they reach'd the clouds. But here you have pass'd St. Cenis, before I told you half that I intended, and most scandalous it is to have used so prodigious a Mountain with as little ceremony as the old woman did her Egg, on which she had laudably design'd to breakfast! However, I must talk of the Famous Lake at the Top of the Mountain, out of which the River Losem tumbles in raging torrents, perpendicularly into the Valleys, the rush of which against the dark projecting Rocks, sends out showers of spray glittering in the light like diamonds, and producing the most inconceivable effect of beauty. The trout from the Lake, is all that the Mountaineers conceive excites the delight of strangers, being uniformly unconscious of the attractions of their country; and it becomes as delicate a matter to insinuate a Mountain to a Mountaineer, as a Hump to a deform'd Person. However the hungry traveller benefits by the mistake, for the most excellent Repast awaits him at the Inn, and four or five rosy daughters of the house boast with heartfelt pride that many return to Lake Losem for the sole purpose of dining on its celebrated Trout. You cannot conceive anything to compare to the gaiety and wild spirits of our Savoyards who carried us across the mountain; they went full speed, running races with one another, bounding down the Rocks from cliff to cliff, and emulating each other in every feat of activity. In coming into the little towns, or rather villages, scatter'd on the Mountain, they set up a wild song, which brought out all the quatar'd villagers, and after setting us down, like old disabled Beggarwomen, at the side of the road, they went in to regale themselves with Vin-du-Pays. It was quite a part of their trade to amuse us with conversation. Amongst twenty or thirty of them, they severally boasted of being the individual who carried Bonaparte as Conqueror out of Italy. But tho' they

contested for this honor, they spoke with pleasure of the King of Sardinia, whom they good humour'dly call'd Roi de Marmotes and seem'd to think the old yoke best. However, they said "God was better than either, Who gave them sun to ripen yellow their Turkish Wheat", and really the effect of it hanging like beads of burnish'd gold against their houses, together with the Arbours of yellow flowering Gourds, which always shroud their dwellings, adds more than I can express to the contrasted darkness of the boundless Forests which crest the splendour of the encircling scene. But tho' I have been talking to you so long about this Barrier which divides France and Italy, and pictures a Country upon either side, yet I am conscious of having convey'd no fair idea, and therefore I must content myself with humbly representing it to you as a half-penny, one half representing an English King's Head, the other an Irish Harp.

Yesterday we had a dreary wet journey of seven Posts from Novalese to Turin, and from horrible stories we had heard on the road were in desperate fear of Banditti. But luckily we met a French Regiment which was returning into France, which effectually lull'd our apprehensions; the wives of the Officers were all drest, and riding, like men and looking like little boys of 14 or 15 years of age. From Avignon we have experienc'd different gradations of patois and even what one hears at Turin, is anything but Italian; nevertheless, they call me Signora for which I am extremely obliged to them, as it is a title that tickles my ear more than I can possibly express.

Turin, 14 Brumaire, An. 11.

Novr. 2nd, 1802—Rue Neuf.

We have spent a fortnight at Turin, a principal part of which time I was confin'd with a dangerous cold, caught in crossing Mont Cenis. What I have seen, however, you shall hear. At the top of this street is



the beautiful Palace of the King of Sardinia, inhabited by Gen. Jourdain<sup>1</sup> who in fact is Sovereign. After the business of the Rhine he was recall'd to Paris where he stay'd two years, since which he has been stationed at Turin. But first of the Town, which is situated at the foot of the Alps, now entirely cover'd with snow, a sure prognostic of fine weather. Lovely as these mountains look in verdure, they are, to my eye, a thousand times more extraordinary and sublime in their whiten'd guise, heav'd into such variety of shapes, and dazzling in the illumination of the blazing sunbeams. Little did I ever think, when as a child I have sat on Harry Davies' knee hearkening to the wonders of his Fairy tales that I ever should have travell'd into that land "where every hillock was a sugar-loaf, and every mountain made of sugar candy." But tho' you will hate me for my folly, I declare and vow the dreams of Fancy are realiz'd, and the scenery about me, is so unlike anything I ever saw before that I feel myself acquitted of giving shape to the slightest exaggeration. However I know how to have compassion on the subject of descriptions of "Hills and dales, and purling streams" and, therefore, I will pop your imagination for refuge under the little Brown wig of Signor Vassali, a Professor of Natural Philosophy, who, together with many others, Lady Mount Cashell got letters of recommendation to, from the Abbé Grégoire. He is a little old scientific man with the wisdom of centuries and the simplicity of a child, and looks as uninjur'd by time, as if he had been dug out of the Ruins of Herculaneum. He has receiv'd great credit for his researches on the subject of Galvanism and one evening brought two or three unfortunate Frogs in his pocket, which after having murder'd cruelly, he brought kicking into life again by the application of Zinc and Silver to the termination of the Nerves and Muscles. His mind runs so genuinely on these subjects, that when the French

<sup>1</sup> Jean Baptiste, Comte Jourdan (1762-1833), Marshal of France, employed by Napoleon in the organisation and administration of Piedmont.

were about the Town battering away the Fortifications, seizing the citadel, and apprehending traitors, he was groping in a subterraneous passage for Bats; and being seen by a French soldier, was dragg'd before the National tribunal, charged with plotting against the State and was just going to be escorted to prison, when he took out his snuffy pocket handkerchief in which he had conceal'd his Bats, who immediately spread their leathern wings, and flew with such conviction in the face of the Judge, that poor Vassali was instantly acquitted, and return'd in triumph amongst his Frogs and Bats and instruments of Natural Philosophy. Signor Boddisson, a Chanoine, and a very sensible man was another of our Turin acquaintances; together with Signor Richardi, member of the Tribunal d'Appel, a man of infinite wit; and Signor Emanuel Mastiloni, a member of the Criminal Court, a Neapolitan, and who, added to fathomless instruction, possess'd infinite mildness of manners. Two or three times, by way of relaxation in the evenings, Signor Boddisson brought some delightful musicians, and gave Lady Mount Cashell a Concert in her own house. Every morning these gentlemen call'd and accompanied us to the public institutions. In the way of Science, Turin was famous before the Revolution. We were delighted with the Cabinet of Natural History which is on a very extensive scale. Amongst ten thousand curiosities *La tête de Meduse* struck my fancy. It is a Fish, which when contracted, is not much longer than my finger, and looks like a hundred snakes coil'd together; but has the power of expanding itself 80 or 90 feet in circumference. In the Public Library were forty Volumes of fine illuminated Books of Botanic Plants indigenous to these Mountains, and all drawn by the hand of one Man. The School for Sculpture is full of excellent imitations of the Louvre, and the Gallery of Paintings, Schools of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Metallurgy, all on the first style of establishment. Amidst these eloquent interpreters to



Nature, where her fine organization develops itself with such simplicity, through the voice of science, how agonising it is to reflect on the trackless ignorance of one's own mind ! As I walk through these Schools, the small, still voice of conscience whispers such bitter reproaches in my ears, that I return home hating myself, lamenting my past life and forming Resolutions for a futurity. We went often to the Theatre, which is extremely magnificent, brilliantly painted ceiling, five rows of Boxes towering one above another, splendidly gilt and decorated with medallions, and everything on a vast and very elegant scale. But it is so much the fashion to talk during the Performance, that it is hardly possible to know what is going on. How different from the bienséance of Paris.

We trotted up to see the Observatory, but instead of gazing at the Heavens, we dropt our eyes upon the earth, and saw the Town beautifully built and divided with as much regularity as a Chess Board. At a league's distance are the Towers of Superva. Turin being built at the foot of the Alps, fills its museums with various curiosities, and agate is frequently found even in the pavement of the streets. The People detest the French yoke most heartily. Since the union of Savoy and this part of Italy to France everything has declin'd, and the Banker is just gone to Paris with an address from the inhabitants of Turin to Bonaparte, complaining of the principal manufacture of silk being no longer productive on account of export being prohibited.

I must mention the dancing at the Opera Buffa, where we have occasionally gone for an hour, Lady Mount Cashell being presented with the Key of the Prefect's Box during her residence here. It is call'd La Dance grotesque and perform'd at intervals of the Ballet. A man appears at the remote end of the stage whirling himself head over heels in the air, and advancing in this manner with a clumsy force of clownish exertion, till he comes flump upon his heels,

with such a thundering noise, that the House resounds. Little spangled actresses seem then literally to be thrown out from behind the scenes, at either side, and turn round and round in the air in such a manner, that it is impossible to know which end is uppermost, till at length they too come flump upon the floor with the same crash ! They then look as if they were ossified and without the appearance of bending a joint, jump up and down, up and down, up and down, perpendicularly, till their strength is completely exhausted and disappearing in the same extraordinary manner in which they enter'd, the last view of the flourishing exhibiting their heels uppermost. They are reliev'd by others from behind the scenes. The French dancing, however, is cultivated. But the Italians practise on this subject what half the world does in matters of higher moment; they make a virtue of necessity and conscious of all their neighbours dancing better than themselves, by pushing their defect a little into burlesque, they excessively divert the Public and consequently bring their dancing into vogue.

I won't say anything on the subject of Churches, tho' this town contains beautiful ones, because my illness prevented my venturing out at the time they were visited, and indeed I am so reduced that I have no spirits for anything. I believe I should like utter solitude better than any other mode of life, at least I should like the unrestricted power of rolling back into my own existence, like a snail into its shell, without the deplorable necessity of putting out my horns to every intruding Blackguard who usurps me from myself. This you will tell me is BECAUSE I DID NOT SEE THE CHURCHES. Wiseacre that you are ! make no impertinent reflections upon me, but learn before we quitted Turin we had verified the stories of *Italian Revenge*, for frequently below stairs the men quarel'd and slash'd at each other with sharp knives on the slightest provocation; nobody daring to interfere or they would indubitably have



incurred the same fate. This I heard from the Servants with whom they dined—and whom I envy very often in having a hundred opportunities of familiarising themselves with the habits and customs of foreign countries, totally denied to their Masters and Mistresses.

Milan, 15 Novr. 1802.

26<sup>me</sup> Brumaire, An 11.  
Albergo Reale.

The day after I wrote last we quitted Turin, and after four days travelling arriv'd at Milan. This journey we perform'd with Voituriers. It is about 93 English miles, which proves to you the slow pace we go at. However, we had some delay the first day at Vercelli in quitting the French Territories in Piedmont and entering into the Cisalpine Republick. This was occasion'd by the officers of la Doüane, examination of Passports &c. However, it occasion'd our making uncommonly pleasant acquaintances at The Prefecture, where fortunately Lady Mount Cashell had letters of recommendation. Signor Francia, Secretary to Signor St. Martin la Motte, the Prefect of Vercelli, a very interesting young man in deep mourning for his wife and the image of Beresford, came to ask us to dinner, and to offer his services in conducting us about the town; the latter we accepted of, and found the first ceremony to be complied with, was a visit to the Prefect. Signor St. Martin la Motte receiv'd us with great state. He was dress'd in the blue and silver embroidery of his office, had the air of a place man, and as much Brocade in his countenance as there was on his Boots and coat. After this Etiquette was finish'd, Signor Francia accompanied us about the town. We went to Churches, and saw one amongst them built as a penance by Alfred of England, as they say. Service was performing in the Cathedral, and I reckon'd 16 Confessionals in which Priests were sitting, with their ears to the grates, and at each side the sinners on

their knees whispering contrition, without being in the least disturb'd by the interruptions about them. We then saw a very beautiful looking Theatre, that workmen were deliberately pulling down, which Francia told us had been built only a few years ago. But as in the time when Party ran high at Vercelli between the Aristocrats and Democrats, a story had prevail'd in the town relative to an intention of destroying the latter by the premeditated falling in of the Roof of the Building, nobody dared to frequent the place, and, becoming useless from prejudice, they are now razing it to the ground. Early in the evening the Prefect sent his carriage with his interesting Segretario il Signor Francia, to request we should all accompany La Signora St. Martin la Motte to the theatre, which Lady Mount Cashell did and I went to Bed half expiring with fatigue. But on her return she came into my Room to tell me the story of the evening and to insist on my being up very early, for that she had fallen a victim to la bella Signora who was to breakfast with us the next morning, and she wanted me to be in the same predicament with herself. She came at 8 o'clock accompanied by her little daughter about five years old and Signor Francia. I don't think I ever saw so beautiful a creature, nor such brilliant eyes of fire, as those of La Signora St. Martin La Motte. Her manners are so lively, so natural, and so amiable, and her child so enchanting, that the effect she produc'd was exhilarating and captivating. She promis'd a hundred incentives for our staying at Vercelli. She sung like an angel, she play'd on the Harp, she offer'd us Concerts, balls, assemblies, Her friendship! In short we parted with the promise we should accept them all on our return, and we bid one another adieu with as many kisses as if she had been a friend of seven years standing. When our amiable and highly gentleman-like Signor Francia, looking so like Beresford, came with his earnest air, to kiss our hands for the last time, and to make us write our names severally in his pocket book, he turned about to Lord Mount



Cashell and, to our utter consternation, kiss'd him on both his cheeks. This was the first time he had undergone the operation, and I never was so diverted in all my life as at witnessing the ceremony.

On leaving Vercelli, we cross'd two or three Rivers on Flying Bridges and one very rapid one, the Ticino which runs out of Lake Major. The country during that day's journey was ugly, and the fields mere plantations of Rice. We slept at Novara, a handsome and well fortified Town. The next morning driving out of Novara, the first object we saw was a murder'd man lying in a ditch. The people pass'd along, look'd at it and appear'd very little affected at the sight. I say nothing of the two next days' journies; the rain was incessant, and the country consequently looking a mere swamp. We pass'd some Rivers *au gue* and arriv'd early in the day at Milan. One of the first circumstances that struck our eyes, on sitting round the fire after dinner, was the appearance of an elderly, smart, mad, dun-colour'd little man announcing himself before us as an Improvisatore, and flourishing in his hand a pamphlet he had written on the Rights of Women, and which he call'd the illustrious Pillar on which rested all the prerogatives of half the creation. Immediately he became inspir'd with Parnassian phrenzy, invoked every Muse by name, hurl'd down every God and Goddess from their spheres, and daub'd all their attributes pell-mell upon our most unpoetic circle, which for the first time found itself endow'd with the Doves of Venus, the thunderbolts of Jove, the wings of Mercury, and all the divine insignia of the heavenly train.

The ten days that we have been at Milan have been spent in seeing various sights, in spite of rain which has fallen uninterruptedly. I think in all my life I never saw anything to come up to the beauty of the Gothic Cathedral. It is entirely built of white polish'd Marble, both inside and outside, and tho' 450 years since it was begun, it is not yet finish'd

from the enormousness of the expense; one chapel is in pure silver, all the panels carv'd, and beautifully representing different stages of the Saint's life to whom it is dedicated. Mysteriously veil'd before the Altar, is an original relique of a tooth set in diamonds, and framed in gold and mother of pearl. The Friar who walk'd about the aisles with us, was a delightful sketch of a wholesale camel swallower. He believ'd in the most extravagant miracles perform'd at the Shrine of the Tooth, and recapitulated them to us, with the most devout gravity. We follow'd his injunctions in going to the Cathedral during the festival, and in two evenings afterwards saw it, in the splendour of yellow light flaming against the Altar, and beaming from silver lamps against the dark columns, which, in common with all its proportions, are of enormous magnitude. Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia, or rather Frankincense of the most aromatic odour, is burnt eternally about the Priests clothed in Gold, and the smoke envelopes them in such a manner that they often appear like dazzling apparitions on a floating cloud, and add considerably to the effect of the scene. In short, I must go on talking about this Cathedral. For my imagination never was so captivated with the sublimity of any place, and the devotional sentiments which such a Sanctuary awakens. I never can forget the chill of horror I experienced on perceiving a miserable worn Penitent kneeling shrunk behind a column, pale and languidly frantic in the expiring movement of his livid features. I had remark'd him in the same spot during the morning with a black Rosary in his wretched thin hand and still, while we walk'd for hours through the aisles, this figure incessantly return'd upon our view. It was hopeless to attempt attracting his attention by offering Charity. He was absolutely absorb'd in his own mind, and we heard from those about him, that as a flagrant sinner the severity of his expiations had reduc'd him to this state and the hopelessness of absolution would inevit-



ably leave him to perish in the embittering torments of despair. Crowds of Capuchins, with shaved heads, long beards, and cinder-colour'd hooded Orders, walk'd about the Church, and the gayer Cavaliers exhibited an air of Mystery from dark assassination Cloaks thrown gallantly over one shoulder, and wound across half the face, so as to discover but one Italian black and brilliant eye sparkling from beneath, in the most radiant beauty. Multitudes of dwarfs and cripples throng every haunt and the persecutions of beggars in all the Churches, considerably alloy the pleasure one might otherwise enjoy.

This cidevant capital of Lombardy, now of the Cisalpine Republick, contains about 130,000 inhabitants, and is abundant in Corn, Rice, Silk and Cheeses, the same as Parmazan. Since 1525, at the famous Battle of Pavia when Charles 5th of Germany took Francis 1st prisoner, the Duchy of Milan had always appertain'd to the House of Austria, till the French army under Bonaparte in 1797 involv'd it in the Cisalpine Republick. Before the battle of Pavia, Milan was torn by factions between the Nobles and the People; at the head of the latter were the Tarriani, who were at length overturn'd by the Viscontis, their Rivals. The Government at present is nominated by Bonaparte, and this is the residence of the Directoire executif des deux chambres des Corps Legislatif, and likewise of the six Ministers of the Interior, of the Police, of Justice, of Finance, of War, and of foreign affairs. General Murat,<sup>1</sup> formerly a private soldier and now married to Bonaparte's sister, is commander in chief of all the Milanese and French troops here. It is the order of Bonaparte to put the French recruits into Milanese Regiments, and Milanese recruits into the French ones. Near Lake Como, there are very fine mines of Iron, and

<sup>1</sup> Joachim Murat, King of Naples (1768–1815). He was one of Napoleon's bravest and most devoted Generals and as the husband of his sister, Caroline, was especially favoured by him. His love of display pleased the Neapolitans, while his moderate views made him popular.

rich veins of Copper, Lead, and other minerals. In these mountains about Lakes Major and Como, are found a variety of Marbles, Agates, granite, fine Christalizations and petrifications of marine bodies. At six miles from Como, is the celebrated Pliniana which formerly belong'd to Pliny; the spring there is periodically intermitting. Two miles from this town is a famous echo, which is said to repeat the sound forty times. We were to have visited the Lakes but were prevented by the fear of Cold. I will say nothing of dozens of beautiful Churches we went to; the Marbles, precious stones, Verd Antique, Lapis La Zuli, Agates, Rubies, Emeralds &c., absolutely dazzling our eyes. One which was compos'd of skeletons and human skulls throughout, in which they said Masses for the dead, exceedingly attracted my fancy. There is a curious practice throughout Italy of the poor people sending exvetos to be hung up in the Churches, in memory of their recovery, which is always ascribable to the interposition of a guardian Saint. To this Chapel therefore are always sent, painted representations of the accident or illness, with the apparition of a divine Missionary. These pictures being generally drawn by the persons themselves, are more whimsically grotesque than you can possibly conceive and they have kept me twenty times laughing at their excessive ridiculousness, rather than passing further in quest of better entertainment.

The Theatres we have generally gone to, in the Evenings. The Ramparts of the Town form a delightful walk and the Publick Gardens are beautiful.

Florence, 28 Novr. 1802.

8<sup>me</sup> Frimaire, An 11.  
Aquila nera. Albergo Pio.

It is a Fortnight since I wrote last from Milan, which we quitted that day. We have since been loitering at Pavia, Plaisance, Parma, Modena, Bologna, and yesterday arriv'd at Florence. The distance



from Milan to this place is 219 English miles which we perform'd with Voituriers, the slowest and most sleepy mode of travelling in the world.

On quitting Milan, we travell'd on for about 15 miles, where we turn'd a little out of our road to see the famous Chartreuse, which is reckon'd the finest in Europe. It has entirely escaped the devastations of the French, tho' they have depriv'd the Carthusian Monks of their revenues, and reduced them to 25 from an establishment of 500. It is form'd on the Model of the Cathedral of Milan and built by Visconti. It stands in an open country, and you see it at the end of an enormous long Avenue made of Cypress; it is wrought as beautifully almost upon the outside as the ivory work of a Fan, and the sculpture is perfection itself. The collection of precious stones and pillars of the finest marble, together with the Paintings in Fresco, surpass belief. The Monks in their Black robes, wandering through the aisles give a peculiarly picturesque appearance to the character of the place. Just before we enter'd Pavia, we saw the spot celebrated for the Victory of Charles 5th over Francis 1st. On driving into the Town, we saw the equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Lance of Orlando, &c. and the next day were disabled from going any farther than a few miles by the torrents of rain that fell, and therefore were oblig'd to put up at a miserable wild dismantled looking house, with all the air in the world of being haunted, either with Spirits or Banditti. Bands of Robbers had infested this part of the country, and we heard of the horrid assassination of five men when we were at Milan, which, in an unlucky moment we recollected, must not only have been in this spot, but their murderers harbour'd precisely in this very House, from the description answering so exactly to everything we saw. On these occasions whenever Lady Mount Cashell's and my courage began to give way, we consulted the expression of Para's countenance, the Courier who knew every inch of the ground, and had served in that

Publick capacity in the French army during all the campaigns in Italy. He had more address and intrepidity of nature than any man I ever knew; bore hunger, cold and sleeplessness absolutely without the consciousness of their being evils, and, quite with the distinguish'd air of a Cavalier, possess'd a cheerfulness of humour and courtesy of manner, that in the life of adventure we were in, render'd Para a personage of the highest moment. On our going therefore upstairs, and (from the crack'd panes of the trickling windows) seeing that the rains had swell'd the water, so as to moat round the Inn like an Island, and perceiving everything inside in frightful disorder, the long deal table overturn'd and cut and slash'd with dinner knives upon the surface; a picture of Jesus Christ revers'd upon its peg and warnings scrawl'd with blood and charcoal against the wall, we trembled like a pair of arch cowards, and with one accord and at the same moment, ask'd each other what Para thought of the situation we were in? We instantly went flying in pursuit of him and found him with a parcel of faggots in his arms, coming to light our fire on a flat expanse of hearth, and follow'd by two black hideous looking men, with torn mattresses on their backs, which they flumpt down in a passion in the middle of the floor, and went off growling like a pair of demons. This did not add much to our composure, nor did Para's face, which was set exactly in that resolute way which augur'd perfect hopelessness on our part of expounding his thoughts, by any questions we cou'd put to him, and therefore we let him follow his inventions, which were these. For the mattresses of straw to be laid round the fire, on which Lady Mount Cashell, the child, and I were to repose cover'd over with our great coats. Candles to burn on the Tables throughout the night and the Fire to be eternally replenish'd, for which bundles of wood were unwillingly brought into the room; Lord Mount Cashell to be in the little closet within side of us. For our supper they brought us up a patriarchal cock,



with stiff black legs, which seem'd to have died of the gout a month before, and Macaroni in a bowl writhing into a hundred serpents. The door was then lock'd and we were to await our doom till morning. You may imagine the kind of night we spent. The wind was roaring a hurricane, and the rain pattering frightfully against the windows; there were no shutters to prevent our seeing bright blue flashes of lightning fork across the room, or hearing the crashes of thunder breaking in hollow echoes amongst the Apennines, which eternally reminded us of these Mountains being the resort of legions of Banditti, who always find in their recesses a sanctuary from the pursuits of Justice. During the entire night we heard the rumbling of voices underneath, and occasionally cou'd discern Para's in an authoritative tone and then violent bursts of laughter which were again overpower'd by a clap of thunder. Strange, and most inexplicable as it may appear, after our staying awake breathless with apprehension, heark'ning to every noise we heard, we at length forgot our woes, and were woke by Para's unlocking the door in the clear light of a rising sun. We at first look'd upbraidingly at one another, for our insensibility, then felt incredulous at finding ourselves alive; and at length began to recollect our good fortune, in having escaped the dangers of the place, from which we made as expeditious a sortie as we possibly cou'd with Para galloping by our sides in high delight. The moment we were clear off, he rode up to the carriage window and congratulated us on our escape from the most complete cut-throat spot in Italy. He had arm'd himself with pistols, had given some defensive weapon to William and stilletos to the two voituriers, Louis and François, all of whom resolv'd on sitting amongst the people of the Inn during the night, round the kitchen fire, drinking and carousing, and cajoling them by a thousand methods. They let out, he said, in conversation, a hundred things which confirm'd every suspicion of its being, not only a harbour for Assassins

but of the Landlord and his sons being privy to the murders and sharing in the plunder. In short he most thoroughly confirm'd all our apprehensions and made us feel that his address of conduct, together with the accident of its being a market day and the People a good deal about the roads, alone saved us from the fate many have suffer'd in that frightful den of horrors and assassinations.

On entering Plaisance, we cross'd the Po and on entering the town the Equestrian Statues of Ranuccio Farnese and Alexander Farnese, particularly struck our attention. Plaisance was the theatre on which General Macdonald distinguished himself during the War. I wonder while I was in Piedmont, I never thought of describing the dress of the peasantry there, as well as about Milano, the effect being very singular and pretty. The women have a profusion of long hair, which is comb'd back from their foreheads, and wound in a large knot at the back of their heads, fasten'd with a skewer 10 or 11 inches in length which projects across their ears considerably, and is generally terminated either with a gilt Ball, or an immense white Bead; ear-rings of a prodigious size and necklaces fill up the bald look this produces about the jaws, and the rest of the dress is jacket and stays work'd in gold threads, and as much ornamented as the wearer can afford; white shift sleeves are tied over all, with bunches of the gayest colour'd Ribbands. The only thing they have as a Hat, is a vast number of folds of white Linen laid flat and square upon their heads about the size of a stiff pocket handkerchief with a tassel at one corner. Except that it is white and three times as large, it something resembles a Collegian's cap, and tho' at first I thought it shocking, my eye afterwards became perfectly reconciled to its appearance. The Fountains in the centre of the towns are beautiful, and as yet no place has been so insignificant as not to boast this ornament.

The fourth night we got to Parma, where we stay'd two days. The town is surrounded with fortifications



and Bastions and has a strong citadel; and the Churches, Gallery of Painting and Sculpture, Museums and Schools which we visited were extremely well worth inspection. We saw the grand Theatre, design'd by Vignola 300 years ago, and so arranged, that a mimic naval fight was carried on in its arena. The Cathedral, 800 years old, is ornamented with the paintings of Correggio and Parmigiano, and the Ducal Palace, in which is a most valuable library, where, under certain restrictions, the publick are allow'd to read. In this Library is one of the most famous pictures in Italy. Lady Mount Cashell bought a good many books from Bodini, who call'd on her afterwards, and appears a very sensible man. His type surpasses Baskerville. The Church of St. Mary de la Staccata was hanging in Black for the reception of the body of the late Duke of Parma. He appears dreadfully lamented. His dominions which were never molested by the French during his lifetime, are now seiz'd upon in the name of Bonaparte, and a French Garrison stationed here. Moreau, the French Ambassador receiv'd these orders and as it was without the knowledge of the Parmazans, the slight seems acutely felt, tho' they are check'd so much on all sides, that resentment is unavailing. The Young Count Legnati, a charming Boy of about 14 years of age whose Father we knew very much of at Paris, came to visit us in the evening, accompanied by his Tutor, and young as he was, he appear'd so indignant at the degraded state of his country that he cou'd scarcely speak without the tears coming into his eyes.

The late Duke was married to an Arch Duchess of Austria, now residing at Rome; their son who is married to a Princess of Spain, is now made King of Etruria by Bonaparte.

The morning before we left Parma, Lord and Lady Oxford<sup>1</sup> who were in the same Hotel with us, came

<sup>1</sup> Edward Harley, 5th Earl of Oxford (1773-1849), married 1794, Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. James Scott, Rector of Stokin, Hants.

to visit Lady Mount Cashell; the latter appears prepossessing in her manners but as yet I know nothing of them. We shall meet again at Florence.

From Parma to Modena the drive is highly beautiful, the country rich and cover'd with vineyards which are cultivated sometimes by one vine being bent down to the root of another, so as to give the ground the undulating look of a sea running high in a storm, and sometimes they are as high as the forest trees on which they are supported and which they ornament with garlands and festoons in abundance. We cross'd the Tessinaro, over which the Duke of Parma built a Bridge, as well as over every other River in his dominions. We stay'd at Modena a day, not as a refuge after committing assassination like Brutus after he stabb'd Cæsar, and sought asylum here, but piously to visit one of the finest Cathedrals in Italy, or rather the finest Tower, to the top of which we trotted to see the view of the surrounding town. We never ceas'd scarcely looking at very valuable collections of Pictures rescued from the Ducal Palace at Parma, and being originals and masterpieces they were secreted with particular care to avoid the plunder of the French. The Laquais de Place took us to three Palaces, which we thought embarrassing, not being known to the inhabitants; however, they were excessively polite, and not only exhibited their numerous collections of paintings, but offer'd us refreshments of every kind.

The next day we drove from Modena to Bologna. During this day's journey, the fields look'd as green as in Ireland, and the numbers of rivers there are in this country fertilize it most luxuriantly. We remain'd a day at Bologna which is delightfully situated at the foot of the Apennines and is five miles in circumference. One may walk entirely through it under colonnades which support the Houses, and the Reno runs through the Town. The Laquais de Place who conducted us about, was the most intelligent that I ever saw. He knew the history of every-



thing and anticipated every question by the most succinct and excellent descriptions. We drove full speed about the town in a German Barouche, which was a relief after the funereal pacc of our Voituriers. We stopt in la Place du Gigante to see the Marble Fountain made by John of Bologna. The bronze Neptune and water nymphs at another fountain is his Chef d'œuvre. In the Church of St. Petronia, there is a Meridian made by the famous Cassini. We saw a multitude of other Churches, sadly robbed of their fine pictures, either by the French, or the inhabitants of Bologna who hid them at their approach. Of all those which had been preserv'd, there is a Gallery containing the Masterpieces of the three Carracci, Guido and most of the celebrated painters of Italy. In another Gallery call'd Sampieri, we saw the works of Hercules by Carracci, and in short we visited so many exhibitions of Paintings in a few hours that my head became quite confus'd and retains I fear but a very imperfect idea, exactly as in a ray of light where the meeting of all the colours of the Rainbow oblitrates the whole into white. Bologna so celebrated for the fine Arts and Sciences, abounds in Universities, Academies, Museums, Libraries, and Observatory and everything calculated to convey instruction. In the anatomical Room, the wax work is wonderfully executed, and shew'd the Human figure under every gradation from a raw skeleton to the fibrous coverings of the muscles, and so on up to the perfection of beauty. In passing by we saw a Church lit up, where Masses were singing for the reposit of some Noble's soul; the entire Altar was yellow with candles, and the Church elegantly hung in transparent drapery of Saffron Crape, edg'd and spotted with black velvet; white festoons intermix'd like crmine with black tails, and Priests in choirs chanting round the Coffin which was erected in the middle on a pyramidical Monument, cover'd with gold, and blazing in Light. In the evening we went to the theatre, one of the finest in Italy, built

of stone, and more cheerful looking than any I have seen. Banti sang angelically in the Opera of Oedipus. The company was numerous, and look'd pretty much like a Parisian assemblage, excepting that the Ladies were not so classically dress'd. We bought boxes of the famous phosphoric stone found on Mount Paterne, near the Town, and saw the effect most luminously in a dark room. The commerce of Bologna is considerable; they say the waters of the Reno have a particular quality for the preparation of silk which is one of their principal manufactures, as are those of Hemp, Sail Cloth, Paper, Soap, Liqueurs and Artificial Flowers. In the neighbourhood of Bologna is a spring of cold water call'd Aqua buja which catches fire as it approaches the light. As to the famous sausages of Bologna, we got none, tho' they gave excellent Parmazan Cheese, which latter they did not let appear at Parma, but treated us with very fine Bologna Sausages !

The next morning we left Bologna, in a melancholy fall of rain and began to ascend the Apennines, in which mountains we were imprisoned for three long days. During this time our carriages were toss'd about like ships in a storm, such was the rocking, and such the dreadful fatigue. Our accommodations amongst the mountaineers were not much calculated to assuage these effects, as they generally consisted of a hard mattress and stiff short quilt, which let the air blow in in every direction. For eating it did not signify, as we always could get fresh eggs, tho' nothing else, excepting a sort of soup or infamous Macaroni. We were delay'd at la Douane by the examination of trunks, on passing from the "Cisalpine Republick" into Etruria and were stop't so long, that we were compleatly benighted, amongst such a collection of black gigantic Mountains, that it was impossible to discern them from the heavy clouds of thunder that hung in darkness over our heads. These frightful Apennines, where bands of Assassins to the amount of 40, issue forth sometimes upon unfortunate travellers,



and often let Stillettos reach their lives ! This was no matter of mere apprehension with us, for we had in the morning met nine men in chains escorted towards Milan, for the perpetration of a horrid robbery and murder. The night was so dark, and the Tempest so wild; the Floods roaring in the valleys, and the precipices so perpendicular; that I don't comprehend how we escaped being blown headlong over the edge of the slippery road which was without an inch of parapet. In the midst of our danger, the lamps of the carriage were extinguished, and we were left in utter darkness, with the fear of stillettos before our eyes and the horror of Desperadoes haunting our imaginations. In the midst of this forlorn plight, we were more appall'd than I can express, at a sudden burst of fire from the top of a distant mountain which yellow'd the black horizon, and for a moment we imagined ourselves the destined victims of an earthquake. But we were consol'd by the Muleteers on hearing it was only the eruption of a Volcano, which during a storm increas'd so considerably, that the effect became tremendous. Through its means however we discovered a cottage, where we got guides, who conducted us with torches for three miles safely to our journey's end.

The next day we drove thro' lovely valleys, and really the climate is so soft at this side of the mountains that the season appears to be changed. A Monastery shaded by tall dark Cypress, with black cowl'd Monks wandering through the Courts, and meditating in long Avenues of cedar and cypress trees terminated by crucifixes, was the style of picture that flitted perpetually by the carriage windows, unless contrasted by the less pious, and less spiritual side of the establishment, such as cackling generations of poultry, vineyards, gardens, and sheep, which served as so many comments on the large round paunches of the monks which were elevated before them in great sublimity.

Florence, 17 Decr. 1802. "Aquila Nera," Albergo Pio.

It is three weeks since we arriv'd at Florence, and have prosper'd under the influence of Saint Jean, Patron de la Ville. 'Tis grievous there should be such rivalry in the holy calendar of Saints, and that our poor Irish St. Swithin cannot be allow'd to enjoy his rainy prerogative in quiet upon the Hibernian shores, without his cannoniz'd brother Jean snatching the watering Pot out of his hand, and for one and twenty days almost incessantly sprinkling over this beautiful town without mercy, while we have nevertheless been driving about the streets amongst Venus's, Apollos, Ganymedes, Flying Mercurys, Hercules's, Ledas, Wrestlers, Bacchus's, Phædons, Muses, Nereides, Minervas, so that we have almost forgot we were not among the merry retinue of Jove, and in his feather'd Heaven! These statues, which are of the most exquisite workmanship, seem to start before one into life at every turn and well deserve the honors of a separate collection, but that their value is so well known, that the slightest injury is never offer'd to them, even through the mischief of playful children. Florence seems to me to be made entirely of different colour'd marbles. All the Churches are of black and white, and the Cathedral does not look unlike an Indian tea Chest of inlaid ebony and Ivory, on a prodigious scale. The Streets too are paved with marble, and everything almost monumental of the House of Medici. The gallery of paintings founded by them 500 years ago, has suffer'd sadly by the pillage of the French; we have visited it frequently, and every day return'd home, more and more delighted at the hope of returning there again. The Temple of Niobe and her unfortunate family, all Greek statues, tho' the finest thing one can imagine, is spoil'd from the want of proper arrangement. Instead of flying incoherently in wild disorder from Rock to Rock, evading the fatal arrows of Apollo and Diana, they are all firm on their respective pedestals. What



would have pleas'd you most of anything was an arrangement of Roman Emperors from Julius Cæsar to Gallienus, with their frightful Empresses smirking opposite to them like tête à têtes in a magazine, and perhaps the unfinish'd head of Marcus Brutus which Michael Angelo did not dare to finish. 'Tis melancholy to see the famous octagonal chamber call'd the Tribuna with its five empty Pedestals. What once fill'd them we saw at Paris, except the Venus de Medici which had not arriv'd from Palermo. But God knows Venuses of one sort or other are so abundant in these Galleries, that 'tis absolutely impossible to believe the number can be added to or, in many instances, the beauty made superior. I thought of you again in the Room which contains the Portraits of the most eminent Painters during the three last centuries, because I know your passion for such sort of methodical things. They are all done by themselves, but tho' I am going to stop immediately about Pictures and Statues, which of late I have caught an inconceivable admiration for, I must confess, yet I cannot resist speaking of Titian's Venuses, one his wife and the other his Mistress, which I absolutely have seen in my dreams for many a long night. The Cabinets of natural History, of Medals, of Astronomy, of Antiquities, &c. I will pass over, and skip to the Society of the place, which we have had many pleasant specimens of. First, Monsignore Morozzo, the Pope's Nuncio, call'd in the evening. He announced himself on his ticket "*Archevêque de Thebes, Nonce Apostolique pres S: M: le Roi d'Etrurier*", and suddenly a tall, thin, transparent looking man in black silk robes, gold chain, scarlet callote and purple stockings flitted in a hundred bows before our eyes. He appear'd full of Papal profundity and aristocratical gossip, and open'd the party schism of the Town by piously informing us, no salvation was to be found out of the Noble Pale. Superstition and bigotry hold their court in the souls of the ignorant and consequently this man's sway is omnipotent amongst the Florentine nobility.

After he disappear'd the Princess Montimoletto, a Neapolitan, accompanied by Signor Tassoni, the Minister of the Italian Republick, came to take us to the Theatre. This was the evening after our arrival here, so that for the first time we experienced the custom of company running in and out from everybody's boxes. I dare say twenty visits were paid to the Princess during the evening. I must give you some idea of this charming little Neapolitan; in size, appearance, and manner she reminds me extremely of my sister Matty, except that she is older, and has dark hair. She is highly educated, accomplish'd, and very sensible, with the reputation of a Belle Esprit, but totally without any of its pretensions. During the horrors of Naples, circumstances threw her into publick notice, and amongst the conflict of Parties, she narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the Lazzaroni. Disgusted therefore with the miseries to which she was witness, and by which she lost some of her nearest relations, Florence became a temporary retreat, and her society is so much esteem'd, that everybody yields her the homage of goodness, amiableness, wit, beauty and accomplishments. La nobil Donna, la Signora Marchese Santini, a fat wicked looking woman, crown'd with Red Roses, came to take us next evening to Madame la Comtesse d'Albani,<sup>1</sup> widow to the Pretender, grandson of James 2nd. She was born in the low countries, and after being affianced by her Father to the Pretender, she was oblig'd to live with him some time. But circumstances deranging his conduct, she gain'd a divorce through the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold. The Count Alfier<sup>2</sup> had always been Madame Albani's Cavaliere Servente, and suspicions attaching to him as the cause of her separation from the Count, he was banish'd accordingly. Since the death of her

<sup>1</sup> Louisa Maria Caroline, Countess of Albany (1753-1824), daughter of Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg-Gedern, married, 1772, Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

<sup>2</sup> Vittorio, Count Alfieri (1749-1803), Italian dramatic poet.



husband he has reassum'd this post, and always lives in the same house with her. He is call'd the Shakespeare of Italy and we met him at her *Conversazioni* to which he did not much contribute, for tho' so great a tragic Hero, he dwindles into nothing in Society, which he only looks at like a picture, while for hours he stands leaning on the mantel-piece, without ever unsealing his lips to mortal. This evil is trifling, if his august presence did not cast an intolerable damp upon the rest of the company. Every Thursday we have frequented this House; they play chess, sometimes cards, give tea "*à l'Angloise*," and spend the chief time in conversation. As the latter is professedly the object of the evening, everybody appears rather performing a duty than relaxing in amusement and often restraint is the inevitable consequence.

Another evening we spent with la Signora Bellini, a large parcel of a woman singing like a cherub and playing on the Harp and Harpsichord to perfection. There was an enchanting Concert, and I am beginning to find out that Italian Music has more charms than any other in the world. Her Cicisbeo accompanied her in all she sung, and tho' the most frightful woman I ever saw, she receiv'd from this young Adonis all the incense of acknowledg'd beauty.

We have been at two Balls given by la Marchese Torrigiani, a very elegant little creature. Her Boudoir was lit by one of the alabaster Antique Lamps, suspended in the middle of the Room by chains, and throwing the softest light through its own transparency; the ceiling was form'd in a dome, stain'd blue, and spangled with gold stars, and a beautiful piece of clockwork representing Apollo with his lyre, told the hour by a musical chime, whenever a particular spring was touch'd. It was as large as life, and I can't describe to you the beauty of the effect; the chairs, like those in Paris, were all in different shapes and patterns copied from the antique, and just such as one sees in the Picture of Cornelia exhibiting the Gracchi or such sort of representations.

I became acquainted in a dancing way, with the Prince Corsini, who is one of the most gentlemen-like young men I ever saw, and his brother who, on the strength of the Prince's acquaintance, came up and talk'd to me the next evening, reminds me of an anecdote which I heard from twenty people that night. He is a Cavaliere Servante to La Bentivoglia, a sad virago of a woman, who not pleased with some conduct of his, which rather excited her indignation, fell upon him and literally gave the poor Prince as sound a beating as he ever got in his life. I don't suppose this is a common prerogative, or else it would not have been so much talk'd of. However such things are, and the Prince and she, had arranged matters so happily, that tho' a separation was talked of, all now is brought to an accommodation.

I have not yet mention'd two acquaintances better worth speaking of than any of these vicious people that I have mentioned. One is Felix Fontana,<sup>1</sup> Directeur du Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle, and the other Giovanni Fabroni, Direttore del Gabinetto. We have seen these frequently, and in their different ways have been enchanted with their wit, sprightliness, and delightful conversation. Fontana is a little old mouldering man full of spirit and instruction. He has made so great a noise in the world, that through his works and reputation, you know as much of him as I do; but in private society I have so often been exhilarated by his animating manners that I cannot mention his name without a remembrance of pleasure. Fabroni is brilliant and rapid, and is in such a perpetual round of occupation that I am convinc'd one day of his life does more good than seven years of anyone else's. He never sleeps more than four hours, moves, thinks, speaks, writes, learns, reads, does everything like lightning, and in Society which he is very fond of, the quickening nature of his own mind animating those about him, qualifies hundreds for being his companions, whose society is stale, flat and

<sup>1</sup> Felix Fontana (1730-1805), distinguished Italian Anatomist.



unprofitable when he is no longer present. He is about 50 years of age, and so thin and volatile that he looks rather as if he had eloped from another world, than as if he was an inhabitant of this. La Signora Fabroni, his wife, is one of the *Literati*, and holds an intellectual *Orgia* once every week. We have gone there sometimes for an hour, and found it very pleasant. The *Cavaliero Servente* is a little Trinket of a looking creature, that looks as if he was cut out of Amber, so straw-colour'd and so nice. But he too is sensible, and learned beyond anything, and except when he is expounding his speculations all over the world, or combating some Monster of a prejudice in argument, he generally is seen with folded arms, musing in a remote corner of the room.

Party Spirit rages universally in Florence and the Patricians and Plebeians are divided by an impossible gulph, "So that they who wou'd go from these to those cannot". However, strangers partake of their prerogative of acting as they please, in this as well as in every other instance. We have in Plebeian line visited very often a family of the name of Siries. Signor, the Father, holds the famous Manufacture of *Pietra Dura*, which is a composition of the natural colours of precious stones, arranged so as to form a representation of Birds, Butterflies, Flowers, Fruits, Vases, Strings of Pearl, and everything more vivid and beautiful almost than life. The family consists of himself, four daughters and a son. We found in them excellent specimens of rational and domestic life, and tho' divested of the polish of politer circles, the girls were a great deal better educated; the two eldest understanding four languages correctly well, and the others Music, Painting and Singing. I'll say no more about Society, as we shall return here the latter end of April, to stay a longer time than we have been able to do at present. But of the point which renders society less pleasant to strangers, at least than it otherwise would be, I must say a word because I understand tho' the custom of *Cicesbeoism* exists all over Italy, it does not pro-

duce such disagreeable effects anywhere as at Florence. The tenacity of the beautiful Florentine for a numerous retinue of admirers, makes her feel so apprehensive of a Rival, that she is evidently unhappy when anyone draws the observation of her lovers from immediate attention to herself. The degrees of these admirers are mark'd by the gradations which the following terms announce: first, the favourite who is the Cicesbeo, then the Ganzo, then the Aspirante, who hopes to supply the place of the cashiered one and he again at a more humble distance is call'd Patico. This applies only to ladies of the highest rank, for altho' the system is universal, those in inferior situations have not more than one gentleman attendant. In numerous instances these Cicesbeos may be call'd lovers, in many others Guardians, and in others I have remark'd, mere servants, to run about on messages, carry the lady's shawl on his arm, and conduct her from one house to another. Husbands and wives however fond they may be of one another, are never seen together out of their own house; this I observ'd in various instances, where the affection was unfeign'd in both parties. All these practices disgust a person of any delicacy or correctness.

Amongst curiosities which we went to see, the Palazzo Pitti, the residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, now of the King of Etruria, was one of the first, tho' at present the plunder of the French has reduced it to the mere shell of what it was. However, the Fresco on the walls of the Imperial Chamber allegorically representing the honors of Lorenzo the Magnificent, are together with many others, in their original state. The story shews the Arts and Sciences driven by the demons of Envy, and receiv'd in Tuscany by the Medicis, with a hundred other complimentary representations. But the most beautiful and extraordinary monument I ever saw is the Chapel of St. Lorenzo, built behind the Church of St. Laurent and intended as the Mausoleum of all the Medicis. It was



begun in 1604 by Ferdinand 1st, is octagonal and entirely encrusted with Jasper, Lapislazuli, Agates, oriental granites, Egyptian ones, Rubies, Topazes, Emeralds, and every kind of precious stone ! It was intended to have receiv'd the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, if it could have been won by the Medicis. In the eight sides of this Chapel, one is for entrance, another for the Altar, and the rest are occupied with tombs made from the designs of Michael Angelo; on each is laid a jasper cushion which supports a crown of gold enrich'd with every sort of precious jem, and in niches of black marble stand the six first Grand dukes of Tuscany finely cast in bronze; the coats of Arms of all the Towns of Tuscany are emblazon'd in precious stones, so that altogether without exaggeration it looks more like a sorcerer's Palace than of human erection.

It would be endless to particularise the different beauties of this kind that we have seen. What stands opposite the Cathedral, is the Baptistere, entirely marble without and mosaic work within; the gates are bas reliefs in bronze. I went to San Girolamo with a lady whose sister had taken the veil in the Convent attach'd to the Church, and through her influence got permission to see the nuns. They were of all shapes, ages and colours, and their dress graceful and interesting. They all came from behind the curtain, which is the barrier of worlds with them, each with a little Marito, or brass pan of coals, in her hand. Their curiosity was insatiable and their cheerfulness and broad good humour, very ill according with the stories one's imagination pictures as the cause for their resignation of the world. From some misconception they thought I was going to enter into the nunnery, which brought to the surface a thousand affectionate cajoleries of manner, which I should not have otherwise receiv'd. Cakes were brought in profusion of their own making, which I was loaded with, and they all half outstept the everlasting barrier, in advancing to embrace me as their future Sister.

Even a 70 year old nun on crutches came down trundling from her cell to see the English Novice, and the Abbess put all the leading questions, necessary to me on the occasion. At length the *éclaircissement* took place to the consternation of all parties, and I departed half vex'd I had not remain'd amongst them, rather than leave them looking so foolish at one another after their general mistake.

This Kingdom was peopled originally from Asia, is 40 miles long and 30 miles broad, and is esteem'd the finest country in Italy. Its mountains are full of Alum, Iron, Silver, Alabaster, Porphyry, and Marbles of all sorts; the Plains abounding in fertility, and producing olives and mulberrys of which the latter bear leaves twice and sometimes three times a year. There are but three months of Winter, December, January and February. Unfortunately, we have come in for the rainy season. There have been found many antiquities in Tuscany, Etruscan Vases, instruments of Sacrifice, Medals &c.

History does not speak of Florence long before the days of the Triumvirates; Cæsar sent a colony there, about 60 years before Christ. It had its circuses, its Champ de Mars, its Capital, its Amphitheatre, its via Cassia, and was reckon'd the most considerable town in Tuscany. About the fifth century when the Emperors had ceased to live in Italy, it was the first which form'd itself into a Republick, and defended itself against the Goths, by whom however, afterwards, it was taken, and in 553 retaken by the Emperor Justinian, when it was ultimately destroy'd and the inhabitants dispersed. Charlemagne in 781 rebuilt it. Till 1115 it was govern'd by Marquisses who were Sovereigns. Florence sustain'd a war against the Pope, the Venetians, the Dukes of Milan, and against the famous Galeas Visconti. The nobility who always govern'd the Republick of Florence were disunited and civil wars were the consequence; the blacks and the whites form'd opposite parties which totally disorganized the Republick, and the Guelphs



and Ghibellins excited other dissensions. Sometimes it was seiz'd by the Emperors, and sometimes by the Pope. In 1532 the House of Medicis began to reign and their extinction did not take place till 1736. As early as 1378, the Medicis distinguish'd themselves in the woollen trade, and made immense riches in the Levant. They befriended Trade, Literature, and all species of improvements, and Florence was the seat of Science during their reign. In 1735, the Duchy of Tuscany was ceded to the Emperor of Germany. Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was one of the greatest men of the age. At present the son of the late Duke of Parma, who has been dubb'd King of Etruria by Bonaparte, and married to a princess of Spain, reigns. He is injured in his intellect either from slow poison, or apoplectic fits, and not likely long to hold the reins of the Tuscan Government.

I will now release you from this long sojournment at Florence, tho' I have said nothing of its surrounding Apennines, of its fine Cypresses, of its Cascina, of its beautifully flowing Arno, or in short of what will be better seen in Summer, tho' of rains I have complain'd not without reason. Yet there is a Satin softness in the air beyond anything I ever felt anywhere at the other side the Alps, and every morning at breakfast the room is strewn over with baskets of Roses, orange blossoms, Carnations, Mignonette, and flowering Myrtle, brought to be sold by the peasant girls in gold brocaded petticoats, scarlet stockings, real pearl earrings and necklaces of an immense size, and braided hair interwoven with colour'd cords, and bunches of flowers. In this dress they walk in processions and make offerings to the Holy Virgin.

January 1st, 1803. Naples, Aquila Nera.

This day we drove in to this beautiful Town, but before I say a word about it, I must account for 13 days which have elapsed since we quitt'd Florence. The first seven we spent travelling through the

mountains 171 English miles, in a Volcanic land, with infamous accommodations; 46 miles from Florence is Sienna, a very pretty town with a curious black and white marble Cathedral; the air is reckon'd purer, and the language more perfect than anywhere in Italy. Radicofani is the last Town we were in before we got into the Pope's territories. At Pontecentino, which is the Douane, passports were examined and luggage open'd, and as we travel'd on we saw a Town in complete ruins, which was the Capital of the Volscians, and from which an adjoining Lake bears its name. It is 30 miles in circumference, scatter'd throughout with little Islands. The Montefiascone wine is celebrated; we found it excellent. Viterbo is a very large town in which are famous Chalybeate Springs. In some miles afterwards we saw Lake Vico, anciently Lake Cineno. The seventh day we pass'd the Sepulchre of Nero. But tho' the weather was previously tolerably fine, just on our entering into Rome, the thickness of the mist and trickling of the carriage windows, effectually prevented our having a view of Saint Peter's, which we were anticipating all day with so much pleasure. This grievous disappointment we hoped to indemnify ourselves for, by driving there to hear the Midnight Mass. But in this, too, we were again disappointed. However, Lord Mount Cashell was permitted to enter at Monte Cavallo, where he heard delightful musick, and at two in the morning we return'd back to the Inn to rest after all our fatigues and to prepare for an early attendance at Saint Peter's the next morning, which was Christmas Day, luckily, as all the solemn ceremonies were to be perform'd by the Pope and Cardinals in all their grandeur. In the centre of the Church stands a magnificent gilt bronze canopy supported by twisted pillars of the same metal, and the richest entablature; in this is erected the Altar, where we saw the Pope receiving the Sacrament through the tube of a glass crucifix, and afterwards carried on a triumphal chair, the poles of which were supported



by Cardinals flowing in gold and scarlet. The bronze figure of Saint Peter, formerly Jupiter in the Capitol, attracted our attention from the solemn air with which everybody approach'd it, passing their heads under the projecting foot, and then kissing it with the most devotional mutter, and uplifted eyes. The gaudiness of the ceremonies distracted us so much that we had not time to pay any sort of attention to the thousand beauties that crowded upon our eyes, but to this we were indifferent, as we are to return to Rome in April during the Holy Week, and therefore I will not plague you with St. Peter's on the first view, as it ought to be seen a dozen times before one can pretend to form a judgment. Besides we encounter'd such numbers of English, who all crowded to Rome for the ceremonies, that we did nothing but give and receive greetings during the entire time. A troop of us went the next day to the Villa Borghese; the walks and improvements are extremely beautiful and the Palace fill'd with every curiosity in the line of Painting, Sculpture, fine Marbles, Mosaic &c. Curtius leaping into the Gulph, is one of the principal objects that strikes one on entering into the Hall. Eight other rooms vie with one another in their treasures of taste; Daphne and Apollo, is the centre adornment of the third room, Daphne just sprouting into a laurel as Apollo pursues; Seneca dying in the Bath, Castor and Pollux, Fighting Gladiators, Cupid and Psyche, Egyptian Idols, Satyrs, Centaurs, Sphinxes, Graces, Bacchanals, Narcissuses, Venuses, Sarcophagi, Roman Emperors, Aeneas with Anchises on his back, Vases, Idols, Crocodiles, Ganymedes, and so on. It would be endless to describe the variety that danced before one's eyes in these apartments and all of the most astonishing workmanship.

Four days ago we left Rome, drove past the Collosseo, and left the City by St. John de Lateran's Gate. During the first day's journey we pass'd multitudes of the ruins of ancient sepulchres and aqueducts, and were shown the house of Caius Marius, the view of Antium, Ostia,

and the lake Albano, which were sadly obscured by the weather. That night we slept at Veletri which boasts the birth of Augustus. The next day leaving Veletri, they shew'd us Ruins call'd Tres Tabernæ, where St. Paul rested before he went to Rome. We enter'd on the Pontine Marshes not without some expectations that the effluvia, which during Summer is of a poisonous nature, might still retain its deadly effects. However, we got on successfully and slept at Terracina, shaded by orange trees full of Fruit which grew in the greatest abundance all about the town. In the midst of the Pontine Marshes at a distance to the left, we saw the Island of the enchantress Circe. From the unwholesomeness of these Pontine Marshes, we observ'd that the few residents had their legs swell'd, their faces pale, and their children ricketty, and tho' so far from Rome they infect its atmosphere during the warm weather.

Terracina, which is the last town in the Pope's territories, is beautifully situated on the shores of the Mediterranean whose waves roar'd like thunder just under our windows all night long, and vestiges of the Temple of Jupiter crown'd the Rock which rose above the Town. It is a grand and striking scene, and, as we drove from it on the Appian Way, the Rocks were all cover'd with Myrtles, Heaths, Arbutus and Pomegranates in the greatest profusion. These Rocks have been cut to an astonishing depth down to the pavement of the Appian Way, which was begun in the 5th Century of Rome and carried from thence as far as Capua. That night we slept at Mola di Gaeta. The following morning we were enchanted with the prospect, on leaving the Town; the Sun just rising out of the Mediterranean and the freshness of the morning, delightful beyond measure. Cicero had a Villa near this place and here it was that he was murder'd. The Rock we were told near the Fortress of Gaeta was split asunder at the death of our Saviour, and pilgrims touch on the spot to carry off a relic from the Sacred



monument. After passing through St. Agatha, and Torefloralisi, we got in to sleep at Capua, situated on the river Volturne, and two miles distant from the old Capua which is now mouldering into ruins. 'Tis said that the stout Army of Hannibal were vanquish'd by the luxuries of Capua. 'Tis more than the travellers of the present day are ! For seduction appear'd under no other shape to us but starvation and bugs, which might to be sure have vanquish'd us, had we not flown from the same and set off the next day in the splendour of sunshine, the aromatic odour of orange and Myrtle, and the gaudy accoutrements of the Peasantry, who were trick'd out in their Gala cloaths in honour of the new year. It being the 1st of January 1803, we made our entry into Naples where everything look'd like a new World. The paintings of Hell, Heaven, and Purgatory flaming everywhere against the walls ; little carriages of a thousand colours looking like China Flower Pots calculated to hold but one person, driving like wild fire about the Streets ;—heavier and more magnificent equipages drawn in gay procession, the horses ornamented with bunches of artificial flowers, and knots of Ribbon ; groups of lazzaroni lapping slow their Macaroni ; Monks and Capuchins in endless lines of expiatory Dirges, crucifixions, Holy emblems, Christmas Symbols ; Improvisatores haranging their incircling mob ; in short eternally diversified objects changing before our eyes, as we drove through the town, till on turning round towards the Corso on the sea shore, the beautiful Bay of Naples 30 miles in circumference, and 12 in diameter open'd upon us in dazzling splendour, and more than justified all our expectations. Thousands of little painted Barks, with their prows gilt and gayly flower'd, lay glittering on the Strand, and as many more danc'd upon the waves, and look'd like everything one's fancy coin'd of nereides, scaly dolphins, and magic shells, which once were common in this fabled land.

Naples, March 6th, 1803.

We have spent nine weeks in this enchanting land and so much of pleasure and entertainment has been mingled throughout this period, that if I cou'd transfer to your mind the general impression I have experienced of all that gave me amusement, I believe you wou'd imagine we had been here a twelvemonth, from the variety of ideas that lie scatter'd within my fancy. But really and truly, such has been the rapidity with which burning Mountains, Kings and Queens, Masquerades, Herculaneums, Improvisatories, Tombs of Virgil, Grotta del Canes, Solfaterras, Balls, Churches, Fortresses, Coasts of Baia, Princes and Princesses, Monte-Nouvas, Cicisbeos, Mountebanks, Nuns, Theatres, Capuchins, Catacombs, Miracles, and all sorts of incongruities have cross'd my brain that literally I might as well attempt to methodise a mob, as to organise the ingredients which run foul of one another in my memory. This much I recollect, that for the first week I stood at the window gazing at Mount Vesuvius which is before our eyes, at the opposite side of the Bay, looking like a Sugar Loaf with the pinnacle broke off and smoking from the mouth of the chasm. The view from the Balcony was so beautiful that every morning, as I stood there, really and truly the loveliness of the scene deluded me into every species of credulity, and if the enchantments of Virgil had obtruded upon nature, I should have been unconscious from the classic resemblances mingling through the imagination and doubling the effect by the perception of the past and present. One of the chief objects bordering on the left of the Bay, which circles like a silver crescent to the eye, is the town of Portici, built on the lava that has buried Herculanean. Pompeia lies at a distance and all towards the town, the gaudy streaming Flags, from numerous ships, marking their foreign intercourses, fringe the shore with a variety of moving beauty. On the right of Vesuvius are scatter'd at



a distance, the Islands of Procida, Ischia and Caprea, and the High Rocks through which is cut the Grotto of Posilippo, on the top of which, crested with orange trees, almond blossoms, willows, violets, ferns, moss and a million of flowering shrubs, stands the Tomb of Virgil. These and various objects illuminated by the vivid colourings of an Italian sun and atmosphere, mantling in the gradations of the day, are always before our eyes as we look from the Balconies delighted with the exhilarating beauties of a Southern World. As we enter'd into Society considerably previous to our going the rounds of visiting Curiosities, I will give you first a sketch of the Neapolitans we were acquainted with, almost all of whom partook in the animation of their manners of their Volcanic mountain, of which they are the epitomies. The 12th of Jan. there was a grand presentation at Court, where the King and Queen receiv'd all the English, who were introduc'd by their Minister, Mr. Drummond,<sup>1</sup> immediately after the royal dinner at half past twelve o'clock. During the repast they all stood by and had the honor of beholding the King and Queen, Prince hereditary and his Spanish bride, cramming like Dragons and lapping their Chocolate cream for the edification of their loving subjects, who throng'd in admiration about their chairs. Lord Mount Cashell was the only one of us who went. He like all the other gentlemen was dress'd in velvet and embroidery, Ruffles, bag and sword. The Queen and Princess were in Hoops, long waists, diamond Stomagers and lappets; the former a wicked politician and far from possessing the elegance which one might expect from the sister of Marie Antoinette, the latter a little girl of 15 years of age, as round as an apple and without knowing how to read or write, or speak anything but Spanish, resists every means of instruction offer'd her by the Queen and is perfectly contented in the prospect of reigning some day over Naples. This

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Drummond (1770–1820), M.P., F.R.S., afterwards Ambassador to Turkey.

being the King's birthday, it was an Universal gala, and in the evening all the world went to the Theatre of St. Carlos, which is reckon'd the most beautiful one in the world; we went to the Princess Charace's Box, in which were the two reigning Belles of Naples, her daughter the Princess di Cassano Aragona, and her daughter-in-law the Duchess of Terranova, both uncommonly pretty women. A succession of brocaded Princes during the entire evening frequented the Box, dress'd in cut velvet embroider'd suits, swords and Bags &c. The display of diamonds among the Ladies surpassed everything I cou'd have imagin'd, everyone blazed like a constellation! The seams of their gowns even were studded with diamonds, and what with diamond chains, Necklaces, sprays of brilliants, towering on the head like feathers, diamond nets, combs, head-dresses, and fringes to the gowns &c., really our eyes ached at looking at all we saw. Everyone was the same, and my fancy would have made me believe myself in the country of Golconda, had I not been inform'd that amongst the nobility all the women were Princesses or Duchesses and that if twenty daughters were in a family, all the accomplishments, money and diamonds are given to one, and the rest shut up in Convents for Life. These Convents abound here, as well as everywhere else in Italy. During the night, a profusion of Cakes and ices were handed about in the Box; this is the fashion in Naples, and in many Boxes, cold suppers of hams, pies, macaroni &c. Scarcely any attention was paid to the performance excepting when the principal vocal musick began, and then they deign'd to look sometimes on the stage and were moved to the most animated expressions of delight. As during the time we were at Naples we went for an hour almost every evening to this or one of the other Theatres, I observ'd very frequently the curtains of the Boxes scarcely undrawn and, but that we heard voices, and saw their moving shadows, we should have been totally unconscious whether they were inhabited or



not. I liked exceedingly the fashion of paying visits about the House, instead of getting the cramp from the stagnation of an entire night. You are conducted about by a gallant Cavalliere, first to one Box, then to another, upstairs and down stairs, until you come puffing and blowing back again to the Box you left, where you find in general quite a fresh assortment of company from those you had quitted. And now while visiting is on the carpet, the style of salutation naturally occurs to one's mind which is in the fashion of the French, but that instead of being kiss'd peacably and quietly, the smack of the Neapolitans resounds throughout the room; the ladies kiss or rather smack one another on both cheeks, the gentlemen ditto; the ladies' hands are kiss'd by the gentlemen, but our English trick of shaking hands, they look upon as the most hoity toity impudent custom in the world and cannot reconcile it with the vestal demeanor of the English Ladies. This too is pretty much the same thing in France.

The profound allegiance of Cicesbeoism is not observ'd here by any means, as at Florence. On the contrary 'tis difficult to perceive it exists from the community of gay good-fellowship reigning throughout Society, with an utter extinction of either that reserve or jealousy, so observable elsewhere, and so destructive to the spirit of Society. Nevertheless the system is precisely the same and, strange to say, the Italian husbands absolutely despise their wives, if through any neglect of those accomplishments which attract admirers, they disqualify themselves from possessing the usual complement of surrounding Satellites. We were taken to the first Ball by the Duchess of Lavrino Spinelli, a private one, at the Palace of a Prince whose name I forget. It was like every Ball, a dazzling composition of light, lustres, spangles and bright eyes. But I was surpriz'd at seeing the very pretty sister of the young Duke, with whom I was dancing, sitting quietly by her mother's side. On asking him the reason, he told me unfor-

tunately the lover of his sister had sprain'd his foot, and looking very much surpriz'd at my seeming to consider that as no objection to her dancing with someone else, he said "But you don't appear to know that we should look upon it as a breach of the marriage contract shou'd she dance with any other person, even if the ceremony was not to take place these seven years." Presently afterwards I saw her lover speaking to her, and immediately she brought him across the room and introduc'd him to me as "mia Sposa," explaining as her brother had done before, the Sprain which prevented her joining in the amusement of the evening. He was a strikingly attractive looking young man, and she did not seem at all discomposed at the privation. But a few evenings after at another Ball we were at, given by Prince Ischetella, a beautiful young girl, daughter to the Princess Santa Bona, who was extremely fond of me, because I was a foreigner, ask'd me almost with tears in her eyes, if ever misfortune was equal to hers? She desired me to look at the Cavalliere she was condemn'd to dance with: "no lady in the room had such a companion! He was but a younger brother and put into a Convent of Friars where he had been educated under a cowl before the Altar! During the horrors of the French at Naples, his eldest Brother, a right noble Cavalliere to whom she was betroth'd, was slain in Battle and, as it was necessary the Title and fortune shou'd be dispos'd of, and also necessary that she should be married to them, a dispensation was got from his Holiness the Pope, and the Friar suddenly was brought out into the world blinking like a Bat at noon-day, and she doom'd to marry him, as an Appendage to his estate!" On casting my eyes about, I saw the Lover in question and certainly I cou'd not help commiserating her situation. Tho' the Neapolitan ladies are not half so polish'd as the French, yet they have an ingenuousness and good humour that wins one's regard for the moment, and they are so totally undisguised, never



suppressing anything that darts into their heads, that when they particularly direct their partiality to one, it appears excessively sincere, because they take no subterfuge against hating and abusing those who run counter to their taste in the slightest degree. Lady Mount Cashell was a general favourite amongst them. Every day there came proofs of this, in the shape of Beautiful Bouquets of Carnations as large as Peonies without exaggeration, invitations, painted and imboss'd notes of enquiry, offers of eternal friendship, and all kinds of affectionate civilities. As these were always accepted of, she in return gave them a splendid Ball where multitudes were assembled and which so flatter'd their vanity that every species of attention was redoubled sevenfold. During Carnival we went constantly to Prince d'Hugris' Balls, where we met an uncommonly pleasant assemblage of the merriest manner'd people in the world. The moment a stranger is presented amongst them, everyone has permission to speak, dance, and assume the same prerogatives as an acquaintance with them. This we found entertaining beyond measure. Everyone emulated one another in their attentions, compliments etc. As we were the only two English women who frequented their Houses, we naturally receiv'd all the kindness which might have been dispers'd among dozens. The Prince Ruffano's "Conversaziones," where in two or three rooms which were thrown open, were Faro Tables, throng'd with both ladies and gentlemen, the Italians really having the most gambling propensities of any people in the world, we found exceedingly entertaining, tho' noisy beyond conception from their speaking all together, and with such animation. However it made us feel merry too, and like Canary Birds who always sing gayest in most noise, we found the tones of our voices insensibly rise with the thousand treble inflections of those who surrounded us.

There is a Russian Countess Skawronsky, dame de Portrait de S.M.S. de toutes les Russies, and Chevalier

de l'ordre S. Catherine, who gives Balls to the English and other foreigners once every week. There we meet Lord Beverley's <sup>1</sup> family, Sir Charles and Lady Douglas,<sup>2</sup> Lord Grantham,<sup>3</sup> Lord Althorpe,<sup>4</sup> Mr. Moreton <sup>5</sup> (Lord Ducie's son), Mr. and Mrs. Lemaistre, Capt. West, Sir Thomas Tancred,<sup>6</sup> Lady Hester Stanhope,<sup>7</sup> the Sidney Bowles,<sup>8</sup> the Vandeleurs,<sup>9</sup> the Lomax's. Except to this house, none of the English budge out of their own pale, and it has often amus'd me to hear the sarcasms pass'd by them against the manners of the Neapolitans, whom they know nothing of, but who nevertheless they back-bite and snarl against, as heartily as if they were their intimate acquaintance. There is an exception to this in Mr. Robson, who is the best hearted man upon earth and whom with Mrs. Robson, we often are in company with. At their Hotel we dined with Mr. Drummond, the English Ambassador. He is a little pale tinged Valetudinarian, Classical, mythological, pedantic, and not esteem'd half so well calculated for a diplomatic calling as the composition of a birthday Ode. He hates the Neapolitans most steadfastly and they him, whom they eternally contrast with

<sup>1</sup> Algernon Percy, 1st Earl of Beverley (1749-1830), father of George, 5th Duke of Northumberland.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Douglas, 5th Bart. of Kelhead, afterwards 5th Marquess of Queensberry (1777-1837), married 1803, Lady Caroline Scott, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Buccleugh.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Philip Robinson, 3rd Baron Grantham, afterwards second Earl de Grey (1781-1859), Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 1841-1844.

<sup>4</sup> John Charles Spencer, Viscount Althorpe (1782-1845), afterwards 3rd Earl Spencer. He married 1814, Esther, only daughter and heiress of Richard Acklom, of Wyseton Hall, Notts.

<sup>5</sup> Hon. Thomas Reynolds Moreton, afterwards 1st Earl of Ducie (1775-1840).

<sup>6</sup> Sir Thomas Tancred, 6th Bart. (1780-1844) of Boroughbridge, Yorks.

<sup>7</sup> The eccentric niece of William Pitt, and daughter of Charles, 3rd Earl of Stanhope; died unmarried in Syria 1839.

<sup>8</sup> William Sidney Bowles, son of the Rev. James Bowles, Rector of Burford, Worcestershire, by Sarah, daughter of William Hale, of King's Walden, Herts. He married in 1797, his cousin, Hon. Elizabeth Rushout, daughter of John, 1st Lord Northwick. She married secondly 1819, John Wallis Grieve, and died 1862.

<sup>9</sup> Right Hon. John Ormsby Vandeleur of Kilrush, Co. Clare, M.P., married in 1800, Lady Frances Moore, 4th daughter of Charles, 1st Marquess of Drogheda, and died 1828.



their idol Sir William Hamilton.<sup>1</sup> Citoyen Alquier, the French Ambassador, was also there; a man of the old school in manners, but possess'd of finesse and point in every word he utters, and of those polish'd speeches, that one sees their own face in, as in a looking-glass. The Neapolitans keep up no society with him, because they detest his nation, and no wonder, the horrors committed in Naples through the French power, being such as one scarcely dares to think of. But one of the most charming persons I have seen a long time is Mr. Moreton, at least from the sketch I had of his character and manners, by being in company with him six or seven times, for he was summoned home by his Father long before we quitted Naples. He is so much the English man of Fashion, without the automaton insensibility of its pretenders. He is reserv'd from nature, not fashion, and when his disposition leads him into conversation, one perceives an equal balance of imagination, understanding, information and candour, which under the air of such quiet simplicity steals upon one's observation, that one fancies such an Englishman ought to stand the model for every gentleman. There was a country-man of his there so conscious of his elegance, that he try'd to copy its effects. But alas! he was talkatively inclined, which propensity when smother'd for any time used to grumble within him like a suppress'd volcano, till at length a splinter from his soul would fly off in the shape of a fiery Oath to the consternation of all beholders. But to talk of Neapolitans, le Cavaliera Carignani is one of our greatest favourites; he is so good-natured and sensible. He travel'd into England, learnt the language perfectly and initiated himself into all the Pitt and Fox schisms of the Parliament. Another uncommonly gentleman-like man is a nephew of the unfortunate and Great Caracciolo,<sup>2</sup> one of the innocent Victims in the Neapoli-

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Hamilton (1730-1803), Diplomat and Archaeologist, but best known as the husband of the beautiful Emma, Lady Hamilton. He was the purchaser of the Warwick and Portland Vases.

<sup>2</sup> Francesco, Prince Caracciolo (1748-1799), a Neapolitan Admiral, sometime in the British service.

tan Revolution executed on board Lord Nelson's ship, Cavaliere Caracciolo Milissano. He is a youthful likeness of Admiral Montagu<sup>1</sup> and uncommonly dignified and amiable; we meet him everywhere and he is a great acquisition. The Portuguese Minister and his beautiful wife, Madame Sa, who was his grand Niece, are very principal in making us pleasant in Naples. We dined at a most splendid entertainment given by him to all the Ambassadors at half past two o'clock, where we met swarms of Velvet Coats, Bags and Swords; and after dinner went to the Palace where Mr. Drummond in all due form, presented Lady Mount Cashell and me to her Majesty the Queen of Naples. The audience was not above ten minutes, and then we drove off to the Minister Acton's<sup>2</sup> ball, where we met the King, Queen, Hereditary Prince and Princess, and all the royal household. On their entrance, all their liege subjects fell on one knee and kiss'd their hands and nobody sat in their presence. The Queen is a sturdy looking dame by no means elegant in her deportment, and trotted about in her black and blue robes, much more as if she was crying tooky, tooky, tooky after her Poultry, like a housewife, than a Queen doing the dignities of her drawing room. The King looks like an overgrown Ass, tho' in his demeanour he is exceeding civil; however his face surpasses any abridgment of imbecility I ever saw in all my life, and the vulgar Debauchee reigns triumphant throughout his Majestic exterior. The Hereditary Prince delights in dancing which he does like a cow cantering. Vulgar is no expression to apply to his appearance, for vulgarity becomes genteel within his presence. He dances with his little Spanish Bride, and when he is at the bottom of a set, he walks her up to the top again, and sets off kicking up his hoofs, and making a sort of noise like the braying of an Ass. His sisters are prettyish, thin and light

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir George Montagu, G.C.B. (1750-1829).

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Acton, 6th Baronet (1736-1811), Prime Minister of Naples. He married his niece, Mary Anne Acton, and had a son, Sir Ferdinand Acton, 7th Baronet, father of the 1st Lord Acton.



hair'd, and glittering like all the Court in diamonds. The multitudes of fine dress'd people and splendour of the Rooms made it exceedingly entertaining, tho' it did not tend much to establish the divine right of Monarchs, in any other way than shewing their dissimilarity from any Mortals I ever saw before in all my life. There was a second ball given by Acton like this I have mention'd. But one we were at of the Queen's, beyond Portico, in the delightful Palace of Favourette, really surpass'd anything for beauty I ever saw. The principal room is paved with the most beautiful assemblage of colour'd stones and marbles, found in the Palace of Tiberius in the neighbouring Island of Caprea, and transplanted in all its magnificence. The tables are made of petrified wood, and look, some of them, like a single Agate; the Pictures represent all the Antiquities of the Country; the furniture most exquisitely beautiful; and as we walk'd through suites of Apartments, we at length arriv'd at a large circular Balcony down which we look'd upon the dancers, who were glittering in a thousand lights, thrown from such lustres as I never saw equal'd for magnitude or brilliancy. We then descended as well as we cou'd, amidst crowds of company, down the circular white marble flight of steps to join the Royal dancers, who were cantering down the set as usual. Through the Gardens full of Orange Trees, laden with Fruit and Flowers to the sea shore, were lines of different colour'd illuminations, and the air was so perfumed and fresh, the moon so bright, and the breaking of the waves against the rocks so mellow'd by the distance, that really the effect was like the necromancy of a Fairy Palace. We drove back to Naples at 5 o'clock in the morning, and the next evening went to a superb Ball given by the young Englishmen who subscrib'd six hundred pounds for the occasion. Another pleasant house we frequent is the Spanish Ambassador's; La Marquise de Mos (the Ambassador's dress) gave a Ball still pleasanter than any we were at.

Monsieur Rauche gave a Ball the following night.

Mrs. Lemaitre a Ball; Lady Fanny Vandeleur a Ball &c. In short during the Carnival nothing but gaiety occur'd in some shape or other. The Prince d'Avella, il Duca de Carignano, il Principe d'Arecco, Don Antonio Correade Sotomayor, a Spaniard, il Principe de Piedmonte, il Principe Caramanico, &c., I will spare you the description of, and before I speak more of the Society of Naples, which is as dull to talk of, as agreeable to partake of, I will tell you of an expedition I made to Mount Vesuvius.

We drove from Naples to Herculaneum, where we mounted Mules and with guides rode up to the Hermitage call'd il Salvatore where after taking a little repast with the Hermit, we mounted our Mules again, and proceeded about half way up the Mountain, where we were oblig'd to alight, and by the means of cords fastened round the waists of our guides which we held, were pull'd heavily up to the top of the mountain more dead than alive after the exertion. From Herculaneum to above the Hermit's cells, the lava, over which we rode, had the appearance of dirty melted Iron reduced to cinders and was all loose crumbling dross and ashes in which we plunged half way up our legs, and these materials giving way under our feet, we slid back almost every step we went, till our guides, with the help of staffs fork'd with Iron stay'd their hold, and so advanc'd us after them by degrees. By the time I got to the top, my foot was bleeding through my boot, tho' I had on a pair of strong ones, made for the occasion. The view this eminence commands is really charming of all the principal objects of the Town, Shore, Bay, Coast of Baia, &c. We held a Council of War, and it was agreed the Ladies, who were Mrs. Derby, a beautiful little American, and myself, should sit contemplating the view, while the gentlemen descended into the Crater. However, we were suddenly fired with a spirit of enterprise, and resolv'd on going too, which we accomplish'd at the peril of our lives. For we were obliged to totter round the edge of the gulph on this crumbling cindery



soil, which was so shallow that one cou'd scarcely walk, and the frightful depth of the crater to the left, and the steep side of Mountain to the right really render'd it perilous beyond description. Mrs. Derby kneel'd down, shut her eyes, and had herself trail'd along as well as she cou'd. My head got giddy and I thought I should have fainted with fright. However the deed was to be done, and committing myself to the conduct of three guides who hook'd my Arm upon a pole, and dragg'd me along, I also shut my eyes, and at length got to the spot where we descended into the Crater. The same loose slaty sort of cinders were to be waded through till we got to the bottom. The general appearance of the surface was dark green and yellowish from the quantities of smoking sulphur and so broken into waves that it look'd like the sea in storm, suddenly congeal'd; the fissures in the sides of the mountain emitted a curly white smoke, which issuing from all parts intercepted the atmosphere, and made us feel the heat suffocating, so that we did not spend above half an hour at the Bottom. However whether an eruption was to have sent us flying up into the air like rockets or a fiery gulph of boiling lava to have open'd under our feet, it did not signify, for we were obliged to rest after our fatigues, and the way Mrs. Derby employ'd herself was writing a little letter to her friends in America, descriptive of the surrounding scenery. The extent we contemplated all around us of angry Volcanic substance wrench'd into shapeless masses, some day to burst up into a shower of death as formerly on Pompeia and Herculaneum gave such a wild chaotic guise to all we saw, that nothing could more properly substantiate the picture of Milton's Pandemonium than the scene of which we form'd our ornamental part, smoked as we were like Demons, "prone on the ground extended long and large and floating many a rood." In many places the heat was insupportable to the touch and when again we found ourselves on the top of the Volcano, the scene had

varied into starlight beauty, which little required the contrast it received by rising as we did grim out of the bowels of the earth. The Bay expanded in a wider circumference and look'd like a sheet of Mother of Pearl studded throughout with its lovely Islands, circled by its orange wooded shores, mark'd by the distant Castle of Baia call'd after one of the companions of Ulysses who was buried there, and again render'd interesting from its being the spot where the celebrated triumvirate of Cæsar, Pompey and Anthony was form'd more than half a century before Christ. In its gulph, Pliny the naturalist commanded at the eruption of Mount Vesuvius which put an end to his life. These objects burnish'd by the vestiges of Volcanoes, Fire, Sulphur and endless Caverns, together with the remembrances of the voyages of Ulysses, Hercules and Eneas in these places renders them so sacred, so poetic, so respectable and picturesque, that it is not surprizing they should be so celebrated, or even so embellish'd with the fabulous ! All this time our poor dear long-ear'd Mules were waiting either with Christian or Mythologic patience tramping the hollow mountain, and tumbling great masses rattling to its base, which seem'd descending down a mile from the return of their echoes. We trotted down almost as rapidly as the stones fell, retraced our roads of Lava, Pumice, and vitrification, and return'd to Herculaneum, or rather Portici, where the carriages were waiting in which we drove full speed back again to Naples. Lord and Lady Mount Cashell who had accompanied us to Portici in the morning, had return'd hours before, and felt quite a relief at finding we were return'd once again to human haunts, and when I related my adventure to three or four Neapolitans who were sitting with them, they look'd incredulous, until convinced by my bleeding foot. They with one accord exclaim'd that to their comprehension nothing in the world was so incomprehensible as the incongruous character of an English woman !





MARGARET, COUNTESS MOUNT CASHELL.

Died 1835.





We spent a delightful day at le Citoyen Alquier's, l'Ambassador de la Republique Française, where was all the foreign diplomacy. These entertainments here resemble those I have describ'd to you of the Parisian ones, so that it wou'd be only repetition to talk to you of the lingering Conversaziones, which in fact they are, extended to the length of two or three hours; the inversion of solids and whiptsillibubs, the ladies and gentlemen leaving the room together, the coffee and liqueurs &c. But what I did not see in France and what I believe is only seen in perfection in Italy, is a Nun taking the veil, which we witness'd twice since we were at Naples. The ceremony I am going to mention occur'd in consequence of the fix'd intention a young Lady had taken absolutely contrary to the wishes, prayers and entreaties of her entire family to renounce the world and dedicate a blooming life to the worship of the Saints. We accompanied her Aunt, the Duchess of Campochiara, the night previous to the grand and final ceremony, to the Convent, where all her relations and friends to the number of two hundred, dress'd in Courtly gear were assembled waiting for her performance of these first religious rites, which qualified her entrance into an everlasting Tomb. She at length appear'd dazzling in diamonds, with her hands folded across her breast, and her eyes cast upon the ground, hung over like a Victim with flowery garlands, and slowly walking through the crowd who open'd a passage for her, as she silently mov'd towards the Convent gate, where she flung herself on her knees, and knock'd against the door for admittance. She was one of the sweetest looking creatures I ever saw, just 19 years of age, with an air so wean'd from the follies of this world, that one forgot the privation of its pleasures in contemplating the angelic spirit which inspir'd her resolutions. Instantly the wide folding gates flew open, and there appear'd the black veil'd Sisterhood, but principally the Abbess who received her in her arms, symbolical of the Church of Christ. Everyone

then, one by one walk'd up the steps, not daring to overstep the Sacred threshold, and embracing the lovely Novice, congratulated her on the approaching Sacrifice. This ended the evening ceremony. The next morning we return'd to the Church belonging to the Convent she was about to enter. On stopping at the gate, three or four young men in Court dresses came to meet us, and putting our hands under their arms, led us up the aisle, and seated us almost before the Altar, where Priests were officiating, and where the most sweet and solemn musick echo'd throughout the vaulted roofs in expiatory peals. These young men were the brothers and Cousins of the Novice, the former of whom it was said offer'd her every temptation that money cou'd procure to dissuade her from the act she was going to commit, and a young Prince was in the Church who had a hundred times offer'd his hand to change the destinies of this beautiful enthusiast. The Hymns were appropriate for the occasion; the Church appear'd almost made of lapis lazuli and stain'd glass; the frankincense perfum'd all around, and such was the effect which insensibly stole upon everyone's imagination, that when like a Saint she appear'd at the grating, usher'd by triumphal choirs of Priests, not only the women, but many of the young Englishmen were in indignant tears; and one, just by me, instinctively lay'd his hand upon his sword, swearing that such heartrending superstitious cruelties ought to be extirpated from off the face of the earth. All was in a moment silent as death, and everyone was obliged to see, and everyone obliged to hear the snapping of the scissors, which separated a hundred glossy braids and curls from her head, which fell amongst her bands of Roses at the feet of the Abbess, who continued with unrelenting piety to strip her of every ornament, and then bound her temples with sack-cloth and threw over her the black austerities of her holy order, placing a crown of thorns upon her head, a branch of white lilies in her hand, a large crucifix by her side, and all the insignia



of a heavenly office. She then disappear'd amongst a black procession of deep veil'd Nuns, each with lighted torches in their hands, preceded by the Elevation of the Host. This that takes up two minutes to relate, took four hours to witness; the musick was so supremely delightful, the processions so numerous, the Masses so eternal, and the exhortations so endless, that I felt as if I had spent a little life amongst the Cloisters, and as nothing but my imagination was engag'd, it was totally a new existence, breaking from the delusions of the Church, into the dazzling blear of day.

I must make you acquainted with Count Rogendorf, a Hungarian, who is eternally of our parties and perhaps for no better reason, for tho' he may look very well upon paper I know he wou'd not particularly suit your fancy. He is the first of enthusiasts and in everything he feels, it is with so much earnestness and poignancy, that it becomes rather a pain than a pleasure. All this is harrow'd through his handsome face which extorts an encomium, more from the quick sensibility of his nature, producing perpetual varieties of expression, than any particular regularity or beauty of feature. He is about six and twenty years of age, a light curly crop, and slight gentlemanlike person. He was born to an immense fortune, which he generously divided with a favourite sister, the principal lady at the Court of Vienna attending on the Empress; the rest of his fortune he fritters away in romantic acts of extravagance. A friendship he form'd while very young, and continued beyond the grave, will mark his character in the strongest point of view. A thousand circumstances during the earlier life of the two friends link'd both together in mutual cordiality; on going together into the Field of Battle, the instability of fortune and human existence, damp'd their spirits for the moment, chill'd by the sorrow of anticipated separation, which with one accord made them propose and mutually assent to the agreement, that whoever fell, shou'd bequeath

his remains as his best legacy to his beloved Friend. During the Battle they were sometimes separated but again rallied at the sight of one another, and in the midst of a moment's snatch of affectionate congratulation for being yet alive, a Ball shot to the heart the companion of poor Rogendorf, who fell senseless at his feet. The former melancholy agreement became his only consolation, and to this day the first object which strikes his eye in the morning and the last at night, is the skull and cross bones of his friend, which rest on a little altar in his Bed-Chamber. While he told me this story, he appear'd fresh in the consternation of his loss and agoniz'd by the flash of grief which his remembrance had awaken'd. Sometimes he has the unbridled spirits of a boy and at other times his chagrin and depression overwhelms his existence. There is no accomplishment in the way of language, Musick, Painting, Poetry &c. he is not Master of and he certainly has the sweetest and the loveliest voice I ever heard in all my life. Too great a dash of Satire is his greatest fault, but it is mingled with drollery, which makes one forget the mischief he might do. Altogether he is an excellent ingredient in Society, and his extreme enthusiasm being eternally on the surface, insensibly involves one in all his pursuits, from the natural contagion of that attribute, more than any particular preference of himself. We meet him at the Balls, where he is the most beautiful dancer in the Room, and invents a hundred comical sources of amusement, which makes a publick place with him, most singularly entertaining. So far for Count Rogendorf.

His skull and cross bones have put Funerals into my head. The first time I saw one pass from not being aware of the circumstances, I was quite shock'd at the sight of the Dead Person dress'd out in the gayest array, and expos'd on a Bier at the head of a monkish procession. Instead of a black Pall, the bier was cover'd with rose-colour'd silk brocaded in gold. In this blithe array, attended through the streets with



dirges and torches, they spend the day in parading about the Town, and then are taken Home, undress'd, and very irreverently thrown into a common receptacle.

The weather has been most gloriously fine and we have made various expeditions about the country within the last month. Among the rest we drove under the Grotto of Posilippo, a couple of miles out of Town to the Grotto del Cane on the borders of the Lago d'Agnano, and saw the effects of the carbonic acid gas on a dog, whose mouth was held down to the bottom of the Cave, where after inhaling it half a minute he became apparently dead, but recovered instantly in the atmospheric air. A pistol was fired off in it without any report, a torch extinguished and all the usual experiments duly made. In the *Stuffa de St. Germano* about a hundred yards from this den of death invalids are cured of the Rheumatism; the walls are thickly incrustated with Sulphur and Saltpetre, and the heat insupportable. All this is the natural effluvia from the earth.

The Publick Walk is one of the most delightful here in the world. 'Tis call'd the *Villa Realle*, planted at either side and defended with iron rails on one side and at the other open to the Bay. The delightful smell of the sea, and cheerfulness of the prospect render it the most agreeable circumstance in the world, attach'd to the Town. There everybody meets, with spirits buoyant from the elasticity of the air, and interchanges of passing kindness seem quicken'd into affection from the universal exhilaration the spot produces, so that really those who are but acquaintances elsewhere, are friends when wandering in the *Villa Realle*. During the fine hours of the day this is the gayest resort you can imagine. All the carriages are drawn up in a half moon, all the girls with nosegays to sell are sure to be assembled, and the gales of Orange Blossoms wafted from their Baskets, of *Pollyanthus*, *Narcissi*, of *Violets*, and all those sort of things I worship, together with the

pretty rosy little children racing about in such delight, render it the pleasantest scene one's fancy can create. But the unfortunate little Babies who are too young to walk are grievously swathed up like mummies, with their heads alone at liberty. This custom is universal and incorrigible and tho' the mothers look with admiration at the English children, yet they never adopt the humane practice of extricating the innocent infants from their cruel bondage. They are in this state for the first year, and for the next two, or three I have universally observ'd, in comparison of ours the Italian children to be shrunk, starv'd, unwholesome creatures and yet they grow up large fine looking men and women. Women particularly in Naples are on a prodigious scale, extremely fair, and marvellously circular. They take little care of their complexions, and yet the ladies are whiter and redder than the British ones. The Lazzaroni, or blackguards, to the number of 30,000 are proverbial for their athletic porter looking forms and the Legions of Monks which blacken the Streets, may vie with them in strength, as with the ladies in rotundity. Yet all these were once squalling under the pressure of those unwholesome swathes, and neglected and toss'd about the streets from one person to another, with less ceremony than a Lady uses her fan. The French in comparison to the Neapolitans, are brown Fairies, and the French sensibly discontinue almost entirely this odious custom. I am disappointed however in not seeing its effects more suitable to the transgression.

As to Dress, 'tis pretty much like the French, every lady with a great shoulder-sheet of a shawl, looking like Mobbed Queens in the mornings and then in the evenings, exalted, through the Milliner's Apotheosis into Dianas, Junos, Hebes, and all the Classic figures of the heavenly spheres. Guess where the Milliners and hair-dressers go to study fashions; into the Churches amongst the Statues and paintings which adorn the Tombs ! The English Men still tower above



the Gods for Fashion, and imitations of their dress are seen in every haunt of Italian gaiety.

Mr. Burdett, Sir Francis's Brother, is eternally of our parties, a young man exceedingly fond of improvement, and highly amiable. We all went to visit the Catacombs. They were the refuge of the primitive Christians during the persecutions, and extend for many miles, during which time and long afterwards, they buried their dead there. Amongst a hundred conjectures, it is suppos'd these Catacombs were first excavated to procure the Pouzolane, which is a species of volcanic gravel, and was famous for making when mixed with Lime, a cement which cou'd resist any kind of humidity. It was often transported to France, Constantinople, &c. One may judge of its strength by the arches of Caligula's Bridge still existing in the port of Pozzuoli, which he built after the example of Xerces to ride crown'd with oak across the sea in Triumph. However, at the present day these Catacombs are full of skeletons, and inclosures for the dead are made at either side of the wall. Various miracles are wrought amongst these raw heads and bloody bones, particularly at the tomb of a Saint, whose blood we were constrain'd to confess to our guide was still liquid on the ground, tho' with my natural eyes I cou'd discern nothing but dust and stones. Attach'd to this grim and endless repository for the dead, through which we walk'd with Flambeaux smoking in our faces, is a convent of a poor establishment. We walk'd all through it. The Nuns were dress'd in stone blue cloth jackets and petticoats with puff'd cloth sleeves, and forehead binders of white linen. They appear'd more anxious for the Flesh than the Spirit, for their occupation was throughout the entire Convent, nothing scarcely but cooking their dinners, which they perform'd separately in a little crucible of a Pot, over a Brasier, and excepting that I saw a few lean spare figures kneeling in the middle of the Rooms, and telling their beads before a crucifix, I should have been uncon-

scious I was not in a house of industry, or amongst a group of Manufacturers.

I forgot to mention a custom which struck me as very curious and shabby beyond measure in the domestic arrangements of the Neapolitans. After our first round of visits were paid, the next day a Legion of Livery Servants were seen in the Hall, and the Laquais de Place sent from them in to Lord Mount Cashell, to signify their purpose, which was to get money from his Excellency for the trouble of conducting his family into the Palazzo of their illustrious Padroni; and as a couple of dozen servants generally usher'd us into the room, Lord Mount Cashell saw no end to these sort of douceurs. However, five shillings suffic'd each numerous establishment, tho' when they heard of our departure, they all renew'd their kind wishes for a happy voyage, and stay'd until they extorted more valuable recompenses to their enquiry than a mere reply. The Neapolitans' vanity in the numbers of these servants is absolutely without bounds. They cling behind their carriages in so many rows, that they look like a swarm of Bees, and then fill the Hall, all the time their ladies are visiting, lazily sleeping on the forms, and often raising a concert of snores. Ice water is their greatest luxury, and they are perfectly contented if any is offer'd to them, exactly as much so, as if you give a glass of whiskey to an Irishman. The medley of Parade and negligence astonishes an English eye. We have been led through a dozen reception rooms often, by relays of servants, and when we reach'd the one where a little muffled Princess was spinning, or scribbling, or reading a novel, we have not witness'd half the comforts that an English woman is incircled with in her dressing room. The evenings they all spend at the Theatre, and live very sparingly at Home, but when they do open their doors, the display of grandeur is astonishing!

This medley of parade and negligence bears a sort of affinity to the incongruous consequences of this



luxurious climate. 'Tis true the clear blue sky, the odoriferous Orange Blossoms, the perpetual softness of the Air and the brilliancy of the Day are charming things to experience and splendid things to gem one's conversations withal, but one gets tired in thinking of them during the eternity of a sleepless night. For true it is this Fine Italian Climate is so darkened with Bugs, Fleas, and persecuting Musquitos that the patience of Job can hardly bear up against such plagues, and they leave impressions on the surface so little evanescent that in the struggle between soul and body, the latter has more veteran scars to boast than pleasure yields of Trophy to the other. These pettish observations are recanted however in eternal blushes, when the remembrance of Pompeia returns in all its wonders upon one's mind.

About a fortnight ago a large party of us set off from Naples and spent the day in visiting this most interesting of all places. It was buried in the same eruption with Herculaneum and discovered 40 years afterwards, which is now more than 50 years ago. The surface of the Rapillo, or grey cinders of pumice stones which cover'd it, is not above 12 feet in depth, and has never been injur'd by a second eruption, so that the removal of it is made without much difficulty; and as we walk'd into the Street, the Houses and shops at either side, and the general view of Theatres, Temples, Public Baths, Barracks, Tombs, &c. strikes with an air of incredulity when one recollects that for 17 centuries it lay intomb'd under the eruption of a Volcano. The traces of the carriage wheels which are furrow'd in the pavement run through every street, and as we advanced towards the Theatres, we turn'd into various shops and houses, the walls of which were stucco'd smooth and hard as marble and the form compact, and differing essentially from the buildings of the present day. The Barracks are in excellent preservation and supported on Colonnades, the Pillars of which bear to this day the scribblings of the soldiers and strange uncouth caricatures scraped

with a pin. Two Theatres are beautiful and almost perfect; they are made of white Marble throughout, and entirely pav'd with Mosaic. Without any exception, I never saw buildings which answer my idea so much of theatrical perfection as these in Pompeia. There are no divisions, like Boxes, throughout the House, so that when the Company fill'd the seats, each individual must have been seen at the same glance as in an Amphitheatre. The stage was so very shallow that they must have forfeited all perspective of acting, and the orchestra appear'd considerably larger than the stage. In the Temple of Isis there was a vast number of Paintings, which were saw'd off the walls, and sent to Portici, where we saw them; they were in their subjects appropriate to the place, but the best were taken from the Theatres, and in general exhibit mythologic stories such as Theseus's victory over the Minotaur, the Judgment of Paris, Cheron teaching Achilles to play on the Lyre, besides Friezes of various descriptions, all of which fill a suite of rooms at Portici, tho' most grievous it is, that Pompeia shou'd be despoil'd, or that at least one complete specimen of original antiquity shou'd not remain to please the curiosity of the world, who in one voice, unite in lamentations on this subject. In a sort of Villa a little detach'd from the town, is shown a spacious vaulted cellar, whose walls are lined with large earthen vessels, full of a hard red substance supposed to have been wine. This place is sunk beneath the ground and lit by narrow windows from the top. Eight skeletons were found there, and at the Gate of the Villa, to which we walk'd through the garden, was found another skeleton suppos'd to have been the Master of the house, with money grasp'd in one hand, and a bunch of keys in the other; this is preserv'd at Portici. In one of the Temples a skeleton was found in a little niche immediately behind where the oracles were deliver'd. The Pagan statues about the Altars in the Sanctuary were very perfect and remov'd to Portici amongst the



other curiosities. The general figure of the Pompeia Houses is a hollow square; the rooms, which are very small, open into the Gallery which this forms, and are all paved with mosaic, light only admitted from a little square window at the top of the wall. These Rooms are entirely painted in Mythologic stories, and their colours are as vivid as the freshest flowers. In the centre of this Square is a white marble Fountain, and the gallery supported by Corinthian columns. I ought to particularise a hundred other circumstances, but your fancy may easily supply, or at least your memory, all the Roman elegancies with which this extraordinary monument is decorated. And so to take you back to Portici. We there saw in its curious Museum all the trophies of Pompeia. These numerous suites of Rooms are built in imitation of those in Herculaneum and paved with the original mosaic; they are fill'd with endless numbers of Vases, Tripods, Lamps, Domestic Utensils, Furniture, Ladies' Necklaces and Ornaments of all descriptions, Household Deities, Statues, Sepulchral lachrymatories, Vases of Crystal and so on, with every description of thing that has been saved from the rubbish of the Volcano. Herculaneum is hardly worth mentioning after Pompeia. At Portici we saw thousands of things dug out of the ruins beneath. However, as we did descend into the bowels of the earth with torches, to look for the town, I have to confess, something like the sooty segment of an Amphitheatre was pointed out to us, and we ran through a multitude of passages. But the Lava has from repeated eruptions so completely consolidated and fill'd up every crevice, that it is as extraordinary to conceive how the curiosities cou'd have been rescued from the mass, as if it had been a mountain broken, to redeem a Town.

What a quick transition from the ruins of Herculaneum to the Carnival of Naples—a lapse of 17 Centuries! One forgets it is an interval of such length after walking through Pompeia; however, if I had not this excuse to urge, I must let the chasm

gape, for our life is become a perfect medley of incongruities. Carnival at Naples, like Carnival all over the world, quickens everything into exhilaration and fills the streets with its grotesque effects. This Town has had its Fool's Cap on for many weeks, and at the Theatre of St. Carlos, which we often frequent in masks and dominoes, the variety affords a whimsical and various amusement. The fashion of a Sunday is to stand on the Balconys in the Strada Toledo to look at the Masks, who drive in open carriages dress'd in every sort of ridiculous character, with bags and baskets full of comfits, which they throw in handfuls at one another, from which attacks they defend themselves with shields, and take aim at the Balconys, which the more they pelt, the more they design to compliment. This playful warfare is particularly relish'd by the King, who goes disguised, and showers about his comfits to his heart's content. However, this harmless sounding ammunition sometimes hurts excessively, and a royal check was issued to moderate the diversion. During the Carnival the Duchess of Campochiara has private plays, in which she performs to the delight of all beholders. We have had access to these in common with her acquaintances and have found them excellent and very entertaining.

During the Carnival the Princess de Hesse Philipstal also has perform'd in the same way; during the Carnival Madame Falconet's Ball has astonish'd the world; during the Carnival in one word I suspect all the gaiety of a twelve-month meets, such is the avidity with which amusement is follow'd, which Proteas-like fleets into a thousand shadowy shapes. For it hardly leads one to a Ball, before a Masquerade appears and then assumes another guise. So that often we have pursued it, in all its metamorphoses, through the day and night, till wearied, we have wish'd its influence withdrawn and long'd for quiet and tranquillity, as ardently as tho' like slaves we took the impulse of a tyrant's wish and not our own. Twice I have been on parties to spend the day at Baia,



which is some miles West of Naples. This side of the country is what is spoken of by the old historians under the title of Campus Phlegnus. To go there we pass'd under the Grotto of Posilippo, the Town of Posilippo, and Puzzoli, near which Galley Slaves are chain'd and work in pairs. The latter Town contains 10,000 inhabitants and is situated on the Gulph call'd Sinus Putelanus. It was built 522 years before Christ, and was call'd Puzzoli from the number of Pits and mineral sources with which it abounds. It extends to the Solfaterra and during the time when the Romans made this side of the country the centre of their luxury, it was look'd on as a most considerable town. The Cathedral is built on the ruins of a Temple dedicated to Augusta; this Cathedral is dedicated to Saint Januarius and Saint Proculus, the Companion of his Martyrdom. He was one of the 72 disciples of Jesus Christ. The most reverenc'd of the antiquities of Puzzoli is a Temple sacred to Jupiter Serapis, and built after the manner of the Asiatics. It is ruin'd of its Statues, Vases and Marbles. There is shewn still existing in the pavement, a bronze ring, to which they used to attach the Victims, and holes are yet in the ground through which the blood drain'd off. There is also another Temple to Neptune, in crumbling ruins. The Ponte de Caligula consists of thirteen masses bursting above the water, which were once the Arches. 'Twas here he rode across the gulph in triumph. Montinuovo, which is a little way from Puzzoli, was thrown up by the Sea in 1538. The eruption from this mountain terrified its inhabitants, so that the Viceroy, Don Pietro de Toledo, to encourage their return built there a fine Maison de Campagne, call'd La Starza. Anciently the dyes of Purple and blue that they made at Puzzoli were almost as renown'd as those of Tyre. We visited the remains of the Amphitheatre at Puzzoli, which they call the Colosseo. A story goes amongst the guides that Saint Januarius and Saint Proculus were expos'd in it to wild Beasts but the famish'd Wolves

kneel'd devotionally before them, which oblig'd the tyrant to have their heads cut off. Colombaria, or sumptuous Tombs, are to be seen in ruins all about. Just by Puzzoli, the country house of Cicero stands. We walk'd throughout its ruins. Everywhere on this shore are found quantities of little square colour'd stones thrown up by the water which served in Mosaic, parts of sculpture, porphyry, marbles, &c. There is in Puzzoli a subterranean building that they call the Labyrinth of Daedalus, but which looks more like a reservoir for water. Near Monte Nuovo, which stands in the middle of the Lake Lucrin, and is a quarter of a mile in height, hollow to its base with a humid vapour constantly smoking within, is the Lake of Avernus on whose banks lie the Sybil's Cave through which we penetrated and cross'd the Styx. Avernus formerly was clothed with dark Forests and call'd the emblem of the Tomb.

“ Here th' access a gloomy Grove defends  
 And here th' innavigable Lake extends  
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,  
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;  
 Such deadly stench from the depth arise  
 And steaming Sulphur that infects the skies  
 From thence the Grecian Bards their Legends make  
 And give the name AVERNUS to the Lake.”

So thought Aeneas when he was going to grope for his father in Hell. But we walk'd round it without injury, and felt the air free and pure and unembarrassed from those gloomy groves, which gave so sombrous an appearance to the scene. Opposite the Sybil's Cave on the borders of the Lake is a lovely Ruin of the Temple of Apollo, mantled over with green and still most picturesque in its appearance! Alas the metamorphoses of the Sybil's Cave was grievous to contemplate, when we recollected the fine description which it bears and now has forfeited :

“ A spacious Cave within its farthest part  
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art  
 Thro' the Hills' hollow sides : before the place  
 A hundred doors a hundred entries grace :  
 As many voices issue, and the sound  
 Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.”



The three first lines precisely describe the appearance, but as for its hundred doors, unfortunately we did not perceive them. In therefore, to its farthest parts we penetrated through a long dark winding subterranean passage, by the light of Torches, till we reach'd the Sybil's Baths, and then plunged into the stygian Flood.

And now to quit these horrid realms of death, and rise again to the blue vaulted Day, where we found ourselves gathering a thousand flowers, amidst the fern-clad banks of lake Avernus, whose smooth surface reflecting an Italian sky, seem'd at a glance that heaven which Virgil meant, tho' calling it Elysium. We had not far to walk towards the Baths of Nero; a boiling spring issues there, which to arrive at, almost produces suffocation. In a bucket which the guide brings full of this water, we saw eggs boil'd in one minute. Here, too, as at the Lago d'Agnano near the Grotto del Cane, people are brought to be cured of the Rheumatism by the heat and steam; the sand of this shore 'tis said serves in medicine. Beneath the Baths of Nero, touching the water of the shore, it is so hot you can scarcely bear your hand in it. Beautifully scattered about this place, are fine ruins of Temples sacred to Diana, to Venus and to Mercury; that to Venus is round and tolerably perfect, and what renders it uncommonly lovely as a picturesque object is that it is completely crested with flourishing shrubs of green. The Chambers withinside are curious and ornamented with bas reliefs in stucco, from the mouldering remains of which subjects, these Chambers are suppos'd to have been dedicated to infamous mysteries. However, they are almost all now chok'd up by the encroaching Hill and the lava, which rests congeal'd, seems trickling down the sides of the wall. The effects of the whispering gallery are felt in this Temple.

The Castle of Baia projects boldly in the centre of the Gulph, so celebrated for a thousand things, and amongst others where Nero plan'd the shipwreck of his Mother Agrippina in sailing to her house near Lake Lucrin. Aeneas had the western point of the

gulph call'd Cape Miseno, in consequence of one of his companions being buried there, when he landed at the Cumaeen shore a little way from the Lake Avernus and describes a Temple he found built by Daedalus to the honor of Apollo, after Minos had confin'd him in the labyrinth, out of which he flew with his waxen wings.

At a league to the North of Cumes, is the tomb of Scipio Africanus, the Conqueror of Hannibal.

It would be absolutely endless to attempt a description of this country calculated to awaken such a variety of remembrances, and even in itself, so perfectly delightful. However I consider this like every word I write, as but the foot of Hercules by which nevertheless one may guess at the proportions of the whole, and while I was wandering with unhallow'd feet upon these classic shores, the temporary pleasure I enjoy'd, was half embitter'd by the fruitless regrets, that I could not see through your perception, or rather that you instead of me, had not the gratification, resulting only to one's mind, in proportion to the degrees of knowledge these scenes are calculated to reanimate. To return therefore to our Boats, in which you may accompany us if you like across the gulph, to Puzzoli on the finest moonlight night, where as the oars broke through the water, each wave divided into liquid fire, and repeated this phenomenon of light which till then, I had never witness'd. At Puzzoli, we got into our carriages and drove homewards. The coachmen lit themselves with blazing faggots through the Grotto of Posilippo which was black as Erebus and, as we pass'd beneath the Tomb of Virgil, a fragrance wafted through the air which seem'd like a remembrance from that Spirit to whose magic influences we had minister'd throughout the live-long day. Before I quit these shores of Baia, I must reproach myself for not having acknowledged our admission into the Elysian fields. All was not achievable the same day, tho' in another expedition we made to the same haunts, we pass'd into the groves thro' which a



gentle breeze Plays with a passing breath and whispers thro' the trees.

I really, and from no poetic cajolery would have liked to have spent a little life in these Elysian Fields. There was something so balmy in the softness of the air, and all the magic scenery which the view commands seem'd changed into transparency from the red effulgence of the Sun, which in a flood of light flow'd upon the world, just before it sunk beneath the waves that in a tide of gold, encircled the Elysian Shores.

But once more to return to Naples; we visited the Stubi, where we saw the famous Farnese Hercules, and all that collection; the Manuscript in Tasso's handwriting and an infinity of curiosities. I will not describe the Chateau de Capodemonte, the Palazzo Francavilla or any of those usual things one goes to see, because it would only repeat the fine views and fine Pictures you have heard of before. But about the Law Courts you cannot be indifferent, first as they treat of your own calling and next as they involved a most considerable part of the population here, whose talents are highly regarded, and who support the rights and keep up an intermediate rank between the citizens and the nobility. We attended therefore all the Courts and witness'd all the forms, heard the Pleaders, and became acquainted with many of the individuals.

Count Pomgarten, a Bavarian, the precise image of an Egyptian Idol, is one whose name ought to be recorded. He was one of our companions to Hell, and is a constant and very accomplish'd ingredient in all Societies.

Monsieur de Marmier, a pretty little French youth, was another of our infernal associates and also a constant and pleasant flutterer at every Ball.

Burdett, Clifford and two Mr. Fosters<sup>1</sup> were likewise amongst those who cross'd the Stygian Floods

<sup>1</sup> John Leslie Foster (1781-1842) Judge of the Common Pleas in Ireland, son of the Right Rev. William Foster, Bishop of Clogher; and his relative, the Right Hon. Sir Augustus John Foster, 1st Bart., G.C.H. (1780-1848), Minister at Copenhagen, son of Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, by her first husband,

Mr. Clifford<sup>1</sup> and his family, we have lately got acquainted with. He is an officer in the 12th Dragoons, but his brother a young man not 17 years of age, strikes me as one of the most singular phenomenons I ever met with; I mean for cleverness and information. You shall know more of him when I do. I will now release you from this enchanting Naples tho', as I premised, one object has crossed another so rapidly in my brain, that excepting a sort of inventory of Heaven and Hell, I have not had it in my power to sketch the pleasure this sojournment convey'd.

I forgot to mention Saint Januarius, the Patron of this Place, tho' fallen considerably since the horrors of the French. His blood has fail'd to liquify, and he has incurr'd the heavy and obstreperous indignation of the Neapolitans, who never fail to remind him of his obligations, and abuse him in the most outrageous manner, for the suspension of the miracle. This however is a sore subject, as it is combined with the remembrances of a period too recent to be spoken of even in general terms, as there is scarcely any one that one sees who is not a living victim to its cruelties from a brother, father, son, or near relation having fallen in the cause. The conduct of Lady Hamilton is universally consider'd, not only as a slur upon her sex and country, but upon Humanity; to her influence over the weak mind of Lord Nelson, the breach of treaties, as well as individual persecution, is attributable, and during the execution of Caracciolo and his own physician who saved his life, Cherillo, and others of the revolution on board his ship, which tinged the Bay with blood, Lady Hamilton sat contemplating on Deck the detail'd miseries of the wretched sufferers, reclining upon a chair and affecting the theatrical display of grief by a white pocket handkerchief which she had waving in the air, and changing into the most graceful attitudes. This

<sup>1</sup> Morgan M. Clifford, of Perristone, Hereford, whose "Diary in Egypt" was published in 1898, elder son of William Morgan Clifford, by Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Lewis, of Llantilio, Hereford. He died in 1814.



circumstance together with a hundred others, I heard repeated by dozens of eye-witnesses. But here I'll stop ! for to convey any idea of all that pass'd, would be wading through such a sea of blood, that it would be horrible and now useless to recapitulate it ! But I believe the murder of every sentiment ever revered by any nation was not wanting to crown the enormities of the time, and of the French, Italians and English who were involv'd : their conduct has left a blot upon their Nations disgraceful in their scutcheons, and everlastingly claiming from generosity, an eternal oblivion.

April 17th, 1803. Rome. Place d'Espagne, Hotel Pio.

The 6th of last month we quitted Naples, and return'd to Rome, the same road we went, which from the advancement of the Season look'd most delightful from the variety of heaths and different flowers that grew in tufts about the Rocks, and fringed the Appian Way. I cannot tell you our tribulation at leaving Naples, 'twas what possess'd our minds throughout the journey ; and it was the common bond of sympathy that united us in conversation to those who had come before us to Rome, and who still dwelt with melancholy on remembrances which no longer could be realiz'd. In this humour we spent the first day of our arrival at Mr. Robson's, where by dwelling on the circumstances of the last six weeks we tried to cheat ourselves out of the loss we had sustain'd. We then seriously set about our examination of everything that was to be seen above and under ground, and began with Saint Peter's, which appear'd more beautiful than ever it had struck us, on the first glimpse. We mounted up to the top and saw the Town beneath and the surrounding plain which is flat, and the Tiber waving through the Country and dividing the town, but from the extreme height where we were placed, it look'd sadly insignificant, and as an object of picturesque beauty was thoroughly rivalled by the old walls of the City. Fine granite Fountains

sparkling their waters amidst Tritons, Neptunes, Dolphins, Shells &c. sculptured in the most beautiful manner, are seen scatter'd throughout the Town to the best advantage; twelve Egyptian Obelisks cover'd with hieroglyphics; white marble pillars erected by the gratitude of the Roman people to Trajan, all emboss'd with Battles; triumphal arches; the Pantheon; the Capitol and Tarpeian Rock; innumerable Statues; pagan Temples; the Amphitheatre and miriads of Cupolas! All these objects repeated in perpetual variety over the seven hills of Rome delight the eye at a general glance, but a thousand times more interest it, by the minute inspection of each object as one descends amongst these wonders and contemplates with never-ceasing gratification their workmanship, grace, design, beauty and execution! The idea that besets one's mind, at this view, is a perpetual struggle between Theology and Mythology and, till I arrived at Saint Peter's Chair in Rome I never had consider'd Christianity in the light of an intruder. But all the Rods in the Temple cannot lash this notion from one's mind, when one sees St. Peter in marble glory usurp the Pinnacle of Trajan's Column and brandish his keys in the same spot, where successive centuries had view'd with gratitude their Roman Hero, whose ashes yet support the base once dedicated to his military glory. This you will say is a sorry proof of the struggle there exists between theology and mythology, Trajan never having been deified except by his virtues. However, it does not rest on this, for there is not a heathen monument in Rome that does not stand as a Tripod to the Saints, scarcely a Temple that is not chisell'd into a Roman Catholic Church, and even the Colisée, glorious beyond any structure antiquity has left to boast, is all dismantled, and the materials hustled into the Farnese and other palaces.

The Coliseum nevertheless dismantled as it is, rests unrivall'd in the world for the most perfect monument of picturesque beauty. We visited it a hundred times,



and every time return'd more enchanted by its contemplation, tho' seventeen centuries and a half have roll'd beneath its Arches, yet from its durable structure, it might have stood uninjured for Ages, had it not been for the disgraceful folly of the Romans. However, perhaps the effect is more beautiful considerably, than if it was less imperfect, for the check given to its decay by the clustering of a thousand Flowers, seem'd as if nature in that guise had shielded the spoils from Time, such is the loveliness of the vegetable drapery which hangs about its arches; the Acanthus spreads its large and polish'd leaves upon the crumbling masses, and adds an indescribable protection to the ruin which it shades; the flowering Rosemary and yellow blossom'd shrubs flourishing in profusion overtop the broken outline, and the broad Ferns, lilac, Hepaticas, perfumed Wallflowers and a variety of aromatic plants peculiar to this country enamel the advances which lead even to the heights of its circumference. This delightful scene under the clear azure of an Italian sky, dazzling in the beauty of an April Sun, we used frequently to visit, and the objects which the view commands were particularly assimilated to the place. The Campidoglio, founded on the ancient Capitol, protected by two Sphinxes of Basalt at the foundation of the high ascent and ornamented by colossal Statues of Castor and Pollux; old scatter'd Corinthian Pillars, the remnants of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and other fragments from the Temple of Concord; the magnificent ruins of the Temple of Peace made out of Nero's golden House. At a little distance the Triumphal arches of Titus, Septimus Severus, and Constantine; the basso relievos reckon'd most exquisite in their workmanship, and then the Campo Vaccino, where stood the ancient Forum. These are what strike the eye as one looks from the arches of the Coliseum which seems empower'd with necromancy, thus to obliterate the present and raise a past creation to one's view.

Prince Rezzonico is Senator of Rome, and resides

in the Capitol, where he invited us to a most enchanting concert of all the first performers. The French have made sad devastations in this place, and hardly left a picture in its frame. We afterwards went there to see the curiosities, amongst which is the Bronze Wolf with Romulus and Remus, which was struck with a thunderbolt the day Julius Cæsar fell in the Capitol at the foot of Pompey's colossal Statue, which we visited in the Palais Spada; the Sacred Geese which saved the Capitol are likewise imitated in bronze; statues, and paintings without end or measure fill numerous suites of Rooms, and in returning we saw the Tarpeian Rock, down which the culprits were dash'd into the Campus Martius, now not above 60 feet in height. Houses cover entirely the last mention'd place, once famous for chariot races and all the celebrated exercises of the Roman Youth. I was disappointed a little in the Statue of Marcus Aurelius, which stands upon the Capitol and which Michael Angelo Buonorotti, desired "not to run away" when he was fixing it on its Pedestal. I am scandaliz'd to confess, I was also a little disappointed the first time I saw the Pantheon. However, other visits totally convinc'd me of its claim to the celebrity it possesses, especially when I heard perform'd in it, one of the sweetest Concerts in the world. It is esteem'd the most stupendous monument of antiquity in Rome and its delightful simplicity opens new beauties every time one enters this best specimen of heathen Temples, now consecrated to Christianity.

The Baths of Diocletian are metamorphosed into the Church of St. Marie des Anges, where 3,200 persons bathed without seeing one another. The Marbles in all the Roman Churches, Palaces, &c. are magnificently beautiful, and one's eye becomes so accusom'd to Parian, Verde Antique, Serpentine, Chipolino, Porphyry, Granite, Egyptian, and all the varieties of this nature, that one ceases to wonder at these riches, tho' one can never cease to admire the effect of magnificence which they produce.



The Vatican we have visited as you may suppose a dozen times, and yet have not half well enough examined the curiosities of arts and sciences with which it abounds. A Palace such as this with miriads of exhibition rooms, long and splendidly painted galleries, Libraries, Museums, Gardens, Chapels, to which you approach in different ways by twenty Courts, eight grand and a couple of hundred small staircases, fully defies description short of volumes to do it justice. Raphael's works enrich multitudes of vaulted chambers; the museums contain specimens in the most precious marbles and finest workmanship of everything that formerly decorated the Forum, circuses, Publick Baths, Amphitheatres, Palaces, Tombs and other Edifices of the ancient Romans. In these beautiful vestiges everything of the most exquisite nature is to be found exhibited in chambers supported by Alabaster Columns, yellow marble ones, and all the granites from all quarters of the world. In an excursion we made a little out of Rome we went to visit the Fountain of the Nymph Egeria, where Numa Pompilius retired after the affairs of State. All that remains is a statue of the Nymph recumbent, from whence issues the most glittering spring of water; this forms a very pretty Grotto lined throughout with green.

I know 'tis endless to talk of Temples and Churches, but one of the most perfect remains of a Temple of Bacchus, now call'd l'Eglise de St. Constance, struck me with so much beauty that I cannot resist mentioning it with admiration. It is in the style of the Pantheon, supported withinside by Pillars, and the vaulting representing the successive stages of making wine, in mosaic. The excellent preservation of the Building, the freshness of the colours and yet the air of antiquity that reigns throughout, together with the sweetness of the surrounding country and the vestiges of a Roman Hippodrome delighted me more than I can express.

I must also say one word about the Scala Santa brought from Pontius Pilate's House at Jerusalem.

These holy stairs are enclosed ; at one side the principal flight of steps, and when we went there, twenty sinners at least, were on their knees ascending the steps, and telling their beads as hard as they were able. This is a penance inflicted for every petty offence, and absolution is gain'd the moment they reach the top, where is a dark Chapel in which they believe the Prophet Elisha dwells. We were shewn a miraculous statue, design'd by Saint Luke, and finish'd by the Angels. This adds considerably to the sanctity of the place. We were not a little amused at hearing that a young Englishman while he was viewing these stairs of Pontius Pilate, sauntered with a sleepy sort of nonchalance half way up the revered steps, where human foot had never dared to tread, but the horror this produced amongst the people was such that they bore the heretic off his feet, and when he was at the bottom obliged him to perform strict penance by going up on his marrow bones and asking pardon of the Prophet Elisha and so descending in the same way. However, before he was half way back again a parcel of his countrymen pass'd by, and view'd the operation with stupor and confusion. They call'd out to know whether they could believe their eyes, and were obliged to wait a considerable time before they could receive an answer to their astonish'd questions. The Penitent was at length released, with his knees worn out in the service, and heartily confounded at the transaction, for luckily he happen'd to be the very sort of man who was made look foolish at what he conceived so derogatory to the honour and glory of an English subject ! Talking of Heretics, when any of them die at Rome, they are interr'd near the famous Pyramid of Caius Caetio, which is a very beautiful monument of white marble, 113 feet in height, with inscriptions engraved on its four sides. Amongst a variety of miraculous things exhibited in Churches, there was a Prodigious antique Mask of the circumference of a dinner table, from which the Church is call'd *La bocca della Verita*, as 2000 years ago, truth and falsehood was



decided by putting the hand into the mouth; a juggling Priest stood behind with instruments to catch and torture the miserable fingers of those suspected of crimes and abominations. 'Twas so like the children's trick of setting a trap in the fingers, and saying "the Crow is not at home." We have seen the chains of Saint Peter, and amongst thousands of paintings, have seen the famous Christ by Michael Angelo, who crucified a man purposely to witness the horrors necessary to represent it on canvas. Shall I go on with barely mentioning what we have seen? Indeed I cannot, the names alone suggest no sort of idea, and Rome swarms both above and under ground with such endless curiosities that I now break from the task with desperation. You may imagine us viewing the spot where Clelia swam the Tiber, and where Mucius Scaevola burnt his valorous Paw in Porsenna's Camp on Mount Aventine. You may imagine us for hours together rooting like moles in the bowels of the earth, or visiting thousands of Palaces full of fine Paintings, or walking through galleries of Sculptured Gods, goddesses, Heroes and Heroines; in short, since the creation of Rome to the present day, as far as vestiges can represent reality, you may fancy us each minute passing from century to century, from Paganism to Christianity, from Jupiters to Crucifixions, from Heros to Saints, from Rhea's Sylvias to Virgin Marys, from Pantheons to Vaticans, and so on, in such perpetual succession that you will begin to forget that I too am not cut out of a block of Marble. So much of sculpture have I passed through, and so much of admiration have I experienced that, if wonder had any petrifying powers, I might long since have turn'd into stone. Indeed I suspect this metamorphosis did take place, and but for a visit I paid to Angelique Kauffman,<sup>1</sup> I might have remain'd so till doomsday, but her

<sup>1</sup> Angelica Kauffman (1742–1807), a Swiss artist, who settled in London and became an original member of the Royal Academy on its formation in 1769. She married an Italian artist, named Zucchi, who was employed in painting ceilings in England.

promethean influence which animates everything she touches, tingled me into existence once again, nor can I think of her without a flash of admiration such as her nature is calculated to inspire, independent of the talent which has rendered her name so celebrated. She allows us to sit with her often in the mornings, as her delicate state of health makes confinement necessary; her appearance has so much more of mind than body, that one forgets she is more than half way past to another world, which seems anticipated in her countenance, tho' view'd through so much fancy that genius counteracts her piety and in advance she sees a mythologic Heaven reflected in her imagination. Her delightful mildness of manners and sweetness of voice soothes one like the effect of plaintive musick, and the pale transparency of her complexion, one attributes less to her declining health, than to the idea that no other light has ever shone on her, but the silver beams of the moon. She speaks when you like of her profession, but it is so secondary an object in one's visit to her House, that we forgot to ask for her Pictures till the third time we were in her company. She still continues painting, tho' but slowly, and she seems highly consider'd amongst modern artists. One of her pictures of the latest invention, is the "Parting of Coriolanus and his family" which is extremely beautiful in the design as well as in the execution. However, in general, Portraits are what occupy her pencil, and more her pencil than her genius. Lord Bristol,<sup>1</sup> the Bishop of Derry, lives in her neighbourhood. As his house is an exhibition of the fine arts, we went to see it, and were amused as well with its contents, as the singularity of the arrangement. He is the patron of all modern artists, whose wives he not only associates with as his only female company, but has their pictures drawn as Venuses all over the House.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Augustus, 4th Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry (1730-1803). Constantly travelling, and being famed as an epicure, the hotel he stayed at in each town came to be considered the best, so that Lord Bristol's hotel was the precursor of the Hotel Bristol, still to be found all over the Continent.



His three favourite mistresses are beautifully represented as Juno, Minerva and Venus, in the Judgment of Paris. Tho' he is one of the greatest curiosities alive, yet such is his notorious character for profane conversation and so great a reprobate is he in the most unlicensed sense of the word, that the English do not esteem it a very creditable thing to be much in his society, excepting only where curiosity particularly prompts. I have often seen him riding and driving past our windows and his appearance is so very singular that I must describe it to you. His figure is little, and his face very sharp and wicked; on his head he wore a purple velvet night cap, with a tassel of gold dangling over his shoulder and a sort of mitre to the front; silk stockings and slippers of the same colour and a short round petticoat, such as Bishops wear, fringed with gold about his knees. A loose dressing gown of silk was then thrown over his shoulders. In this Merry Andrew trim he rode on horseback to the never-ending amazement of all Beholders! The last time I saw him, he was sitting in his carriage between two Italian women, dress'd in white Bed-gown and Night Cap like a witch, and giving himself the airs of an Adonis. The stories one hears of him are endless, both in the line of immorality and irreligion, and in general he contrives to affront everyone he invites to his table. To counterbalance all this, he admires the Arts, supports the Artists, and spends such a quantity of money in Italy, that amongst other rarities which he has purchased, he has also purchased Friends. However, his residence at Rome has thoroughly confirm'd the idea which most Foreigners have of the English character being the most bizarre in the world, bizarre but generous.

One of the sights most beautiful to behold is the attelier of Canova.<sup>1</sup> He is look'd upon by many, to surpass the ancient sculptors—and I am convinced, if it was not for the prejudice in favour of the antique, some of his productions would far outshine any that ever was seen in the world before. The loves of

<sup>1</sup> Antoine Canova (1757–1822) the celebrated Italian sculptor.

Cupid and Psyche are delightfully represented; a Pugilist, a Hebe, the Bust of Bonaparte, and amongst other things the King of Naples, as a colossal figure of Mars, which is a good joke after he had fled from his country, the moment it was attack'd. The exquisite perfection of everything he does surpasses belief! His Perseus after having cut off the Gorgon's head, is one of his most celebrated works, but that by which he expects to immortalise himself is his Hercules in the act of flinging a man into the sea. This is particularly opposed to the Farnese Hercules, which is in a state of repose leaning on his knotted club. If you choose to see through my eyes, you will prefer Canova's a thousand times beyond the other, for I cannot help thinking the Farnese Hercules one of the most lubberly preposterous wretches I ever saw in my life.

One of our first expeditions from Rome was to Frascati, now particularly distinguish'd as the residence of the Cardinal Duke of York,<sup>1</sup> Brother to the Pretender. We were presented to him by Cardinal Erskine, and spent a singularly entertaining day. He is about 78 years of age, still uncommonly handsome, with the freshness of youth in his cheeks, tho' unable to walk without support. He holds his Court with as much Regal Etiquette as possible, and everybody calls him "Your Royal Highness" when they address him, which is an observance he exacts, being tenacious of the fading shadow of Royalty which he believes his legal right. His residence is very pretty, in the midst of lovely gardens, where he walks as much and as often as he can and performs his religious duties sometimes in an Arbour. He was so employ'd, after our presentation, while we were driving about in his carriage which was ready at the door to conduct us through the neighbourhood. We drove to the beautiful Villa Aldobrandini, belonging to the Prince

<sup>1</sup> Henry, Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts (1725-1807); he bequeathed the Crown jewels, carried off by James II, to George III, who erected a monument to his memory at Rome.





HENRY, CARDINAL YORK.

1725—1807.





Borghese, commanding the country of the Sabines, the view of Tivoli, the Ruins of the ancient Tusculum, Villa Rufinella, Montalto, the Grotto of Cicero and the Skirtings of the Roman Campania. This view is more interesting than picturesque, but Naples was too fresh in our remembrance not to see any country to comparative disadvantage. Aldobrandini is famous for its water-works which rise out of the ground at a touch, to the amazement sometimes of those who see them playing all round them, without the power of extricating themselves. Music too breaks from the surrounding Gods and Goddesses sculptured round the place and produces a pretty effect. After seeing Pictures, Palaces, and so forth, we return'd at two o'clock to dinner with the Cardinal Duke of York. There were no ladies, except ourselves, so he placed Lady Mount Cashell on one side, and me on the other, and the rest of the company consisted of Cardinals, Bishops, and one Capuchin. He had a plate, napkin, salt-seller, and glass, different from the others, and nobody eat till after he was help'd. Except for this, he was free from ceremony and pleased with the conviviality which reign'd around. After going upstairs to the drawing room, we were shewn by Cardinal Locatelli, the Chalice, Mitre &c. set in diamonds, emeralds and Rubies, all appertaining to the Duke's Chapel which was beautifully fitted up. They all then sat down to cards and we were taken to the top of the House to admire the prospect. Afterwards Lady Mount Cashell was presented with a medal engraved with a strong likeness of the Cardinal, and "Henry IX," written on the other side. The blithesome gaiety of this pious conclave of Holy men was very pleasant and amusing. I never saw a more joyous crew, nor a set of human beings who forfeited less of cheerfulness than themselves, for having renounced the pleasures of the world! We drove back to Rome delighted with our expedition, and the next morning reassumed the usual occupation of visiting the antiquities. The Princess Borghese is

a frequent visitor. As I have nothing better to say of her, than that she is a little old woman, dressing like a girl and very stupid, I had better say nothing at all. Doctor Concannon, an Irishman, Superior of the Minerva, often visits us in his Dominican Habit, as does Father Conolly, Father Welsh, some Monks and Capuchins. I like their society very much, their scald heads, long beards and different orders borne on the surface, flatter one's fancy, and though they are just as merry as other people, yet I often fancy in conversing with them, that it is a communication held between the dead and the living and from that very notion, I find their Society excessively piquant.

Multitudes of English, or I should say British, are here. We keep up but a scrambling sort of intercourse with any society, as while we are at Rome, every moment is of consequence in seeing the curiosities. Besides, this is a period of prayers and fastings; as before and during the Holy Week, it wou'd be esteem'd an irreverence to infringe upon the sanctity of the time. It began by the performance of the Miserere in the Pope's Chapel in the Vatican. This ceremony coming late in the evening, every Lady is drest in deep mourning with a black veil, and is handed into the place set apart for her, the gentlemen sitting at the opposite side. Excepting at the Altar there is no light, but there is sufficient to glimmer on the figures in the "Last Judgment," done by Michael Angelo and reckon'd one of the finest paintings in the world. This glimmering effect of yellow light upon the figures seem'd to fancifully set them in motion and gave an illusion to the scene particularly to a group of Angels to the Front, who held the last Trumpet and woke from their graves those who were represented in every gradation of preternatural change. This picture fills one entire side of the Chapel; and the ceiling is magnificently ornamented by the same hand. The two Kings of Sardinia were amongst the audience, which was so crowded, that



Guards were set at every entry to produce order. The ceremonies began by the lamentations of Jeremiah and ended by the Miserere which was perform'd by innumerable Musicians, in so Heavenly a manner, and in such heartrending strains, heaving through the sweetest chords, broken and scatter'd, from the spirit of contrition with such angelic force, that it seem'd a celestial intercourse which reach'd the skies, to absolve the sins, which humiliation acknowledged through those deeply plaintive and slow expiatory peals ! When I tell you I was not disappointed in the Miserere, it is saying a great deal, so much had my expectations been raised upon the subject, and so much was necessary to fulfil the expectations awaken'd in one's imagination from the preparations of the scene. On going out of St. Peter's I was astonish'd at meeting Count Rogendorf, whom we had left behind us at Naples, and whom we thought we had parted with for ever. He came to our Hotel, and during the remainder of our stay at Rome, there was not a day pass'd without our seeing him and being exceedingly entertain'd from his versatility of character, of which I gave you a sketch before. But to return to the Church ceremonies ; for three nights successively the Miserere was perform'd, and in the mornings the various gradations of the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ, of Whom the Pope is the representative. It really and truly wou'd be endless to describe these strange theatre pageants, sumptuous as they are and so frequently repeated ! The one however which struck me most, was the washing of the Apostles' feet by Christ. This is perform'd in one of the many beautiful chapels of the Vatican, and the magnificence in the way of decorations, paintings, tapestry, lights and music, shed the most imposing air imaginable throughout the whole. The Apostles are personated by twelve old Pilgrims, caught on purpose for the occasion, and ranged upon a long Form, their heads bare, and long grey reverential beards. The Pope then appears bare-foot,

holding in both his hands a basin of water with napkins on his arm and a white apron tied about his waist. He is attended by all the Cardinals and when he kneels down to wash the pilgrims' feet, he gives the embroidered napkins, in which he wipes each, as a perquisite, together with beautiful bouquets of flowers. The agitation these poor Pilgrims undergo, in seeing the Pope on his knees before them is quite apparent and one of them I really thought wou'd have fainted dead away. As soon as this was at an end, we all went into another Chapel to witness the Pope's attendance on the Apostles at dinner which is another act of humiliation. The twelve, each with their large Bouquet and embroider'd napkin, are seen sitting round a Table very abundantly furnished with every species of eatable, and the Pope barefooted attending, taking away their plates, and offering them wine on salvers, and carving, and in short performing the office of a servant excessively well. All the Plates and dishes, knives and forks and table cloth, as well as the fragments that are left become also their perquisites, and they are dismiss'd rejoicing at the honors they have experienced. •

This ceremony of the " Washing of the feet " occurs in the morning, as well as the religious pantomime of the Actions, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. In the evening the illumination of the Cross in St. Peter's has a delightful effect, and shews that building to such advantage, that one meets at every turn, an Artist with his pencil and paper in his hand sketching the effects of Light and Shade. In the centre hangs an enormous cross studded so thickly over with lamps, that it has the effect of clear fire. The exhibition of the Holy Reliques takes place while the Church is thus illuminated and produces a singularly grand effect. A sort of Balcony is hung at a great height and seems almost like a Cloud from the fleeces of smoke, occasioned by the Frankincense, which burns before the Priests as they walk in Procession, with a part of the Real Cross glittering in



precious stones, and held up above the height of their heads, together with sacred Bones, canoniz'd teeth, toes, thumbs and ears of Martyrs. At the sight of these reliques, every creature drops down upon his knees, and during their exhibition, scarcely dares to lift his eyes from off the ground. The third day after the entering of Jesus Christ, the resurrection is announced by ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and every species of loud vociferation.

But the grand and last ceremony of the Holy Week, is the Pope's benediction given from a large window opening on a balcony in the front of St. Peter's to the People assembled in the very magnificent Court immediately beneath. This is on Easter Sunday, and his Holiness, bright in his golden tiara and embroider'd Robes appears borne on a chair, and spreading out his hands gives a solemn benediction to the multitude, who with one accord, fall upon their knees and observe a universal silence. Peals of Cannon then roar from the Castle of St. Angelo; bells ring from every Church and the sounds of rejoicings echo universally throughout the walls of Rome. So ends the holy week!

But I omitted a private transaction, which was our presentation to the Pope. At four o'clock on Good Friday Lady Mount Cashell and I, accompanied the Princess Borghese to the gardens of the Vatican where at the end of a long avenue, we beheld Pius 7th encircled by his righteous conclave. He was dress'd in a scarlet large flowing mantle trimmed with gold, scarlet beaver hat bound with gold, scarlet shoes with gold crosses embroider'd on each, and a Friar's Dress underneath his mantle. The Princess, as we approach'd his holiness stepp'd forward and throwing herself on her knees, kiss'd his toe; Lady Mount Cashell and I advanced and were half bent to perform the like operation, when, I am grieved to say, the Pope by a motion of his hand dispensed us from this tribute, which we would most gladly have paid, and sincerely disappointed

at the compliment, we walk'd with him towards a Pavilion into which he walk'd first, tho' this prerogative he made appear as much the effect of accident as possible. Here we sat an hour, extremely pleasant and utterly free from the slightest form of ceremony. He is more than 60 years of age apparently, with sincere, simple and gentleman-like manners. He talk'd principally, and in Italian, laugh'd at a hundred trifles, and appear'd unfeignedly amused at the desire Lady Mount Cashell express'd to see the Convent of the Capuchins and their cemetery, which is composed of Human bones, so arranged as to form separate grottos. He promised permission should be granted, as well for our seeing that, as the interior of a Nunnery and desired the Princess Borghese shou'd send the next day to the Vatican to have the grant signified in due form to the Capuchins. After conversing good humour'dly for an hour, he got up, the Princess falling on her knees and again kissing his toe and we again attempting the same ceremony, which he would not permit. On going out of the Pavilion into a sort of garden full of Hyacinths, Pollyanthus, Narcissus, Orange trees &c., the Pope very gallantly pull'd a Hyacinth and gave it to Lady Mount Cashell, and desired one of the Cardinals to follow his example, which he did by gathering me a bouquet, and presenting it likewise in a very gallant manner. A dozen servants who were in attendance fell down on their knees the moment his Holiness appear'd and remain'd in that posture, till he turn'd into another walk. He and all the Cardinals escorted us down the avenue to the Carriage and after civilities, and devotional ones on the part of the Princess were at an end, we drove home. I forgot to mention our bless'd Beads, made of Agate and Jasper enchased in gold which he gave us. So ended our visit to his Holiness. The permission for seeing the Convent of the Capuchins was duly deliver'd, and we drove off there in great triumph, as the Capuchins had many of them assured us, it



was impossible for our curiosity to be gratified relative to the cemetery. A number of them in their cinder-colour'd dress, bare feet, scald heads and grizzly Beards, came out to meet us in full grin, and ushered us into their Convent. They threw open all the doors of their Cells, which contained each a little Bed, Crucifix, Holy Water and Bell, and then usher'd us into the refectory, Chapels &c. Amongst various curiosities, they shew'd us a Cross made by the Devil and some of Saint Luke's paintings. They then walk'd before us with their prodigious bunch of keys in their hands and descended into the Cemetery. We there found ourselves in an endless length of Gallery composed entirely of Human bones and, to the right, opening into little Grottos form'd of Knuckles, Ribs, Skulls, Bones and every vestige of the miserable human frame so curiously and fancifully arranged, as really to produce an uncommonly pretty effect. The chief ornament goggling from the top, being generally a grinning skull and crossbones. In each compartment, erect against the wall, stood six skeletons in the Capuchin Habit with their skins dried tight upon their bones, and their long Beards flowing grizzly to their girdles; in their long bony hands they held their Beads and at their sides hung the usual insignia of their Holy Office. The live Monks who conducted us about told us all their names; pointed out who and who were their friends; shew'd us the vacant niches they expected they shou'd fill, and altogether appear'd as little appall'd at the idea of becoming like those horrid grim skeletons, as if the transformation was not to be acquired through the ordeal of death. These little Grottos were without number, and contained generation on generation without end or measure! After spending an hour examining the haunts of the dead, and hearing anecdotes of the characters of these skeletons, we at length ascended to the light of Day, and were conducted into the garden, all divided into private portions appropriated to the Monks. Each presented

us with a *Ranunculus*, or a *Hyacinth*, or a *Salad*, or in short, some product of his industry, and shew'd the greatest pride imaginable in the praises we bestow'd throughout. We were last of all conducted into the cell of the Superior, who received us with a grace, ease, and dignity so peculiar, that we cou'd think of nothing else. I never saw so striking a Being in all my life, and as he stood in his little cell, without a second chair to offer us or one single comfort or luxury of existence, his air inspired a greater reverence and admiration than all the Thrones and Potentates in Christendom.

Our next visit was to the Convent of Saint Catherine's which is attach'd to Nero's Tower, commanding the best view in Rome. As Lady Mount Cashell was nursing little Richard, she frequently took him about with her in the carriage, but on stopping at the Convent gate information was given that he cou'd not be admitted with any decency or propriety, and therefore he was dismiss'd with the maid, while we enter'd, and were taken by the Abbess through the different apartments of the Nunnery. I was astonish'd at the comforts with which it abounded, the size of the Bed-chambers, the delicate cleanliness, the polish'd floors, the long airy galleries, and the large delightful gardens! However, we were told it was by no means a common thing, and it was assign'd as the reason for all these cloister'd comforts, that none but the daughters of the first nobility were received within its walls. The dress of the Nuns was not pretty; it consisted of white Frieze which they wore next their skin, as well as outside in the Habit of their Order; a black veil was the only addition to this, excepting a large black Rosary and Cross, and Ivory Skull, which hung at their sides. Each Nun had a room to herself, and a large bed with frieze sheets; a large crucifix lying on it and a little vessel at the head of the bed containing Holy Water. At the side of her bed stood a little table, with a Bible



lying on it, a Bell, a Rosary with prodigious Ave Marias and Pater Nosters, a large Skull and various good greasy looking black books. The rest of the room was hung with Saints and Martyrs. Very luckily a Nun took the Veil while we were there, and we kneel'd down amongst the Sisters, looking through iron network, at the top of the Church, while the Novice received the usual exhortations from the Priests. We then went down with the nuns into the Chapel of the Convent behind the Altar, and witness'd the same Ceremony that I described to you at Naples, tho' the girl was not half so interesting; yet it was as affecting and more so, from our seeing it all behind the scenes. We stood at the door of the room where they were at dinner; an utter silence was observ'd except by a Nun who read out the bible to them during the entire time. We then return'd to the Abbess and after having spent the morning at St. Catherine's, highly interested with all we saw, we return'd home to dinner with all the mysteries of a Convent floating through our brains for the first time reveal'd.

The eternal round of variety we are in, saves us in some degree from the effects of the Scirocco wind, but still I find it depressing beyond measure; it produces so universal a languor and lassitude, and makes one's very life a burthen. I was sitting in this debilitated state the other day in my room before breakfast, when the door open'd and a Priest in full Canonical Robes appear'd, with a vessel of Holy Water in one hand, and a long switch in the other, which he dipp'd occasionally into the Holy Water and sprinkled all about the room, muttering Prayers between his teeth and proceeding with his purification without taking the least notice of me, no more than if I only form'd part of the Furniture. I almost thought it was the Apparition of a Wizard and started up to apprise him of my being there. But he only answer'd to this motion, by a shower of Holy Water in my face and passed on into the adjoining chamber where he

continued his works of grace, while I ran off to enquire the cause of his appearance in so questionable a form, and found out it was a religious function to lay evil spirits, of which number he must have imagined me one of no small magnitude if I judged from the splash of Holy Water I received in such abundance.

I was delighted more than I can express with an expedition we made to Tivoli, about 18 miles from Rome, situated in the Campania and said to be founded 462 years before Romulus. For the first 8 or 9 miles, at either side of the Road, were ruins of magnificent sepulchres scatter'd about, and as we approach'd Le Pont de la Solfat, the water which runs under it, forms at a distance into a Lake about the circumference of a mile, and 135 feet in depth. A strong sulphureous and bituminous vapour, produces a scum upon its surface, which uniting with earth and sticks, condenses into Islands which float about and which are strong enough to support three or four people at a time. On the leaves and branches growing on the banks of this stream, an incrustation is often form'd so as to produce the appearance of petrification. They assume curious grotesque shapes, and sometimes are made into candlesticks and other little fantastic implements. Before we arrived at Tivoli, we turn'd a little out of our way to visit the Villa Adrienne, the place once so famous, for the Emperor Adrian's having collected everything most curious from Greece, Egypt and Asia. There formerly were three theatres there, the ruins of two still exist; a Hippodrome, Temples, Libraries, le Cento Celli (for the Imperial guards) Baths, Schools for Philosophy &c. of which some masses of ruins still exist. The situation of this Villa is so beautiful; the day was so gloriously fine when we were there, and the trees, flowering shrubs, and all sorts of spring Flowers so bloomingly abundant and so fragrant, that we had nothing to lament in its decay, and really I believe it look'd more beautiful, since from its wild neglect, so many flowers, almonds, lilacs, Hawthorns, blossoming



Cherrys, Labernums and palm trees cluster'd about in irregular groups, than if we had seen it in its original formality and precision. At length we arrived at Tivoli, and in the little Garden of the Inn we saw the famous Temple of the Sybil, reckon'd one of the most extraordinary monuments of antiquity; but one's attention is not let long rest on this object from the roaring of the Cascade immediately underneath, and the sweetness of the scenery which unfolds itself within the beautiful circumference.

Very early the following morning we descended down a steep path, through a delightful glen, the ground enamell'd with Purple Hepaticas and Cyclamen, Heaths, Ferns, Mosses and Violets into the grotto of Neptune. The extraordinary Cascade in this place precipitates itself headlong, sparkling from Rock to Rock, with such force that it has form'd this beautiful excavation in its fall, the spray rebounding in such brilliant showers that it gems within the entire cave like diamonds. We were going away enchanted with what we had seen, when the Guide desired us to remain a few minutes for the Rainbow, which at sunrise always appears from the rays striking within the Grotto, and the effect immediately became apparent. The colours were vivid as they play'd upon the water and curved into a more perfect rainbow than any I could have imagined, and the bright reflection which circled it below, and again repeated it infinitely in the glittering spray, so thoroughly sets at defiance all description, that I will leave you to turn your wits into a Rainbow, while I pass on to the other cascades and cascadelles and Syrens, Grottos and Villas, which to the extent of many miles decorate this lovely Tivoli. We remain'd there till after dinner seeing these and various other interesting objects, such as the House of Horace, the Palace of Messene, &c. and so return'd to Rome in the evening enchanted and delighted with all we had seen during our expedition. As well as I can recollect, this is the outline of what occupied us whilst

at Rome. I will hasten with you to Florence for a little variety, as by this time you must be weary of his Holiness the Pope, the Coliseum, the Ruins, the Artists, and all the underground work which has buried you alive during so many descriptions.

N.B.—We were near seeing a Saint made, which process I have heard described as being performed by having a certain number of Miracles proved, and in order to do so, Advocates are employ'd for and against their validity. Those in favour of them are call'd Council for God Almighty, and those against, Council for the Devil; the latter try to disprove the possibility of Miracles, by arguing according to the usual occurrences of nature, and the former establish the contrary side, which canonizes the Saint.

23rd April, 1803. à l'Aigle Noir. Florence.

This day we have arriv'd once more at Florence, after seven days journeying through the most delightful and uninterruptedly beautiful country I almost ever saw. We came a different Road from the one we went, for the benefit of seeing the famous Cascade of Terni. The morning we left Rome, we had a last farewell of Count Rogendorf, and for the first three days were accompanied by Mr. Clifford, with whom we parted at Foligno, from whence he struck off to Venice while we proceeded on to Perugia.

On leaving Rome, we travell'd by the via Flaminia and slept the first night at Civita Castellana. The second day we reach'd "Terni" before dinner and instantly set off from the Inn, in one of the little machines provided for the Expedition, as the road is almost perpendicular to the cascade at the distance of four miles from the town. However, we had not gone half way, when we were attack'd by the most dreadful storm of Hail, Thunder and lightning that I ever witness'd in all my life, and for a long hour we took shelter in one of the many little Chapels by the roadside full of Saints, almost patter'd from the



wall through the frequency of these frightful storms. I was so astonish'd at the size of the hail stones, frozen into clear ice, that I had the curiosity to measure one, which I found in common with all the rest as large as a Plum, and as they fell with force in driven showers against the Olive trees, the ground was strewn over with their fallen branches. I never felt completely terrified at thunder and lightning before ! I was convinced every flash wou'd have set us and our Chapel in a flame and my eyes ached insupportably at the dazzling fork'd and blue livid light, which play'd throughout the atmosphere incessantly. The thunder roar'd, and every bolt reverberated loudly throughout the Apennines, which from having an hour before presented the most Romantic scenery, now appear'd but a dark chaos of gigantic mountains. In this state we remain'd till we were afraid night would have overtaken us, and therefore before the storm was half over, we went into our miserable open carriage, piled with hailstones, and drove as cautiously as we could, tho' to crown the disasters of the evening, we had not advanced half a mile, before we were completely overturn'd into a pool of water at the side of the road. From this predicament we were relieved by some Polish gentlemen who were driving by, and who took us safely to the Inn, dripping from head to foot, and scarcely able to extricate ourselves from our clothes. We had perseverance enough however the next morning, to set off again on the same pursuit, and were lucky in one of the most splendidly fine mornings that ever came out of the Heavens. We reach'd the Cascade just in time, to see again the same effect of light which form'd a Rainbow, as I mention'd at Tivoli, nor do I think in any circumstances whatsoever is the cascade of Terni inferior.

The Grottos form'd from the petrification of the roots of trees, are curiously beautiful, and situated in the midst of Woods which overhang the most extensive reach of prospect imaginable. To produce

this Cascade, the Velino falls into the Nero. We dined and slept that night at Spoleti and walk'd to see the Aqueduct, which is composed of single arches excessively high and fix'd between two enormous mountains, the sides of which are thickly inhabited by Hermits, who have scoop'd out their cells like a honey comb.

The fourth night we slept at Perugia, situated in a delightful plain, and the next day pass'd the Lake of Perugia, so celebrated for its singular beauty, and slept at the Village of Camoccia.

The sixth night we got to the Village of Levane, and during that day's journey stopped at Arezzo, remarkable for illustrious men, and saw some antiquities and the remains of an Amphitheatre. We had an excellent view of the Giant of the Apennines, Mount Camaldoli, from the top of which can be discern'd both the Mediterranean and Adriatic Sea. The seventh night we arrived here, and got into our old accommodations, which we left four months ago.

Florence, 10th July, 1803. à l'Aigle Noir.

I have now to account for a sojournment here of ten weeks. After resting six or seven days, we took an excursion to Leghorn, which is about 60 miles from Florence. The Country is uninterruptedly like a beautiful Garden; the Vines link'd together in festoons of the freshest Foliage contrasted to dark pyramidical clumps of Cypress; the Fields high in every kind of crop; the Flax blue in blossom; the Lupin Fields red as Roses; the shapes of the ground diversified; the women walking about spinning with the distaff at their sides; the bright colouring of the distant mountains, and the heavenly blue serenity of the sky. These are the perpetual objects which characterise Tuscany, and render it one of the sweetest spots upon earth during Spring and Summer. There is a great appearance of industry everywhere about,







ANNE, DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

Died 1808.



and the Peasantry are esteem'd the richest in the world. The second day we arriv'd at Leghorn, one of the best Maritime Ports on the Mediterranean, defended by fortifications and a Mole running a mile into the sea. The evening of our arrival there, we went off to a Jewish Synagogue reckon'd the finest in Europe. The Rabbi who officiated, wore a black dress, with a white square veil, and sung or rather whined his devotions in the centre of the Church, which was answer'd in vocal responses by the entire congregation. The women were above stairs, standing behind iron gratings to prevent anyone from seeing them, and all the men sat below stairs with their hats on. Hebrew writings in letters of gold were hung about the place. Afterwards we drove to see the burying place of the English; each grave has a pyramid, or Pillar, to distinguish it.

The next day we dined at Col. McNeil's, the English Consul's, visited the famous Coral Manufactory and the Alabaster one, and return'd in our way to Florence as far as Pontedera. That morning we stay'd three or four hours at Pisa, saw the famous falling Tower, which excepting for the defect of its being awry, is uncommonly beautiful, and looks like pillar'd Temples one above the other, extremely light and elegant. We visited the Cathedral, the Batistere, the Campo Santo, and all the round of curiosities and the next day arrived at Florence. The Duchess of Cumberland<sup>1</sup> lodges in our Hotel and really her powers of drollery are very great. She is completely a Luttrell in every sense of the word, as far as it applies to what is amusing. We visit her in her apartments and she us in ours, very frequently. The Countess de Salvi, a good humour'd frank handsome Venetian lady is another who we frequently see, the family of Acloms, and multitudes whom we knew at Rome and Naples.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of Simon, 1st Earl of Carhampton, married Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, Derby, and secondly, in 1771, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, K.G., Admiral of the White. She died in 1808.

Amongst the English, Mr. Jones Burdett, who is excellent from his simplicity of manners, and singleness of nature. One totally forgets the wickedness of the world in his society, ingenuousness appears so much easier and direct, that one wonders they have been ever gall'd through the clumsiness of deception.

The little child having had the measles, and Lady Mount Cashell's consequent long illness have been the cause of our not returning into France, or at least to Geneva, where the rest of the family have been. This delay has totally prevented our evading the consequences of the War, which has broke out between England and France, the news of which reach'd us the 1st of June, with the aggravation of an embargo being laid on British travellers, to the utter prohibition of the gentlemen's returning to their own countries.

The death of the King of Etruria took place on the 28th of May in the Palace Pitti. It is imagined by slow poison through the influence of Bonaparte, who set him up as but a temporary engine, and by these means his faculties were rendered subservient to French power. But heaven knows if this may not be a calumny. 'Tis said when he was Prince of Parma he was an uncommonly promising young man, but since he has come into Tuscany he has faded away every day, and experienced a heavy life of discontent and care. He was obliged to go to Spain to the marriage of his sister-in-law much against his will, and the Queen lay in whilst at sea during the voyage. For three days the King was laid out in State at the Palace, and the bells never ceased ringing. The third evening the Funeral took place at nine o'clock; the processions were numerous, all the Confreries, all the Priests and Monks holding lighted tapers in their hands form'd two lines of fire slowly moving through the streets, chanting Psalms and follow'd by military. The King was exposed in his regimentals, his face painted, his hair powdered and lying in an open Coach; his saddle horses cover'd with black follow'd, with nails pierced in their feet to make them limp. For-



merly, it was the custom to stab the horses as soon as they reach'd the Church, which tho' discontinued here is still practised in Spain and is a vestige of ancient Chivalry. Altogether the ceremony was very solemn excepting for the Bells, which jingled as at a Village wedding. These Processions from some one cause or other are taking place eternally. Sometimes the peasant girls trick'd out in their best array walking two and two followed by Priests, holding a Crucifix hung in garlands and bunches of Ribbon, and preceded by an Ass laden with casks of oil and decorated with gaudy knots and wreaths of various flow'rs; this ceremony is a thanksgiving to the Virgin who caused the rain which produces the oil and as a reward they offer some to be burnt at her shrine. When one looks at such a procession as the above for the first time, one imagines a band of dancers from the Opera has got loose, such is the gaiety of their dress, and the fantastic abundance of every species of ornament, with which they are studded all over. Amongst these religious ceremonies, there is one excessively ridiculous which is practiced as a fashionable humiliation by the Ladies of superior rank and consequence, both at Rome and Florence, in imitation of the Pope's washing the Pilgrims' feet. When they have committed a grand misdemeanour, they send out into the highways to catch a few old women, whom they lock up in their closets till the hour of penitence arrives, and whose feet they then begin to scour with fervour and devotion, according to the extent of their own crimes. The other day the Queen of Etruria wash'd twelve old women's feet; one of them absolutely died of agitation and the Court was at sixes and sevens till another was caught to supply her place.

During Lady Mount Cashell's illness, I have for the first time this age had time to read and write a little, and for the first time I got through the works of Florian, which I was tired with telling everybody "I never had read". I went on with Shepherds and

Shepherdesses, Estelles, Merils, Nemorins, Galatees, Chloes, and Myrtles till I felt myself growing into a Crook, and I believe if I was to read on for a week longer I should lose my speech, and bleat like a sheep. I wish I could possess the sense necessary to relish the society of so many Flocks and Herds. Swift to me is more amusing, who makes man an Etcetera to Horses, than Florian who makes them one to sheep. At least I would choose to be the Valet de Chambre of a Nag rather than a Ram.

This confinement threw into my way a most singular acquaintance, whom I met frequently walking up and down the Gallery. He was an Italian Officer in the French Service who told me many circumstances of the Queen of Naples and Lady Hamilton. It was he who was sent on board Lord Nelson's ship to capitulate on some occasion and, after dining with him and Lady Hamilton, he went on deck to join a parcel of young Officers, who were talking of Lady Hamilton, and in allusion to her immense size made a thousand ridiculous comparisons,—amongst them that she resembled a Barrel of English beer. Unluckily this reach'd her ears, and the speech was laid upon the Officer, who directly was thrown into Prison where he remained for two years. Before this at the time of the general confusion he seiz'd at Caserta some of the Queen's papers, amongst them letters from Mr. Pitt, from Lady Hamilton and others, all of which he has in his possession, and he says they disentangle a thousand perfidies, which have gull'd the world. In short his mind is strongly imbued with Revenge, which he is resolved to wreak upon his enemies who, he says, shall be seen "Sans Chemise" by all the world. For this purpose he is writing a Book entitled "The Faith of Kings"—which is to be published in Malta, the Press there being free, which together with the exposure of publick characters is to give a sketch of the Neapolitan transactions; the Prince of Moliterno's conduct, and his shuffling manner of conducting himself amongst all parties, by which he forfeited universal



respect; the transactions on board Lord Nelson's Fleet; and, in short, all the circumstances of the times. This officer was very singular in his manners and conversation, and excessively clever; his features plain to a degree, with such a deep perspective of thought in his countenance, that 'twas impossible to see him without suspecting he was out of the common run of people. His manner of expressing himself was strong and epigrammatic and always instructive, tho' eccentric beyond measure. I have form'd an intimacy with the Princess Montimoletto, who I described to you before, and whose character is delightful as it unfolds upon acquaintance. She has insisted on instructing me in Italian, and I have given her some lessons in English. This takes up part of every day. We go together often to the Cascina in the evenings, which is a most delightful scene, shadow'd with vines, cypresses, flowering shrubs &c.

Everybody dines here at two o'clock, and then goes to bed; at six they get up and dress themselves, and drive off to the Cascina, where they talk to each other from their carriage windows, but seldom or never walk. The place is fragrant with baskets of Carnations, Mignonette, yellow Roses, and Orange blossoms in bouquets which everybody buys, and on returning home, 'tis the custom to stop and eat ice, and then go off to the Theatre, or conversaziones, or any engagement one has at home. We very often walk out on the Bridges and Quays by moonlight, which is the fashion and one of the greatest of refreshments possible, after the relaxation of a hot day; the streets are full of musicians, who sing in parts as they walk about, and serenade their friends. I never saw anything like the beauty of the Fire Flies, which I can compare to nothing less brilliant than stars, and they really look fully as beautiful, when they fly in swarms about the garden by night. Night in this country surpasses anything, for splendour, I ever witness'd anywhere. For the last six or seven weeks I have never taken any exercise except during the

hours of ten, eleven and twelve. There is a garden belonging to a Florentine family with whom I am very intimate, where I go almost every evening to walk; it is a wilderness of sweets; and as we sit in a white jessamine Arbour, looking at the glory of the Heavens, the glittering of the Fire Flies amongst the Rose bushes, and inhaling the fragrance of the Orange flowers, I declare I often forget that imagination has not supplanted Reality and that I am not an inhabitant of the world of Poets.

I have seen the old town of Florence, call'd Fiesoli, a couple of miles out of town, curiously situated on the Pinnacle of a high Pyramidical Hill, commanding a view of this beautiful Angelic Country. We took torches to see the remains of an old Amphitheatre. At present a Franciscan Convent darken'd over with Cypresses, crowns the eminence which is one of the most striking objects about Florence.

Since the arrival of the Courier from Paris to General Clarke <sup>1</sup> (the French Minister) announcing war, everybody has been in the utmost consternation. No one knows what is to become of us; some say we are to be sent home from Leghorn by long Sea, in which case we should infallibly die in the Bay of Biscay, or be taken by Pirates, if we did not perish from suffocation long before. Others conjecture we are to be sent to Palermo; others that we shall not be permitted to leave Tuscany. Everyone wants to get Home, and when one can for a moment forget the awkwardness of our situation, it is excessively laughable to see the long faces everyone makes at his own fantasies. I had proposed and frustrated a thousand plans for my return to Ireland. Lord Mount Cashell, I knew, was unable to return during the War, the indefinite length of which precluded all hope. Lady Mount Cashell was peculiarly circumstanced on account of her children being in France, and their Tutor a

<sup>1</sup> Henri Jacques Guillaume, Duc de Feltre, Marshal of France (1769-1818). He was son of Thomas Clarke, of Aharney, Queen's Co., who settled at Landrecy, in Flanders.



prisoner. There was therefore no chance or probability of her leaving them abroad unprotected by herself. Every soul ran about to know what his neighbour would do before he would determine himself; this state of mind amongst the British in Florence produced a panic and confusion unexampled. Every House exhibited the strangest tragi-comic scenes imaginable. Ransoms were speculated upon; chains and dungeons glanced at; Gentlemen went off in disguise at the peril of their lives; ladies fainted; the Duchess of Cumberland flew to the Pope's dominions, and three or four families at her heels; every creature seem'd running helter skelter asking compassion, and receiving the assault of other's woes, as the only responses to his own. "How to get Home," was the only talisman that struck a common sympathy; in the midst of these perpetual convulsions, Mrs. Clifford appeared from Naples, where we had known her very well, and who kindly allowed me to join her party, as she proposed going through Germany to England. Here then ends my Florentine History! The miseries of the last few days previous to my parting with Lady Mount Cashell, I will cover with a Pall: two years uninterrupted happiness in her society, was obliterated by the anguish of separation, and the morning of my departure, I never more earnestly wished for anything, than that, even by so long a spell of pleasure, I had not incur'd the trials to which I then became a victim.

Venice, 19th July, 1803. (Petrilla's.)

I will say nothing of this preternatural place till I run back the journey from Florence, and make you a little acquainted with my two companions. Mrs. Clifford is a Herefordshire Lady, middle aged, and uncommonly animated, sensible, whimsical and entertaining, with as much enthusiasm of mind and character as if she was but 15 years of age. She has two sons; the eldest was continually with us at

Naples, and travelled with us from Rome as I mention'd before; a handsome fashionable man whose "Poem on Egypt" I daresay you have read. The second, William, is our companion and though not quite 17, one of the most extraordinarily accomplished and highly instructed creatures I ever knew in my life. He has lost the use of his limbs these four years (in consequence of the measles) and to bathe him in the Wine Baths, was the motive of his coming abroad. He is still unable to walk, but certainly as a companion, 'tis impossible for anyone to be more elegant. He, his mother and her maid travelled in their own carriage, with a servant outside, and I in a German Barouche, bought for the occasion. Of course we interchange companions between the two carriages three or four times a day, and so far we have been conducted by "Lorenzo" and "Pietro", our voiturins, and "François", our courier. The 10th of this month we quitted Florence and began to ascend the Apennines, which were delightfully shadowed with chestnut groves. The first night we slept in these mountains, in our carriages, and after the next day's dreadfully hot travelling arrived in the evening at Bologna. We saw when we were about 20 miles from Florence watered by the Arno the famous Vallambrosa, which Milton compares something to, as "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallambrosa, where th' Etrurian shades, high over arch'd embowr". At Bologna we were detain'd, and a Guard set over us till the next morning, and so many difficulties suggested by the Officers of the Police, that we despaired of being able to pursue our journey. The objections at length we discover'd to arise from the suspicion of young Clifford being above the interdicted age. Fortunately, a gentleman to whom Mrs. Clifford had a letter of introduction, and who had influence amongst them, arranged the matter, and in the evening we were set at liberty, and continued our journey. All that night we went on travelling without any molestation, and slept



tolerably at times. The Fire Flys and Moonlight dissipated all darkness during the night, and at five in the morning we arrived at Ferrara situated on the river Po. After visiting the Tomb of Ariosto, and drinking our Coffee, we left that town about ten o'clock, and during the day crossed the Po twice "en Ponts Volants", and arrived at night to sleep at Rovigo (founded on the ruins of the antient Adria).

All the next day we were under the most terrible thunder and lightning, while we pass'd from the Cisalpine Republick into the Imperial dominions. That night we reach'd Padua. We had only time to look at the outside of the Palace of the ancient Dukes, as we left the town. The next day we drove by the side Bienta; the Canal is beautiful as far as Maistre, all scatter'd on the banks with Villas belonging to the noble Venetians, fantastically ornamented, and the Gardens Purple with flowering Shrubs.

At Mestre we went on board a Gondola, and sail'd five miles up to Venice. The Inn we are at is one of the best situations in Venice; the view of the Rialto to the left; and many of Paladdio's Palaces, rising before us in the greatest magnificence. We have scarcely been out of our Gondola during our stay, as we have dedicated every moment possible to seeing the rarities of the place. We were conducted everywhere by the Count and Countess M. who had formerly been Ambassador and Ambadress to London from Venice. For my part I have been compleatly enchanted with what I have seen. I don't think anything can exaggerate the beauty of this town, and high as my expectations were raised, it has surpass'd them infinitely. The air of sprightliness, and the gaudy splendour of the weather illuminates every object, and gives an elasticity to one's spirits peculiarly happy for every pleasurable perception. The absence of all bustle and noise, such as addles one in every other town, and nothing but the agitation of the water from

the oars of the Gondoliers and the pretty Venetian Ballads to be heard, makes Venice, independant of its architectural beauties, attractive and delightful beyond measure. We saw so many Publick buildings, Pictures and Churches, that it would be endless to mention them in detail. The Place St. Mark is very handsome and the view from the Tower particularly so. The Ducal Palace, as well as most of the Chief Buildings in Venice, are all of Marble and uncommonly grand, and the ornament on most of the places is a Lion with wings. There is something exceedingly lazy and comfortable in the Gondolas; more than four can not sit well in them, and the two who have the upper cushion'd seats lounge most famously. They are painted entirely black, and ornamented within side with looking glasses; black damask forms the curtains, lining, cushions &c. The Gondolier is always dressed in white trowsers and waistcoat; three gold ear-rings in one ear, his fingers cover'd with gold and every species of decoration. The arsenal is defended at the outside by two gigantic Lions, brought 2000 years ago, from Greece. The works of Titian are numerous and the churches of St. Marco, S. Giorgio Maggiore, Il. Redentore, il Frari, S. Rocco, S. Caterina &c. &c., uncommonly well worth seeing. We sailed to the Theatres in the evenings; went to the Cassinos and Coffee Houses to eat ice; and after seeing everything that cou'd be seen, left Venice particularly pleased and delighted with our visit.

Vienna, 2nd August, 1803. Villiers Hotel.

We have been eight days travelling from Venice to Vienna. The first day after sailing from Venice to Mestré, we there got our carriages, and proceeded to Treviso, beyond which we cross'd the Piave and pass'd the spot distinguished for one of Bonaparte's Battles. The two next days we were completely amongst the Alps, and pass'd the Tagliamente with guides and oxen. We took the road to Pontebba, Osoppo and



L'Ospedoletto. The guaters render the inhabitants quite hideous. However, the loveliness of the scenery amply recompensed all deformity that may assail one from these mountaineers. I will not describe again these astonishing Mountains, Cataracts and Valleys, tho' they look quite under a new guise, since Summer has clothed them with verdure, and towards the edges of the road wreathed our way with Pinks, Geraniums, Euonimous, Acacias, and a variety of those flowers most prized in gardens amongst us, perfuming the air. The third day, we arrived to Breakfast at Pontebba, the frontier Town of Carinthia. After a rigid search from the Custom House officers, we proceeded through the Alps to Villach. 'Twas astonishing! the instantaneous change in manners, appearance, language, accommodation, everything in short the moment we pass'd the line of territorial distinction. The people grew short, squat and frightful in their dress; the women were disguised in a hideous masquerade, clouted shoes, stumps of legs shewn up to their knees, short full dark cloth Petticoats, close black long-waisted jackets, umbrellas of Hats, or else square caps made of a composition like delf; and the men with pipes in their mouths, stupid looking and clownish in the extreme. The Crucifixes, Madonnas, Bon dieus, Saints, and Martyrs, appear more universal if possible than in Italy. The Voiturins, Lorenzo and Pietro, never pass one without making a profound bow, low in proportion to the rank of Canonization. The appearance of the German Churches is different from those in Italy; they are steepled something like English ones, and cover'd over with white shining metal which gives the appearance of the Turkish Mosques. The Houses are universally roof'd with wood and project like the Italian ones. We have met throughout Austria all the Peasants without shoes or stockings, walking the roads barefoot, but with excellent ones over their shoulders, like our Irish economists. The way was continually interrupted by Waggon from Bohemia,

full of crystal to be manufactured at Venice and various other kinds of merchandise. Soldiers were scatter'd everywhere about mending the roads. Mines of Lead and Iron are frequent in this country, and continually we met Loads of pigs of lead, as in Wales. The country uninterruptedly was beautiful until we arriv'd at Vienna. The day of our getting there, we pass'd a prodigious Mountain, up which waggons were drawn by 20 Horses and at the foot of which lies Schottwein. We then drove through Traskirken, Newkirken, and Neustatt and got into a very flat country which incircles Vienna, and to the right had a view of Hungary and the Danube. After the usual examinations of Passports and luggage, we enter'd the Gates of Vienna, which did not much strike me at first sight either in the buildings, situation, or surrounding country. As many of the Towns as I have seen in Germany, are ornamented in the middle of the principal square with a sort of pyramid not unlike an Epergne in the middle of a dinner Table, but that it is composed of various strata of sanctification; martyrs on the heads of Saints; Apostles and Evangelists on the heads of Martyrs; Angels hovering over Stucco Evangelists, and Jesus's on the wings of Angels, Holy Ghosts perch'd on Baby Jesus, and Madonnas in eternal tears supporting in their turn the Creator, which points the pyramid. This is the first object I see every morning from Villiers Hotel, where we are delightfully accommodated, exactly as well, and in same style as at Paris. The apartments remind me of those in the Hotel de Rome, large plate looking glasses, and brown lozengelaid polish'd floors.

Immediately on our arrival at Vienna we enquired for the Belvedere, the royal gallery of Pictures, and instantly drove off to see it before we had eat our dinner. The collection is full of Titians, Rembrants, Correggios, Van Huysums, Vandycks, Holbeins, Carravaggios, Poussins, Beccafumis, and Teniers masterpieces. During our stay at Vienna



we had an opportunity of visiting this delightful collection a second time. Sunday evening there was a grand Gala at the Prater, which is esteem'd the most magnificent public walk and drive in Europe, and is in the style of the Bois de Bologne but vastly handsomer and on a larger scale. Groups of people were eating ice under the trees, drinking coffee, and playing on different musical instruments. The Imperial troops were all drawn up in array, each with a breast plate, and feather'd helmet, which gave them a most chivalrous appearance. The Emperor, his brothers, (the late Grand Duke of Tuscany deposed by Bonaparte) and the Arch Duke Charles and all the Court were there. There were also the grandees of Vienna, besides multitudes of strangers and other company extremely numerous and gay. The scene was uncommonly beautiful, the bands of military music very grand, and the Fireworks splendid. The peasantry were singular in their dress, which consisted of gold wire solid-looking caps blazing like suns, dark dresses, and white slippers. These were the country women; the Ladies look'd something like English with more of their dress, considerably, than of the French. Near the Prater is L'ace Garden, something like the style of Vauxhall but on an immense scale, planted with fine chestnuts and delightfully kept; one may dance, or dine, or hear music, or breakfast, or amuse oneself there as one likes. Schoenbrun is another of the publick Gardens. In the way of acquaintances Mr. du Cain has join'd our party; he is a young Englishman who has been abroad some time, and is returning our way. We have also become acquainted with Lord John Campbell,<sup>1</sup> the Duke of Argyll's second son. We are now about nine hundred Tuscan miles from Florence.

Prague, 7th August, 1803.

On quitting Vienna five days ago, we parted with our Voiturines, and posted it on to the end of our journey.

<sup>1</sup> On the death of his elder brother in 1839, he succeeded as 7th Duke of Argyle (1777-1847).

We have found the postillions insolent beyond measure and dreadful cheats. Their appointments are exceeding gay; scarlet jackets and Gold lace, cock'd hat and feather, and a horn slung across their shoulders, which they sound to announce their approach to the posts. Each post is two German miles (ten English ones). The first day we had a delightful view of the Danube in driving out of Vienna and of several Royal parks and gardens. It was our intention to have travell'd all night, but we were left to sleep in our carriages in a Village of Moravia. Luckily it was moonlight for some hours after midnight, and we diverted ourselves by wandering about the streets; we were struck with the sound of music, and follow'd it, till we were led under a straw shed where the country people were to the number of fifty couple, dancing the waltz most merrily. It was a beautiful scene, the music so excellent, the moon and sky so brilliant and the dancing so excellent and gay. As soon as the lazy Postillions could be prevail'd upon to get fresh horses, we pursued our journey, and travell'd all the next day and night mostly through Bohemia. The third day we drove into this most beautiful Town over the famous bridge which is built across the Moldau that runs into the Elbe. I never was more struck with anything than the appearance of Prague; the surrounding Country so cheerful and well planted; the metal cover'd churches, which point in several little steeples and sparkle in the sun; the fine Italian like Buildings, the Gothic Cathedral, the Regal residence; the people so handsome; the shops so good, and everything looking so happy and delightful to us, after our jolting, sleeplessness, fatigue, hunger, thirst, dirt and misery. These inconveniences we have subjected ourselves to from hurrying on so rapidly, sometimes passing considerable places, and sometimes taking up with the accommodations of the poorest Villages. We drove off to see the Fortifications the day after our arrival in Prague, which are uncommonly fine and their high command



of the Country exceedingly striking. We also went to see the Hotels Lobkowitz, and Ischernin, which contain good paintings; but one misses sadly the marbles, and fine materials of Italy. In the evening we went to a publick garden, in one of the little Islands on the Moldau to eat ices. It commands the most lovely view of the town imaginable. We also went to visit the fine glass manufactory. The Sclavonian language, a dialect of the German, is spoken in Moravia and Bohemia; it sounds harsh and abominable to my ear. The inhabitants of Prague are number'd at 90,000.

Dresden, Tuesday, 16th of August, 1803. Hotel Pologne.

We have been eight days in this beautiful town seeing a variety of curiosities, which have almost indemnified us for the calamities of our journey from Prague which I must give you some account of, as I feel rather proud of being alive to tell the story. Through a mountainous and smiling country we proceeded for the first day, but the country tho' charming to the eye, fail'd in many requisites for travellers, and amongst those, chiefly in a tolerable road. However, we were doom'd to go on travelling through the Night and the next day without interruption, the weather continuing ever since we left Florence almost insupportably hot. In the midst of jolts, dust, and weakness from fatigue, the springs of my carriage broke, and threw me into the Ditch. After a considerable delay, we drove on again over such roads or rather rocks, that I felt as if my existence was to snap at every step, and before we could arrive at the next town, the wheel flew off, and again flung me into the middle of the road. We then waited a couple of hours for reparations and so set off again, hoping all my misfortunes had ceased. But in the middle of the night the Pole snapped, and I was obliged to be drawn on for some miles, by ropes, men, and oxen, till at length we got into a Village.

I literally was more dead than alive, and had not strength to take off my clothes. However, a Breakfast of strong coffee brought me to life again, together with a profound sleep, and we got on the rest of the way without much accident, as I had men sitting up all night to make a new pole to my unfortunate carriage. The drive from Peterswald, as we quitted the Imperial dominions, and entered into Saxony, by the side of the Elbe, is enchanting. This River meanders along in the most perfectly delightful manner, a thousand times more so than the Po, and the entrance into Dresden most thoroughly announces the richness of the Electorate. We had left our companion, Mr. du Cain, behind us for a day at Prague, and on his rejoining our party at Dresden, I found his adventures over that deplorable road had been almost the same as mine. After a day's rest we as usual set about seeing the curiosities, and particularly the Gallery which contains some of the Chef D'Oeuvres of Europe. The "Apotheosis of the Virgin" is the finest of Raphael's easel pictures, and together with Corregio's "Night," and his "Magdalene" are the most celebrated there. Walking in this gallery we met amongst a good many German ladies who shew'd us the politest attentions, a very pleasing woman, who introduced herself to me on the privilege of her speaking English, Madame la Barronne d'Eyhenberg. She was uncommonly cheerful and pleasant in her manners and in her offers of civility, kindness itself. We found her a great comfort and acquisition, as she knew everything worth our attention, and by her directions we portion'd out the time we stay'd at Dresden. We have now lost sight of Crucifixes, Madonnas, Saints in Cages, and all that we had been accustomed to so long a time. The established religion of the country is Lutheran, excepting the Court and to hold any publick office, one must be a Roman Catholick. On Sunday, we went to the Roman Catholic Church and heard most glorious singing. Afterwards we went up to the



Gallery to see the Court pass into the Palace, which communicates with the Church. Augustus, the Elector, and the Electrice, a Palatine Princess, with their daughter walk'd first, and in due procession after them Prince Antoine and Prince Maximilian, the Elector's brothers, with their wives, and sister, the Princess Marianne. The Maids of Honor, Pages, Gentlemen of the Court, Rochefoucault, the French Minister, Spanish Minister, Ulloach, Femmes de Chambres &c. fill'd up the suite, preceded by two gigantic Saxons dress'd en turque. The Elector is a good-looking elderly man in a white uniform, and scarlet scarf. The Electrice very vulgar, and on a large scale, as are most of the Court. We went to see the Treasury Office containing all the riches of the Court, diamonds of all colours and dimensions, and all sorts of precious stones; chimney pieces sparkling in brilliants, and curiosities of Saxony; a basso-relievo in the shell of a Nautilus; famous specimens of enamel by Mengs; pyramids of precious stones; onyxes; the great Mogul seated on his throne and celebrating his birthday (this toy is almost a composition of jems). In short, eight rooms lined with looking glasses are entirely furnish'd with the most expensive and splendid playthings for the Elector. The Cabinet of Antique Sculpture is very good, fill'd with Gladiators, Wrestlers, Etruscan Altars, Sarcophagi, Vestals found in Herculaneum by the Prince d'Elbeuf, Fauns, Aesculapeus, &c. as usual. Under the apartments which contain the antiquities is a collection of Dresden China, from its commencement by J. F. Bottcher in 1701 to the present period. The inventor of this china was an Apothecary's man at Berlin, who discovered it by chance, in preparing a powder for the transmutation of metals. It is uncommonly beautiful and many specimens look precisely like Jasper. The Porcelain exhibited in the Palace of Count Bruhl, first Minister to the last Saxon King of Poland, is very bad. This town is full of useful institutions. We had not time

to see all. Education is very much attended to, and women are remarkably accomplished and agreeable. English, French and Italian are universally spoken. There are multitudes of Publick walks in Dresden; the Zwinger is one of the principal ones, planted with Orange trees, and very nicely kept; it belongs to the Electoral Palace. We have gone to the theatre frequently, but from not understanding the language and its sounding to me like tipsy English, I felt but little amusement excepting in the musick. I mounted up to the top of the principal Protestant Church, and saw the view of Dresden to peculiar advantage. The old town, the new town, and Fredrestal, the Elbe winding delightfully through the centre. 'Tis said they hold Storks in great veneration on the side of this river. Vines grow abundantly about the Hills.

Electorate of Brandenburg.

23 August, Berlin, 1803. Hotel de Russie.

We have spent five days very agreeably here. On leaving Dresden a few miles we got into a flat sandy country and tho' Saxony is said to be the Athens of Germany, we had to drive 90 English miles, through forests without roads, extended plains, and wilds, without the trace of a wheel on the green turf. We travel'd all night, met no Robbers to my great surprise, as really our carriages brush'd the trees along as they burst a passage for themselves through the boughs. At Bockitz, ten miles short of Potsdam, we got into the Russian Dominions and at six in the morning drove into Potsdam, delightfully situated on the Nabil and arresting the eye as elegant and beautiful beyond measure. After having slept a couple of hours and breakfasted, we drove out of town through the Gate to Brandenburg, to see Frederick the Great's Residence, and first went to Le Petit Sans Souci, which was his favourite abode and where he and Voltaire lived together in so much happiness, for some time. His apartments were



shewn to us (Voltaire's), the table upon which he wrote, his Ink stand, &c. The white marble Gallery contains the celebrated collection of Paintings formerly belonging to the Duke of Orleans, which he sold to the King of Prussia, and is esteem'd the rarest in the world for the number. The Marbles are very fine, and the arrangement delightful. Upstairs we walk'd out on a Terrace, through a shrubbery, at the end of which we enter'd his study, usefully furnished with books, leading into the Bed Chamber where he died. The Portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, father to Christina, Queen of Sweden, is the only one in the Room, which is a most charming one commanding an extensive prospect over the country; the Great Chair in which he drew his last breath remains in the same spot, and no creature alluded to anything respecting either his life or death without excessive agitation. In the rest of the numerous apartments in this Palace are excellent Pictures, Busts, &c. In another of his Palaces which is on a vast scale, after being shewn Marble Rooms, Shell Rooms, Concert Rooms, magnificent paintings and everything that grandeur could devise, we went into a Library where we were shewn several papers in his handwriting; and what was singularly interesting, a work of his in three large volumes corrected in Voltaire's handwriting and perpetual comments in the margin, some of which I read and they were dictated with the utmost carelessness, sense, playfulness and ease. We then went into his Music Room, where the same Harpsichord stands that he was so fond of playing upon, together with a great deal of Music that he composed himself. His cabinet too, where he used to write and study, was exceedingly interesting; the table, Ink-stand, Bracket with books, &c. all precisely as he left them. This Palace he built after the seven years' war.

On coming Home to the Town we call'd at a Church and visited his coffin. It is in a little vault to which we did not descend. His Father's coffin lies at the opposite side in a magnificent marble case. Potsdam

makes one exceedingly melancholy. It is nevertheless cheerful looking and remarkably beautiful; the streets wide, clean and airy, and every house a little palace ornamented with statues, and the whole design'd by Frederick. But there are so few inhabitants, no gentlemen's families, and those who do live there are mere bourgeois and so out of character with their dwellings that it makes one feel uneasy by perceiving the design of Frederick frustrated. In driving through the Town, and about the publick walks, all of which are exquisitely pretty, and from their number shadow over many parts of the town, we met not a single carriage, nor any inhabitants. In short, everything presents to one's remembrance the grandeur and greatness of Frederick, but everything too powerfully reminds one that he is dead. The Sentiment it infuses into one's mind is more affecting than 'tis possible to tell. Even the soldiers, who are silently on guard everywhere, seem to be so for no purpose, and tho' I never spent a more interesting day scarcely in my life, yet I never long'd for anything more, than to leave Potsdam all adorned and beautiful as it is. They are now building a Roman Catholick Church there in the shape of the Pantheon at Rome. The façade of one that was burnt still remains, and looks like a triumphal arch. The drive from Potsdam to Berlin is highly cultivated and fine and the entrance into Berlin is perfectly magnificent. The new gate is like a grand triumphal arch, ornamented on the top by four bronze colossal horses, held in from bounding into the place beneath. The streets are extremely wide and delightfully planted with acacia trees, and a variety of others. We lodge in the most cheerful situation I ever saw; the publick walk is immediately under our window, where we see all the ladies walking about with a little Basket on their arms, instead of a reticule as in France. Madame le Baronne d'Eyhenberg whom we met in the Dresden Gallery, lodges on the same floor with us, and is an uncommonly pleasant neighbour. In her apartments I met Pro-



fessor Schlegel,<sup>1</sup> who translated Shakespear into German. Lord John Campbell also is an inmate in this Hotel, whom we became acquainted with at Vienna. He sends us the English papers, which is a great novelty, and often calls. He has the air rather of an invalid, and every movement is so gentlemanlike that, however trifling the remark may be, we have all agreed he cannot stir from one end of the room to the other, without revealing a thousand elegancies of character, which we take for granted he possesses, tho' his retiring manners during the few times he has call'd, make a greater certainty as yet unattainable. He is about six and twenty, his profile not unlike Bonaparte's as far as the short upper lip and high nose distinguish him from other people, and his person light, boyish and gentlemanlike. Mr. Robertson, likewise a Scotchman, travels in the same party. Another of our Berlin acquaintances, is Mrs. Brown, an English woman, married to the Queen's physician, and Mr. Richards, a most useful good-natured man, who transacted a hundred little matters of business for us, particularly on the wearisome subject of money interchange, which has teaz'd and perplex'd us to death ever since we enter'd Germany. The Theatre here is uncommonly pretty and the acting so good, in a very diverting Comedy we went to, that tho' perform'd in German, I really understood the plot almost entirely. We saw the King of Prussia and his two brothers there, fine soldierly, handsome-looking, young men.

Sunday we sallied forth in pursuit of Churches and mounted up to the top of the highest to take a view of the town; to an amazing extent the country is perfectly flat. I think Berlin much prettier in detail, than look'd at, at a coup d'oeil. I sat out most of the Service at a Lutheran Church; the forms appear'd pretty much like that of the Church of England. Afterwards we went to the Cathedral, and then to the

<sup>1</sup> Augustus William Von Schlegel (1767-1845), celebrated German poet and critic.

reform'd French Church. In the evening we drove to Charlottenburg through beautifully planted avenues and woods which reach the extent of the way. The Palace is handsome and in the midst of a Paradise of a Garden; this is the favourite Royal residence, and the King, Queen and their six little children with the Brothers, and all the Court, walk'd about during a great part of the evening.

I never saw a handsomer set of people in my life; the Queen is a perfect beauty. In these gardens all the inhabitants of Berlin were to be seen to the greatest advantage, walking about gaily, the band playing all the while. We went to see the Palaces, which are full of fine things; some of the rooms ornamented with silver, or I should say furnish'd, for the tables were massy silver, and coronets on everything, even on the heads of the twisted serpents, which served for legs.

The house in which the Royal family lives is quite like a private gentleman's, furnished comfortably enough. All the present House of Prussia are esteem'd stingy and shabby to the greatest degree, and everyone I have heard speak of them, says that our Duchess of York's little finger was more beloved than all the rest put together. The King walks about and rides without attendants. The people hardly make way for him in the streets, but as he is not noble in his character, this freedom does not flatter, as it is assumed from convenience, and no proof of confidence in his subjects. He is reckon'd selfish, and fond of money, and his Ministers manage his Kingdom for him entirely.

Denmark, Husum, Duchy of Schleswig, Sepr. 1st, 1803.

We have been four days miserably lodged in this little insignificant town, which is so full of people going to England, that Mrs. Clifford, Mr. Clifford, Lord John Campbell and Mr. Robertson and I,



together with five servants, have had no other accommodations than a little Huxter's shop, not much bigger than a nutshell. On leaving Berlin the 23rd of August, at five in the morning, we were agreeably surprized at seeing Lord John Campbell's carriage drawn up at the door, and on meeting at the breakfasting Inn, it was arranged that we should join parties. We found the country from Berlin during the first day's journey to consist of wild sandy plains resembling the country between Dresden and Bockitz; in the like manner as there our carriages burst through Forests, almost uninterruptedly both day and night.

The second day we were tormented by not getting horses, as the King and Queen were on the road, going to visit the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, the young Queen's father. The hereditary Prince, we met travelling on horseback, a fine-looking young man, who was just riding up to one of his Father's palaces, ("Ludwigslust"), a country residence. Most of the day we travell'd through sandy plains not hearing the noise of the carriage wheels and found ourselves suddenly in the middle of a field, toss'd at a considerable distance from the carriage. From Grabow, where we rested part of that night, we set off and got to dinner the third day to Schewerin, which is prettily circumstanced, all surrounded by trees and Statues. After dinner we set out again and travell'd through the night, and dined the fourth day at Lubeck, the principal City of the Hanseatic league, beautifully situated on the Baltic Sea of which we had a charming view. On quitting Lubeck, we got into Denmark or rather the territories of the Duke of Holstein, and according to custom travell'd all night long. The fifth morning we got in to Breakfast at Kiel, so celebrated for its University. It is built on a small peninsula in a Bay of the Baltic, and is the Capital of the Duchy of Holstein. The country became a dead flat, and till the middle of the night we did not arrive at Husum. We just saw the Prince of Denmark, who pass'd through, as we enter'd the Town. On driving to

the Inn, we found it entirely occupied and we were dismiss'd to seek our fortunes elsewhere. This little Huxter's then was the only refuge we had left and even here we could not get Beds till the following night, so that we were obliged quietly to content ourselves on the chairs, where we slept very peaceably till morning. We then got up, shook our ears and eat our breakfasts gaily about six o'clock; enquired about ships and found that in four days the Lark Packet, Captain Thomson, sail'd for England, "Wind and Weather permitting". Since we quitted Berlin, we have travel'd three hundred English miles, which is a longer way than had we gone to the left a little by Hamburg. However the French troops which overspread the country prevented us venturing in that direction, and as they were advancing every day, and gaining ground, we flew thus rapidly from them as I have describ'd, both night and day. This little Husum is not worth speaking of; it is near the river Ow, on the German ocean, totally unprotected by trees, and dismally bleak, bald, cold and wild. Yet our party is so pleasant, so careless of inconvenience, and so uncommonly agreeable, that we have really spent these four days without a consciousness of our unpleasant situation, sometimes in playing Chess, sometimes in walking on a Dyke, conversation, and eternal good spirits. Added to those I have mention'd are the two Mr. Fosters, whom we knew at Naples; they are just return'd from a tour to Constantinople and the Greek Isles; Mr. du Cain and Mr. and Mrs. Trimbeg. (She a charming little woman from Nuremberg.)

Lark Packet, Husum Roads, Sepr. 14th, 1803.

This is the 14th day we have been living on board this Packet, six miles off Husum at anchor waiting for a fair wind. In addition to those I have already mention'd, we have had Major Gildberg, a courier from the King of Sweden to the King of England;



Mr. Berry, and the two Miss Berrys,<sup>1</sup> their dog and their *Femme de Chambre*; Sir Alexander Seton,<sup>2</sup> and Doctor and Mrs. Marchand; a young Hambourg Merchant, and a Hanoverian Officer; which, with servants make up 26 independent of the same number of Hanoverian soldiers, who are going over to the Duke of Cambridge. Sometimes a few have ventured back to Husum occasionally for some days. We have unpack'd everything to get Books; the chess board is in unceasing requisition; a solitary pack of cards are worn into Flock. In short I will leave you to imagine a life on board ship, spent by a set of freshwater sailors like ourselves, every moment expecting to sail, and giving ourselves a privilege to be discontented, from the uncertainty of our situation. I believe there scarcely ever was a set of people more fortunate in their companions however, than we are. Amongst a thousand one could not meet a more improved and amiable man than Mr. J. Foster.<sup>3</sup> He appears to me to be a magazine of inexhaustible information, his travels through Greece occupy his conversation most instructively and entertainingly, and with talents acknowledged by all the world, he has less pretention or affectation than anyone one meets with. His Cousin Mr. Augustus Forster, a very handsome elegant looking young man, is worthy of his Cousin most thoroughly, in having made information the object of his travels, in which he has effectually succeeded. Amongst Swedes, Germans, Scotch, English, and Welsh, they were the only specimens we had on board of Irish (I forgot myself), and my pride was perpetually tickled by having them, in our little Colony, as the representatives of my Country. Everybody admired and benefited really so much from their society; they most good-naturedly unpack'd

<sup>1</sup> Robert Berry and his two daughters, Mary and Agnes, the famous Bluestocking sisters befriended by Horace Walpole, and to whom he entrusted the publication of his literary remains. Mary (1763–1852) was a prolific authoress.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Alexander Seton, 5th Bart. (1772–1810), of Abercorn in Scotland, an officer in the East India Company's service.

<sup>3</sup> See page 169.

all their trunks, and shew'd us all the curiosities they had pick'd up upon their travels; Turkish, Grecian, &c.

They gave us most diverting accounts of their presentation to the grand Signor, and wore the ermined Pelisses, with which he had presented them. The Miss Berrys, too, signalized at Strawberry Hill by Lord Orford, are esteem'd highly improved women and their conversation truly justified their reputation. Mrs. Trimbeg, the Little German, is a pretty sparkling Brunette, speaking broken English beautifully and uncommonly attractive in her manners; her husband a most excellent man; Major Gildberg, the Swedish Courier, a florid good-natured, good-humoured man; Sir Alexander Seton and Doctor and Mrs. Marchand, I say nothing of, for we knew little of them and as to Lord John Campbell and Mr. Robertson, you are sufficiently acquainted with them already, tho' of Mr. Robertson I forgot to say at the time I first introduced him to you, that he is not only distinguish'd for his abilities, but one of the most benevolent, excellent dispositions in the world. He is about nine and twenty, tall and large, with a black complexion, and intellectual countenance.

Some of us went on shore during this period, and I accompanied Mrs. Trimbeg for a few days, and dined at the Table d'hote, where were multitudes of people assembled every day at two o'clock. Amongst them was Monsieur le Baron von Halden, with whom I became more acquainted than with the rest. He is Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Cambridge, very polish'd and tranquil in his character and manners. All the rest of our companions are chiefly Hanoverian Officers. Lord John Campbell, Mr. Robertson, Mrs. Trimbeg and I, amuse ourselves with walking about the country all day and drinking tea together in the evenings. But you will be tired of us all if I don't hasten to put to sea, for which purpose Captain Thompson summon'd us at six o'clock this morning. So now for the last time you may bid adieu to Husum.



England. 19th Sepr. 1803. Southwold in Suffolk.

Here we are at length landed after a voyage of six days and shall proceed to London immediately. We had been so well season'd to the ship that I scarcely knew when it was beginning to move. At night as we sat on deck the traces of fire which it left in the water, and the luminous bubbles flying off produced a glorious effect as we sail'd along. For two days we imagined ourselves pursued by French Cruisers and preparations were made in the most warlike manner; passports, regimentals, letter bags, and everything that could give either public or private information to the enemy, lash'd on deck, ready to throw overboard the moment of their approach. However, at the end of the second day they disappear'd from the horizon. The day before we landed, there was so dreadful a storm that the main mast split and as the Captain began to be alarm'd for our safety, instead of anchoring at Norwich, we put in here at Southwold, a little sea bathing place on the shore, and now for the first time these two years, the sounds of English again assail my ears. After being shut up in a ship so long, the common comforts of life absolutely appear luxuries to me. Tomorrow we proceed to town.

London. October 5th, 1803. Portman Street.\*

I have spent a fortnight here very pleasantly, with my Aunt Copley.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Clifford and her son have been in town during this period, as have our old travelling friends Lord John Campbell and Mr. Robertson. My Brother Edward<sup>2</sup> too, has escaped at times from Woolwich. I am just going to the Isle of Wight with Col. and Mrs. Hall and from thence am to return Home. So now, my dearest Robert,<sup>3</sup> you shall be released from my long rigmarole story, which till I see you, must serve as an outline of my life and

<sup>1, 2</sup> See pedigree at p. xx.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 1.

conversations, faint and imperfect as it will be, but I must end as I began, by declaring to you, that of all occupations in the writing way, journalizing is to my mind the most heavy stale, flat, and you may God knows ! from experience of the above finish my quotation for me by adding the word unprofitable !



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